STEWART GRANGER: hottest man in town

modern screen

5c OCT.

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

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Lana Turner



Gown by Ceil Chapman

Fabulous Solitair gives you faultless beauty close up!

Every complexion can look fresh and lovely from afar—but viewed close up, too often all charm is gone. For in close-ups, skin faults become prominent—imperfections that make-up has failed to hide, or properly soften, are suddenly obvious . . . Thousands of women know Solitair as the one make-up that stands the test of closest inspection. Solitair conceals so cleverly that every little complexion blemish becomes *your* secret! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness —uniformly flawless, yet completely natural—*even in close-ups*. Try Solitair once —your mirror will instantly show you the wonderful difference!

Make this test tonight!—
Look in your mirror, *close up*.
Does your complexion show
skin-faults through your make-up?
If so, you need Solitair.

Seven lovely shades



Solitair
cake make-up

Contains Lanolin

Skin-safe Solitair protects against dryness. Solitair is the only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm will not clog pores.

Lipstick, too!—Goes on smoother, stays on lips longer with a glistening brilliance that resists smearing and transfer. Six inspired shades of red—1.00

SEP 10 1951
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"At curtain time my hair must shine — so I shampoo with Drene!"

SAYS BETTY GILLETT,
RISING STAR OF BROADWAY



"I MAKE SURE MY HAIR'S DAZZLING eight shows a week—I shampoo with Drene!" says pretty Betty Gillett, of the Broadway hit South Pacific. "I love the sheen I get with Drene! Being a blonde, I shampoo often—every five days—so Drene's gentleness is a must for me. In fact," Betty says . . .

"I COULD SHAMPOO EVERY DAY because Drene never dries out my hair!" The glowing, natural softness of Betty's hair owes much to Drene, with its Conditioning Action. "No other shampoo leaves my hair so well behaved, so shining," she says. "Make Drene your shampoo— and you'll shine, too!"

"MY HAIR SHINES ITS BRIGHTEST— and Drene's the reason!" says lovely Betty. That's a star-lit cue for you! Drene cleanses in a special way. It never dries out your hair — always leaves it naturally soft and shining!



BETTY'S SOFT, WELL-BEHAVED HAIR stars on stage, wins compliments later at El Morocco. "No wonder I like Drene!" she says. Today, see how naturally soft and shining Drene with its Conditioning Action leaves your hair!

You'll star in his eyes...
with **Drene-shine** in your hair!



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

OCTOBER, 1951

modern screen

A SPECIAL REPORT ON HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOONERS:

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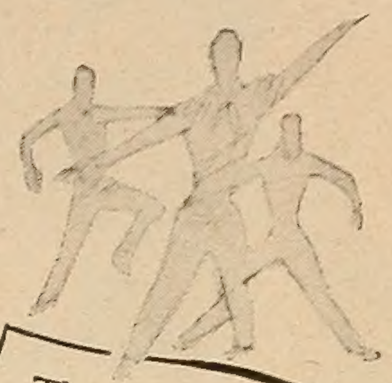
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Adventures of an Ex G. I.
in Gay Paree!

What a joy to see...





The gorgeous showgirl spectacle of "Stairway To Paradise"... artists and models at the Art Students Ball... 80-piece orchestra in Gershwin's Concerto... the world of Paris.art glorified in the American In Paris Ballet!



An American in Paris

...it's love on the Left Bank to the music of

GEORGE GERSHWIN

in M-G-M's luscious, lavish extravaganza
starring that dancing, romancing artist

GENE KELLY

and introducing the new French oo-la-lovely

LESLIE CARON

with

OSCAR LEVANT
GEORGES GUETARY
NINA FOCH

COLOR BY **Technicolor**

Story and Screen Play by ALAN JAY LERNER
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

HEAR! EMBRACEABLE YOU ★ 'S WONDERFUL ★ BY STRAUSS ★ LOVE IS HERE TO STAY ★ I GOT RHYTHM ★ *And other Gershwin hits!*



New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

•

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

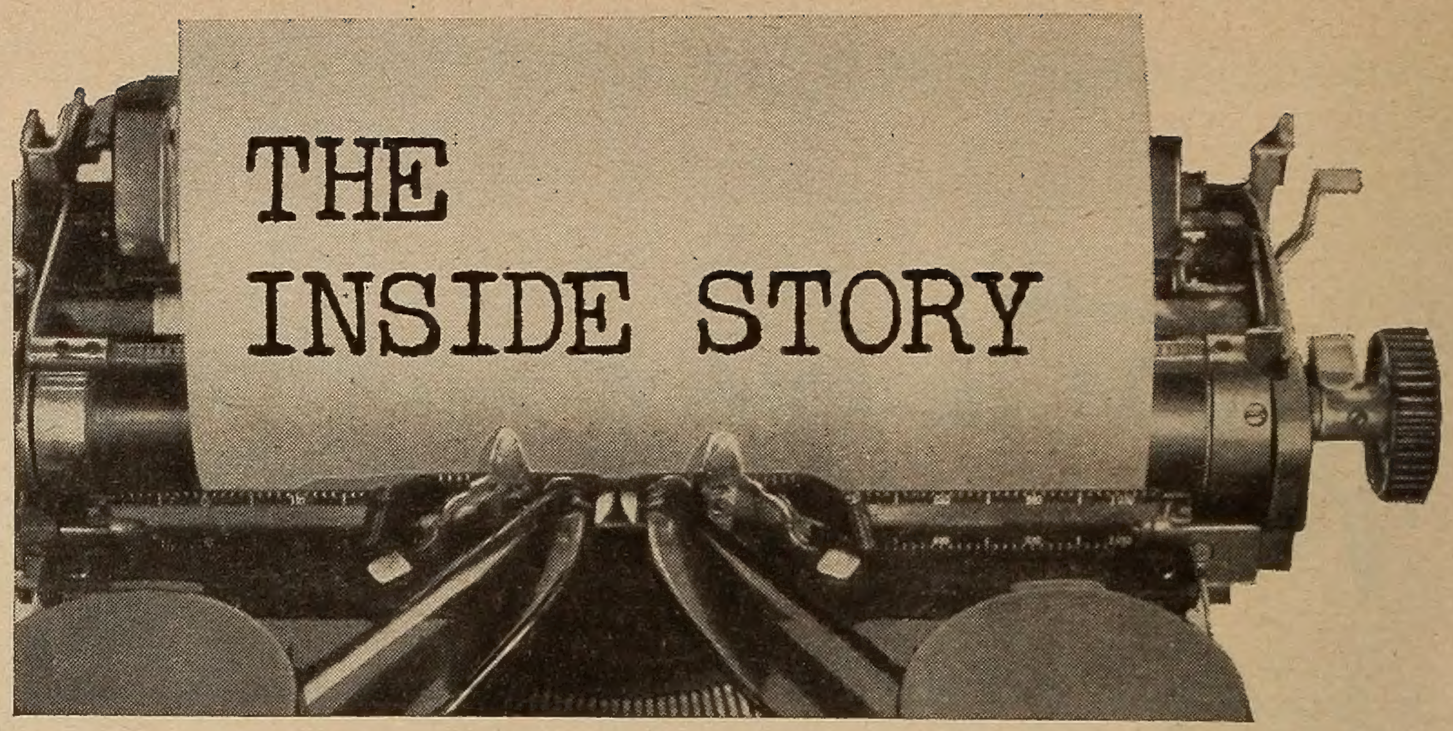
Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Even Mum's delicate fragrance is new. And Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage. Get new Mum today!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Has Clark Gable been dating anyone since his divorce from Sylvia Ashley?
—G. W., Evansville, Indiana

A. *Elaine White, a secretary in the legal department at MGM, also his former girl friend, Virginia Grey.*

Q. Is there a feud between Bette Davis and Celeste Holm?
—R. T., Denver, Col.

A. *They were none too friendly when they both starred in* All About Eve.

Q. Is it true that Scott Brady is one of the wealthiest young actors in Hollywood? —T. Y., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *Brady recently declared bankruptcy.*

Q. I understand that a few weeks ago David Wayne and a party of friends were arrested at the bullfights in Tia Juana, Mexico. Is this true or a publicity stunt? —B. S., Boston, Mass.

A. *Wayne was not arrested. A Hollywood agent sitting alongside Wayne, tossed a pillow into the ring and was apprehended by the Mexican police. For $25 Wayne secured the agent's release.*

Q. If Judy Garland and Sid Luft aren't man and wife, how come they traveled all over Europe together this past Summer? —S. O., Lewiston, Idaho

A. *Luft went along as Judy's business manager. When Judy's divorce is final, he will undoubtedly progress to husband.*

Q. How come Betty Grable, Lana Turner, and Judy Garland add so much weight when they're not making pictures? —V. C., Toronto, Can.

A. *They love to eat.*

Q. Does Lana Turner plan to adopt any more children? —A. O., Chapel, N. C.

A. *Lana will adopt one or two providing Topping gives his okay.*

Q. Will Larry Parks and Betty Garrett ever again make motion pictures?
—K. P., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A. *No one knows at this time.*

Q. Wasn't Mrs. Alan Ladd, the former Sue Carol, married to actor Nick Stuart? What is Stuart doing now?
—M. H., Laurel, Miss.

A. *Yes, she was. Stuart is now an orchestra leader.*

Q. Is Audie Murphy an orphan? Doesn't he have a father somewhere?
—V. S., New Orleans, La.

A. *Murphy's mother died about 10 years ago. His father, now re-married, is currently employed as a caretaker at Echo Lake on the North-South Expressway outside of Ft. Worth.*

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper's fondness for Pat Neal is not the first of his little escapades. Wasn't he sweet on Ingrid Bergman when they made *For Whom the Bell Tolls?*
—B. B., Butte, Montana

A. *So, too, was writer Ernest Hemingway. Many men have been attracted to Ingrid Bergman.*

Q. Is it true as I read in a column that Harry James, Betty Grable's husband, is the great grandson of the outlaw, Jesse James? —Y. E., Oakland, Calif.

A. *It's not true.*

Q. Every year, for the past three years, Shelley Winters seems to be getting younger. In 1948, I read that she was 27. Now, I read that she's only 24. Isn't she pretty close to 30?
—M. R., Las Vegas, Nevada

A. *Yes.*

Q. Are such pictures as *Valentino* and *Caruso* true stories? Are they accurate biographies? —D. G., Tucson, Ariz.

A. *They are not accurate biographies, although there is some truth in them. They are made primarily to entertain, not inform.*

Q. Since his divorce, what has Jeff Chandler been doing?
—S. A., Richfield, Utah

A. *He's been making films, dating Ann Sheridan, and others.*

Q. Why won't Bing Crosby let any of his boys star in a movie?
—S. I., Rome, N. Y.

A. *He will when they finish college. Not before.*

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **GUY** MAKING LOVE?

(That's what he thinks!)

THIS IS A PICTURE OF A **DOLL** TAKING OVER!

(As every woman knows!)







He has a girl... a date at the altar... and a radio program! She's got a program that's older than Eve's!









FRED **MacMURRAY** · ELEANOR **PARKER**

A MILLIONAIRE FOR *Christy!*

with

RICHARD CARLSON · UNA MERKEL

CHRIS PIN MARTIN · DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE · KAY BUCKLEY

Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB · Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

Screenplay by KEN ENGLUND · Original Story by ROBERT HARARI

Music by VICTOR YOUNG · A THOR PRODUCTION

Released by TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX



CHRISTY'S MAN-DATES

"Any secretary with !! and () () can get any guy in a ,

"How can a girl send $100 a week home on a $50-a-week salary?

"This is the story of Operation Mink --and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)"

Did Nancy Sinatra have a nervous breakdown? . . . Big doings at Barbara Stanwyck's surprise party . . . Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson settle divorce squabbles.



Clark Gable steered clear of heart interests when he went to the *Show Boat* opening. He arrived with close friends, the Wayne Griffins.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Newlyweds Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis joined Hollywood's procession to the Egyptian Theater for the gala premiere of MGM's *Show Boat*.

THE RUMOR had swept Hollywood that Nancy Sinatra had suffered a complete nervous breakdown. They said that Nancy had gone all to pieces after making the big decision to give Frank his freedom via the divorce courts.

I've just talked with Nancy—and here is exactly what she told me:

"I've had severe palpitations of the heart. Naturally, I was worried. My doctor put me to bed and told me to stay there until necessary tests could be made.

"Louella, it was a happy day for me when the report came back that there is nothing organically wrong with my heart. My trouble stems from nervous indigestion. All I need is rest—and, well, just not to be nervous."

Nancy laughed, "So I'm just going along trying to be Little Miss Sunshine taking everything easy."

I think it is a wonderful thing that any bitterness there might have been between Nancy and Frank at the time of their parting is now a thing of the past.

Ever since Frankie has been on the Coast making *Meet Danny Wilson* with Shelley Winters, he frequently stops by his former home to visit his children whom he adores.

Sometimes he stays on for dinner with the kids. On these occasions, Nancy usually dines with Barbara Stanwyck or Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis.

But several times, she has cooked the spaghetti Frankie Boy loves so much just the way he used to like it—before leaving the house.

When she and Sinatra do come face to face—it is always very cordial and friendly and they chat about their three youngsters.

Speaking of Nancy—she got out of a sickbed to play hostess at a surprise birthday party honoring her best gal-pal, Barbara Stanwyck.

The first gift Barbara opened was from Bob Taylor who had left it with Nancy before he left for London.

It was a diamond-heart on a platinum chain for the wrist copied after a larger diamond pin Bob had given Barbara several years ago.

The Joe Cottens gave "Missy" Stanwyck a gold lipstick case.

Mary (Mrs. Jack) Benny gifted her with a diamond-topped swizzle stick—a little gadget to stir all the bubbles out of champagne.

The most amusing gift was from Loretta Young and Tom Lewis who gave an Insomnia Kit with eye and ear pads and lots of other things to help Barbara, a famed insomnia-sufferer, get her needed rest.

DON'T be discouraged all you 'teenagers who have fallen for Carlton Carpenter, new sub-deb hero of MGM movies. He has been dating Diana Douglas, Kirk's ex-wife, pretty steadily—but I doubt if it is anything serious.

Of course, Diana is a young woman and nobody expects her to sit home knitting. But Carpenter is just a kid, and I'm sure she likes him more for the laughs and fun they have together than anything else.

WITH the way Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston were hurling charges and countercharges at each other as the one being responsible for holding up their divorce settlement—I never thought that *I* would turn out to be the peacemaker in the battle.

Several months ago when I said that Kathryn couldn't get her freedom because Johnny



Still beaming over *Show Boat's* reception, Louis B. Mayer stops to chat with Esther Williams and Ben Gage at the after-theater party in Romanoff's. Esther's new MGM movie is *Texas Carnival.*



Ladies-man Scott Brady (*he writes about them all on page 50*) showed up at the *Show Boat* premiere with Ann Blyth. But Dorothy Malone was on his arm at the *Bright Victory* event a few nights before.



Romanoff's party-goers made a bee-line for Kathryn Grayson's table to congratulate her on her *Show Boat* performance. .Here she's with Lisa Ferriday, who'll dance with Astaire in MGM's *Belle of New York.*



The *Bright Victory* premiere at the Carthay Circle Theater was another night for celebrities. Peggy Dow—one of its stars—arrived with orchids and her favorite beau—Tulsa oilman, Walter Helmerich.

was making impossible demands on her financially, he called me up from New York, fairly sizzling.

"All I want from her is *my* car," he said, "*Honest*—that's the truth. Just my car and the right to see my baby, Patty Kate, at reasonable times."

So-o-o, when I printed *his* side, friends of Kathryn's called me to indignantly deny what Johnston had said and to give me an earful, to wit: Although Johnny is doing fine on the stage on Broadway, a big hit in the musical, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn,* he was refusing to contribute one cent to Patty Kate's support.

After I aired that as gospel—came another frantic call from Johnny denying the denials!

Frankly, I was getting pretty groggy over the marital troubles of K and J when word came out of the blue that because I had so faithfully reported the battle between these two (who haven't been speaking)—they now both realized the other's side and peace had been declared!

As I write this—I'm looking at a wire from New York stating that negotiations are in good order; Johnny has just signed his part of the agreement and the papers are on the way back to Hollywood for Kathryn's signature.

THE very pretty Negro girl who cooks for Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore is named Esther Williams!

When Errol was away doing USO shows with Jack Benny in Korea, Pat's family arrived from the mid-west and she planned a big party to introduce them to her Hollywood friends.

"But, I can't cook that Saturday night," Esther Williams wailed. "I'm getting married Sunday!" It was the first news that Mrs. Flynn had had of this interesting development—and she was really beside herself what with the invitations out and so many guests having accepted.

Several hours later, Esther came to Pat and said, "Don't you be upset now. I called my fiance and he said its okay with him if we postpone our wedding for a week.

"Besides, ESTHER WILLIAMS is such a fine name and is shared by such a fine movie actress, I don't mind hanging on to it for seven days more!"

With that all settled—Pat's party came off in fine style. Gary Cooper was there with his new heart, Patricia Neal—and believe it or not, big Coop did a wonderful Hulu with Gene Nelson and his wife!

The Andrew Sisters were so impressed that they started singing Island melodies and the fun went on until the wee hours.

P. S. Esther Williams got an extra special wedding gift. The Andrews made a home recording of "Here Comes The Bride" for her!

EVERYONE has been asking Anne Baxter and John Hodiak how they happened to choose the name Katrina for their baby daughter.

John smiled as he told me, "When I was a little boy about seven years old, still living in Pittsburgh, I went skating one day and fell through the ice.

"The girl who rescued me and is entirely responsible for my being alive today was named—Katrina.

"Of course, I have told Anne many times about my misadventure and about the pretty girl who saved my life and I have always said, 'Next to Anne, I think Katrina is just

(*Continued on page 10*)

Young Enough To Love...

Only the truly young in heart ... asking so much of life...giving so much of love–can know the full thrill of this experience!

MONTGOMERY ELIZABETH SHELLEY

in George

A PLACE




..Completely
CLIFT
TAYLOR
WINTERS
Stevens' Production of
IN THE SUN
Only these three brilliant young stars at their exciting best . . . could make these lovers come so powerfully alive!
with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel.
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"For this woman—David, the Lion of Judah, conqueror of Goliath, broke God's own commandment!"



Soon
20th Century-Fox
presents
the Warrior...
the Woman...
the World
of
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
captured in Color by
TECHNICOLOR
starring
GREGORY PECK
SUSAN HAYWARD
with
RAYMOND MASSEY • KIERON MOORE
and a cast of many thousands!
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by HENRY KING
Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

FREE! COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND DAVID AND BATHSHEBA! WRITE TO "DAVID and BATHSHEBA", P.O. Box 292, DEPT. FM1 CHURCH ST. STA., N.Y.C.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

about the most beautiful name in the world.'

"Before the baby was born, we had decided whether it was a boy or a girl we would not name it after ourselves—or after family names on either side.

"Our baby was just a few hours old when Anne said, 'Have you seen little *Katrina* Hodiak yet?' The name was all her idea from the moment they told her—'It's a girl!'

"Pretty swell of my wife, isn't it?" You are both pretty swell people in my book, John, and this little girl who has been born to you is lucky indeed.

I DOUBT if the President (of the U.S.A.—not MGM) could get Mario Lanza on the telephone! So secret is his number that even his friends and studio-coworkers first have to call his agent and then wait for Lanza to call back—*if* he wants to. And most of the time, apparently, he *doesn't*.

What cooks with Mario? His newly developed temperament seems so odd in a boy who was such a regular guy during his climb to the top.

Ever since his record-breaking hit in *The Great Caruso* it's been a different story. Rumors are that he is giving MGM one headache after the other because he would like to be free of his contract.

True, he could make a fortune touring this country and Europe on the concert stage. But doesn't he realize that his value as a star is based on what he has done on the screen?

Isn't he business man enough to realize that the company which has poured a fortune into building him into what he is today is entitled to realize something on *their* investment, too?

Reluctantly, he remained in town to star in *The Big Cast*—but it's obvious to his associates that he is peeved. He does little to cooperate in the matter of portrait sittings or interviews.

And, he was practically the only top figure on the MGM lot who refused to attend the premiere of *Show Boat*—the studio's biggest night in Hollywood in years.

THE real reason behind Rita Hayworth's attempt to sneak into Hollywood before anyone realized she was here is because she wanted to get Rebecca and Yasmin, her children, settled in a "secret" home before the Princess took on the press.

Rita has been frightened out of her wits about kidnappers ever since that scare at Lake Tahoe. In fact, the Reno Chief of Police preceded her entourage by several hours into Los Angeles and had guards posted at the Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow where she was trying to hide out!

Oh, Rita, Rita—can't you realize that everything you do is NEWS and that there's about as much chance of you doing anything secretly as there is of a circus tip-toeing into town.

For the first few hours, while she was still pretending she wasn't here, the press was getting pretty hot under the collar about the run-around.

But, her boss, Harry Cohn came to the rescue (before the hot and weary reporters could get out their mallets) and told her she would have to see the press unless she wanted to run into a lot of criticism.

I hope Rita continues to listen to Harry. She made her greatest success under his guidance. Mr. Cohn of Columbia is a very smart gent.

Guess who has it bad for Joan Evans—and is afraid to tell her? Steve Cochran! Cochran? Timid? That's the score at the present writing.

What's even funnier—he hasn't yet met Joan. When he came back from Kentucky on location, he happened to drop by the theater where Joan was starring in the L.A. stage version of *Peg O' My Heart*.

Just like any other fan—Steve got a big crush on Joan and wants to date her but he's scairt to ask. How about that?

Don't let anybody kid you that Farley Granger hasn't dined quietly a couple of times with socialite Janet Thompson, the belle of Southern California social circles. When Janet was recently in England, she was presented at Court.

That should have been pretty exciting.

But it's nothing to the excitement Janet will experience if she ever comes face to face with Shelley Winters!

(*Continued on page 14*)



Joan Crawford attended the *Show Boat* premiere with director David Miller. Later, was mobbed by autograph hounds outside Mocambo.



Milo Frank and Sally Forrest (who set the wed ding date for August) were among the man Hollywoodites at the *Bright Victory* openin

Are you in the know?



When dining out, would a smart doll—

- ☐ *Disregard prices*
- ☐ *Wipe the silver*
- ☐ *Swipe the silver*

All wrong? You're right! When ordering, a smart doll considers her guy's wallet; doesn't filch tableware "souvenirs." And unless she's dining at the Greasy Spoon she won't wipe off the silver; there's no need, and it's bad manners. As for "certain" needs, it's smart to have just the right answer, protection-wise . . . so try the *3 absorbencies* of Kotex (different sizes, for different days). See how very right you'll be with Regular, Junior or Super!



What type is the best dating material?

- ☐ *Fun-to-talk-to*
- ☐ *Big time spender*
- ☐ *Lover boy*

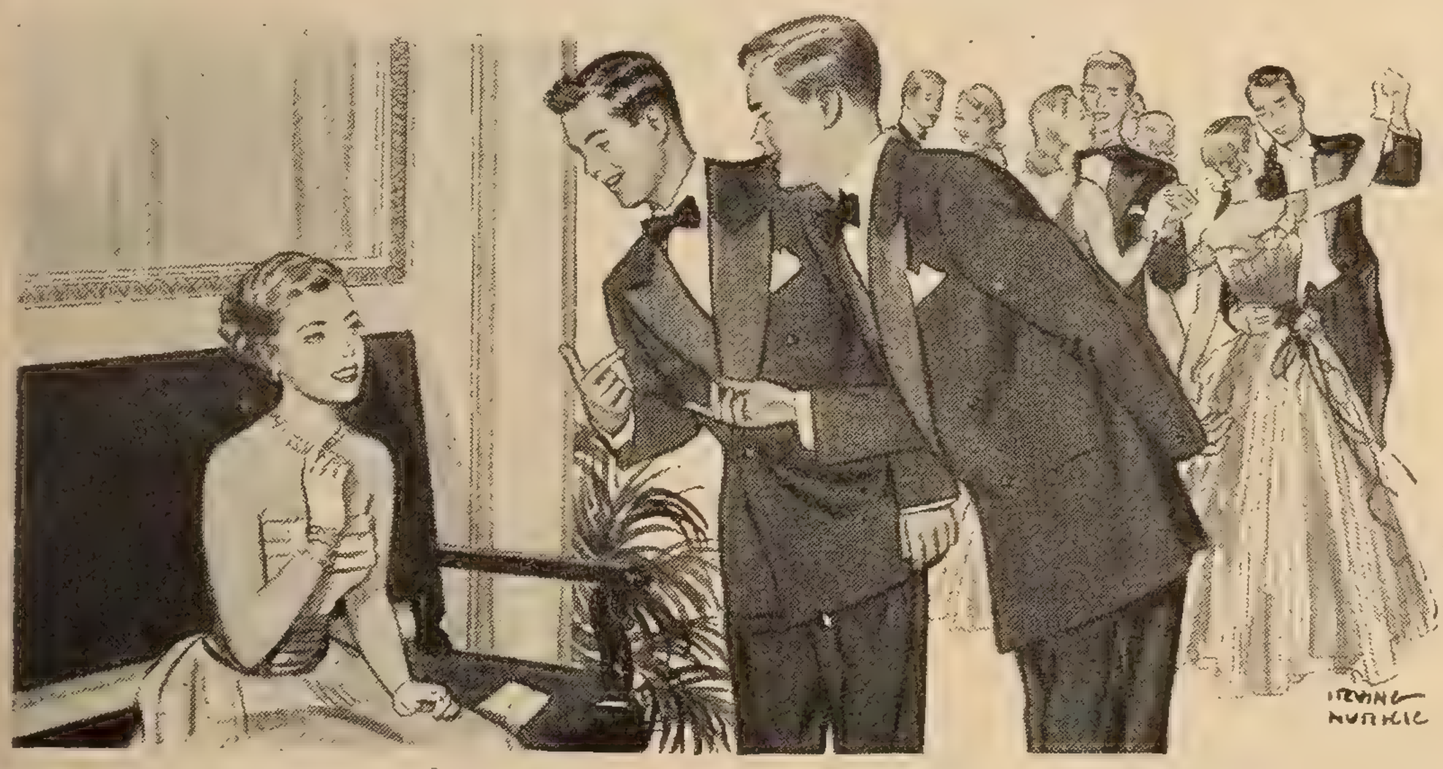
Just being a Good Time Charlie or a cuddle cookie doesn't mean he's the best date mate. Snag a squire who's fun to talk to; has the same interests. Chatter you both enjoy helps avoid smooching sessions. Keeps you at ease. You'll always find "those" days easy to get along with—once you let Kotex help you stay really *comfortable*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives downy softness that holds its shape.



If you're a high-brow, should you—

- ☐ *Conceal the fact*
- ☐ *Spurn jazz*
- ☐ *Languish in the library*

Fooled you! We're talking about foreheads—not brains; and a different hair-do can change your looks. If a lofty brow worries you, bring it down with a bang—or with a concealing half-bang or wave. And why not down those *problem day* worries? With Kotex you get extra protection, because this napkin has a special *safety center*—not to mention soft edges that resist moisture, outlaw chafing. (Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!)



When two boys ask you to dance, should you choose—

- ☐ *The better looker*
- ☐ *The lad who asked first*
- ☐ *Via the coin-flipping method*

Both stags ask to be your leading man—so what should a doe do? Choose the one who spoke up first; even if the other bid seems more alluring. You can't lose by playing fair—and ten to one Dreamboy will re-pop the question, next dance. And next time your calendar says "Don't go"; on date night—speak up: ask for Kotex. Because those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, you needn't know a self-conscious moment. Confidence is sure to follow—when your choice is Kotex!



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
- ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



DIRECTED BY
RAOUL WALSH
Screen Play by Ivan Goff &
Ben Roberts and Aeneas MacKenzie
From the Novel by C. S. Forester

EVERYONE'S HERO--AND ONE WOMAN'S IDOL!

"JIM THORPE -ALL AMERICAN"



STARRING
BURT LANCASTER
AND CHARLES
BICKFORD STEVE COCHRAN PHYLLIS THAXTER

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCED BY EVERETT FREEMAN
Screen Play by Douglas Morrow and Everett Freeman
Music by Max Steiner · Jim Thorpe, Technical Advisor

THE LOVE STORY THAT RINGS VICTORY BELLS IN YOUR HEART!



"Force of Arms"

STARRING
WILLIAM HOLDEN NANCY OLSON FRANK LOVEJOY





WITH GENE EVANS · DICK WESSON
DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCED BY ANTHONY VEILLER
Screen Play by Orin Jannings Music by Max Steiner

"SEIZES A PLACE AMONG HOLLYWOOD'S RARE GREAT MOVIES!"
Look Magazine—typical of the praise pouring in from all sides!

"A Streetcar Named Desire"

AN ELIA KAZAN PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY CHARLES K. FELDMAN
STARRING
VIVIEN LEIGH MARLON BRANDO
WITH KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES
Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



From The Pulitzer Prize and New York Critics Award Play!



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Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Action. Send for FREE Book!

Young wives everywhere are turning to Zonitors. This daintier yet *ever-so-effective* technique for intimate feminine cleanliness is so important for married happiness, health, after periods and always as a protection against an odor — far graver than bad breath or body odor.

Zonitors come ready for immediate use! No embarrassing mixing or clumsy apparatus needed. These greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as world-famous ZONITE and continue to do so for hours. Positively non-irritating. Absolutely safe to tissues.

What Zonitors Do

Zonitors eliminate odor. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can DEPEND on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. A perfect answer to women who have long desired daintier yet *effective* hygiene.

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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

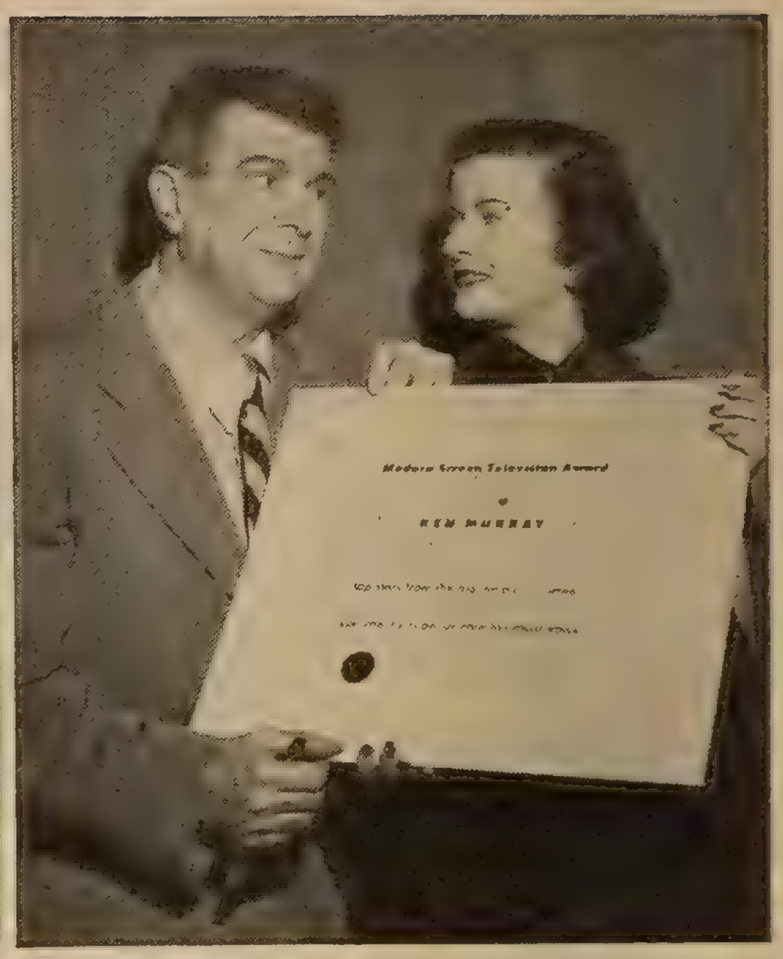
Zonitors (Vaginal Suppositories)



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Show Boat's premiere marked Ava Gardner's first public appearance with Frank Sinatra. His wife had already announced divorce plans.



Joan Bennett presents MODERN SCREEN's television award to Ken Murray, "Hollywood's Ambassador to New York," on Ken's TV show.

(*Continued from page 10*)

Sweet Ann Blyth's heart is in her eyes when she gazes at Scott Brady these moonlit nights.

Before Scott came along—most of Ann's beaux were just kids—Roddy McDowall and Vic Damone.

But there comes a time in every girl's life when she thinks she's in love with an "older" man (he's 27), and I guess this is it for Ann.

Right now, Brady is being very sweet to her but he looks on her as just a lovely, lovable kid.

Who knows? Didn't teenage Jean Simmons get sophisticated Stewart Granger. And didn't the girl in *Daddy Long-Legs* get her man?

Dixie Crosby laughed so loudly at the sneak preview of *Here Comes The Groom* that she sounded like a paid press agent. When she came out, she said she thought this comedy with Jane Wyman was the funniest picture Bing has ever made.

This should please der Bingle. He has always said that Dixie is his most honest critic.

Another happy Crosby is Gary. He's just out of the hospital following a shoulder operation and for his graduation present his old man gave him a car—his first.

My nomination for the next sensational screen team: Marge and Gower Champion.

Those dancing darlings were a sheer delight in *Show Boat*. They are so scrubbed-looking, young, fresh, in love with life and in love with each other.

Their exhilaration comes straight through the screen and hits you square in the heart.

Yep—I predict that soon MGM will be buying star stories for them as they are bought for Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly and Gene Nelson.

There's a run on the name, Kelly, for Hollywood babies.

The Jimmy Stewarts named one of the twin-girls, Kelly—and it's also the name of the Brod Crawford bambino.

Although Brod and Kay are estranged and there's not much chance of their getting back together—it was Brod who drove his wife to the hospital when the baby was born and they are just as delighted over it as they would be if divorce weren't staring them in the face.

Something sad about this, isn't there?

The baby of Janie Powell and Geary Steffen and the baby of the Marshall Thompsons are going to have exact duplicates of the silver rattle-spoon "Bonnie" Prince Charlie of England eats and "rattles" with.

And they are from the same donor—"Aunty" Elizabeth Taylor.

Liz ordered this spoon, which is also a toy, from one of the world's leading silversmiths, Phillip Paval, and gave it to Princess Elizabeth soon after little Charles was born. She had become friends with the Princess while she was making *Conspirators* in London.

Now Liz has ordered exactly the same presents for the babies of her two best Hollywood girl friends—and once again, Paval has been commissioned to make the spoons.

The Letter Box: For years, fans have written me asking, "How does Lana Turner take off all the weight she gains between pictures so quickly before starting a new movie?" Truthfully, I've always wanted to know the answer myself.

So we'll devote the entire letter department this month to Lana's answer:

"There is no secret about it, Louella," she told me. "I don't believe in pills and medicine or in taking off excess weight with freak diets.

"Here is what I do: I eat nothing but lean meats, in small quantities; all I want of green salads made of lettuce or romaine, tomatoes, hardboiled eggs, raw carrots, celery and, yep, green onions (if we aren't having guests!). And I drink lots and lots of unsweetened fruit juices."

Lana says after 30 days of sticking rigidly to this diet—the weight just pours off her.

That's all for this month. See you next issue!



THIS BODY FOR SALE!



MEET THE "KEPT MEN" OF BIG TIME COLLEGE FOOTBALL!

See the body-buying racket... the boy who beat the system ... the girl who made him a man ... the never-before-told football story —from the wrathful Cosmopolitan serial!

Columbia Pictures presents
SIDNEY BUCHMAN'S Production of

SATURDAY'S HERO

starring JOHN DEREK · DONNA REED with SIDNEY BLACKMER ALEXANDER KNOX

Produced by BUDDY ADLER · Directed by DAVID MILLER
Based on the novel, THE HERO, by Millard Lampell
Written for the Screen by MILLARD LAMPELL and SIDNEY BUCHMAN

THIS MAN... WOULD SACRIFICE HER... OR HIM... FOR AN EXTRA POINT!

picture of the month

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

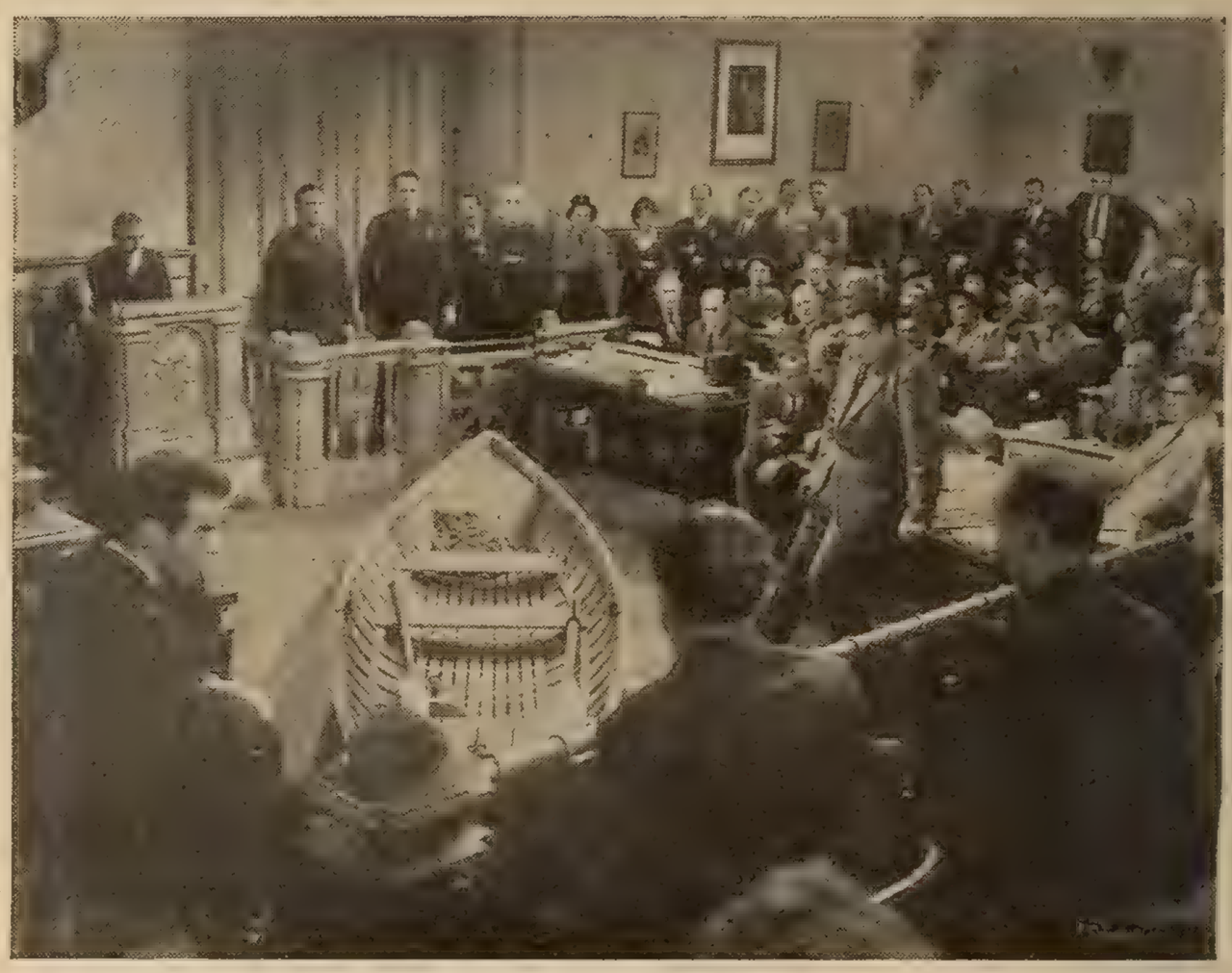




Poor boy Montgomery Clift gets a job in his wealthy uncle's factory, is attracted to co-worker Shelley Winters, and becomes involved with her.



Clift falls in love with heiress Elizabeth Taylor whom he met through his uncle. He wants to marry her, succeeds in winning over her family.



Clift had planned to drown Shelley, but lost his nerve. However, the canoe they were in accidentally overturned and Shelley drowned anyway. The prosecuting attorney calls it murder, and Clift must wait for the jury's decision.

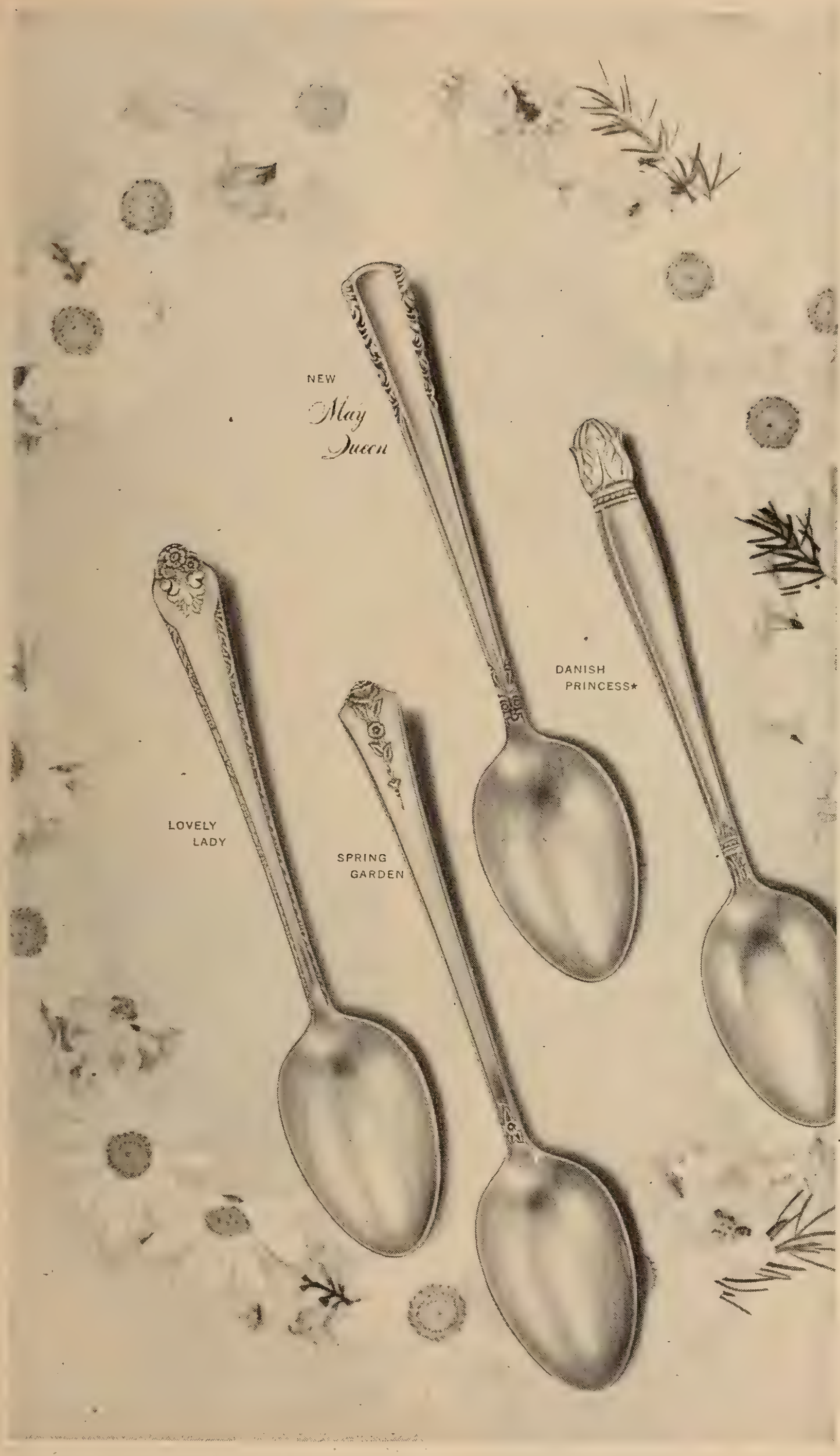


Shelley threatens to expose Clift if he doesn't marry her at once. He consents, but plans to take her to a lonely place and murder her instead.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

■ One of the classics of American literature, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" becomes a motion picture very much worth the seeing, if you don't mind being mortally depressed. The story of a poor boy, eager for the "better things," believing in the ancient and honored American myth that a plumber's son can easily marry an Astor's daughter, and willing to commit murder to achieve his dream—a dream sired by greed, out of sensationalism in the Sunday supplements. Montgomery Clift, as the weak but understandable and all-too-human George Eastman, Shelley Winters as the factory hand he gets into trouble and then tries to ditch, Elizabeth Taylor as the beautiful daughter of the rich, are more than good, and so is the fine, fresh-sounding script. But the chief credit has to go to Dreiser for his merciless yet compassionate view of the animal called man. He says we aren't nice, but he says it with love.

Please turn to page 18 for more movie reviews.



Imagine!

There! On your table tonight is the rich gleaming beauty of the loveliest, the finest of all silverplate.

There! On your table because... for all its famed beauty of design and workmanship, Holmes & Edwards is yours far easier than you dreamed.

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And imagine this! Your dealer has a Club Plan that will let you take home immediately that complete service...practically for pennies!

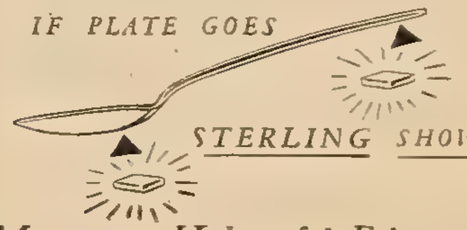
So wonderful to know how Holmes & Edwards can soon be yours. But wonderful, too, to know why of all silverplate Holmes & Edwards is your wisest choice.

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SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER KINDS.

ORDINARY SILVERPLATE—
IF PLATE GOES
WEAR SHOWS



STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE—
IF PLATE GOES
STERLING SHOWS



*Most used Holmes & Edwards spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the point where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur—there's Sterling underneath

The loveliest patterns of all...

HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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I dreamed I was bewitching in my *maidenform bra*



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Tune in Maidenform's Theater of Romance, Saturdays at mid-day, ABC-TV coast-to-coast network.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Maiden Form Brassiere Co.



THUNDER ON THE HILL

Melodrammer, courtesy of Universal-International, with Ann Blyth the convicted murderess who gets detained in a convent, during a flood (she's with keepers, of course), on her way to be hanged by the neck. She's a real fierce murderess, spits bullets, practically, at anxious-to-please Sister Mary (Claudette Colbert) and plays the piano savagely, defiantly, majestically, do you hear? The music was written by her dead brother, whom she did *not* murder, no matter what you and the rest of the world, including her own dearly beloved fiance, thinks. Well, the flood's really a blessing in disguise. Gives Claudette a chance to uncover the real murderer (an oily slob) despite warnings from her Mother Superior to keep out of it, and mind her business. The villagers, seeking refuge from the flood in the convent and its hospital, hate Claudette for sticking by a murderer at first, and applaud her for freeing an innocent girl, at last. I don't see why she spoke to the whole nasty lot of them.

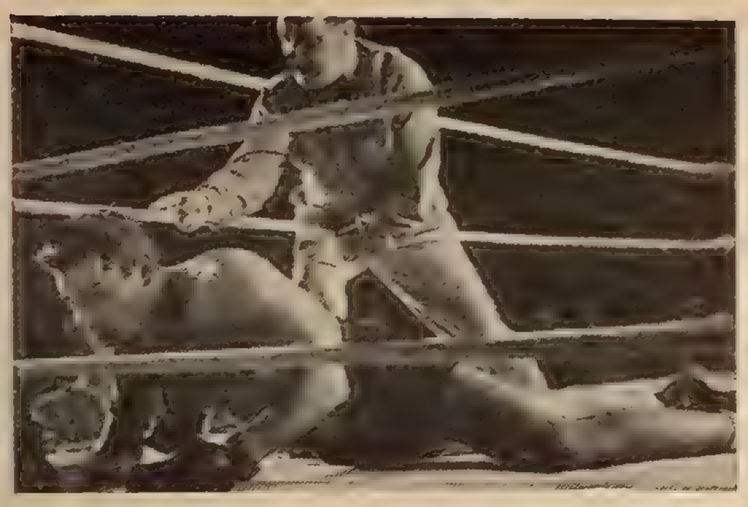
Cast: Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth, Robert Douglas.—Universal-International.



HERE COMES THE GROOM

Jane Wyman, who's been stood up once too often by newspaperman Bing Crosby, gets herself engaged to millionaire Franchot Tone, and when Crosby returns from France, having adopted two war orphans, he finds his girl's not his girl no more. In fact, she hates him. In fact, she wants to force him to croon "Oh Promise Me" at her wedding. "He likes to think he can sing," she explains to Franchot, airily. Fortunately for Bing, Franchot's cousin, Alexis Smith, is in love with Franchot, and Alexis helps Bing bust up the arrangements. This is a honey of a picture, with two adorable kids (Jackie Gencel and Beverly Washburn) as the French orphans; Robert Keith, James Barton and Connie Gilchrist as the high and low comedy; and plenty of music. From start to finish, it's a pleasure.

Cast: Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone.—Paramount.



IRON MAN

Here's a boy, a coal-miner, in love with clerk Evelyn Keyes. His brother runs a pool hall. Boy wants to get married, own a radio shop some day. Brother says you can make big money prize fighting. No sir, boy says. He doesn't like to fight, because he starts murdering people when he gets mad. It's a little quirk. He can't control it. Brother says, ah, but that's the killer instinct. It'll make you a champion. So boy becomes a champion, but the crowds hate him. Eventually wife and brother hate him. The newspapers always hated him anyway, and his opponents from 48 states are getting their wounds sewed up regularly. He finally fights a clean fight (against a kid he used to know and love) and naturally, loses the championship; but he's showered with affection by the crowd, his ex-wife, his brother, and the new champ. It's enough to make you believe in Santa Claus.

Cast: Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes, Stephen McNally.—Universal-International.



STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

An ancient Preston Sturges farce, revamped to suit the talents of Ezio Pinza and Janet Leigh, *Strictly Dishonorable* tells about an opera star who marries a young, dopey-type admirer of his, in order to avoid a scandal (the details of which never mind now). Young admirer is so insistently sweet-natured and forgiving old roué actually falls in love with her, and this makes for trouble. If he doesn't shed the new wife, there's a lady going to use his old letters in a heart-balm suit, and ruin him good. Besides that, his mother doesn't think the new wife is fat enough or Italian enough. "There are lots of people in America not Italian," Pinza protests. "Yes?" sneers his uncle, standing by. "Who needs them?" *Strictly Dishonorable* has charm, though Janet and Ezio do seem a bit on the May-December side.

Cast: Janet Leigh, Ezio Pinza, Millard Mitchell. —MGM.

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Not a tint! Not a dye!

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The secret is Shasta's amazing sparkle-giving cleanser. That's why—after shampooing with New Shasta Cream Shampoo, *all* hair color looks brighter, richer.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.*

New **Shasta** *Cream Shampoo*

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR



THE LAW AND THE LADY

When I noticed in the screen credits that *The Law and The Lady* was based on *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, I said to myself, *"that* old turkey," and felt sad. But "Mrs. C." has had her face lifted. This is a nice gay picture. Greer Garson, housemaid turned adventuress, and Michael Wilding, penniless British nobleman, carouse around the world doing things (and people) until they're positively unwelcome on the continent, and in China. This forces them to lay siege to the United States. Marjorie Main, an American social climber with a diamond as big as a parking lot, yearns to entertain royalty, the alleged royalty (Greer) has a weakness for parking lots—or maybe it's diamonds—so the stage is set. Fernando Lamas, one of MGM's new glamor boys, has more and whiter teeth than anybody, I ought to add.

Cast: Greer Garson, Michael Wilding, Marjorie Main, Fernando Lamas.—MGM.

THE SECRET OF CONVICT LAKE

Five escaped convicts descend on a little valley settlement in California, one of them looking for revenge, and the others looking for $40,000 they think the first one's got. (Glenn Ford's the first one; he was sent to jail for murdering a man and stealing $40,000.) Glenn hasn't come to the valley to dig up any buried horde, though; he simply wants to find the man who framed him, the man who really pulled off the murder-theft. This gent, and all the other gents who live in the neighborhood, are off prospecting, however, and their women-folk are alone in the settlement. Ethel Barrymore, the matriarch, looks on while Gene Tierney and Glenn fall in love (she's engaged to his mortal enemy, too—him that stole and murdered), and Ann Dvorak makes a fool of herself over romantic crook Zachary Scott, and young Barbara Bates is nearly killed in the embrace of maniacal Richard Hylton. It's complete bedlam before the menfolk return, and the picture's over, and if this doesn't sound confusing, I'm surprised.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney, Ethel Barrymore, Zachary Scott.—20th Century-Fox.

RICH, YOUNG AND PRETTY

Jane Powell, as the daughter of Wendell Corey, accompanies him to Paris when he goes on a government mission. There she meets Vic Damone, French but lovable, and also, though she little wots it, her mother, Danielle Darrieux. Danielle, who married Wendell during the first war, and deserted



him and their baby when she got homesick, is hungry for a sight of her fille (French for daughter) and manages to see Jane a lot, without Jane's becoming suspicious of her real identity. Danielle, by the way, is now in love with fellow singer Fernando Lamas and, apparently considering herself an authority on romance, eggs Jane and Vic to get married, even against Wendell's wishes. (Wendell's had enough hands-across-the-sea.) Anyhow, lots of the picture is funny, there's plenty music and Technicolor. The only thing I'd quarrel with would be the choice of Wendell Corey to play the kind of hickish over-grown boy-father he plays here. He seemed embarrassed throughout. Fernando Lamas has lots of white teeth, but I think I mentioned them in some other review.

Cast: Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Wendell Corey, Danielle Darrieux.—MGM.

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Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!

SO MILD... SO PURE!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!



NO HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

I would like to howl, screech, sob, moan, and even, if necessary, quietly state that this is a sensational picture, sad, and funny, and delightful, and surprising, and everything else good you want to call it. From that vague title, you'd never guess the treat in store for you. *No Highway in the Sky* tells about Mr. Theodore Honey (Jimmy Stewart), a research worker at a British aviation center, and his experiment intended to prove that a certain type of airliner will lose its tail after it's flown 1400 hours. This may not sound like much, but combine it with Marlene Dietrich, as an actress traveling in one of the planes about to lose its tail, Glynis Johns as the stewardess on same, and Jimmy's valiant efforts to save them, himself and the British Empire, even though everybody thinks he's dotty. You've got a swell show. I can't begin to do justice to this picture; it's even full of suspense. Don't miss it.

Cast: James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich, Glynis Johns, Jack Hawkins.—20th Century-Fox.



A MILLIONAIRE FOR CHRISTY

This is a poor, pitiful attempt at comedy. Eleanor Parker, honest working girl who's just had her beaver coat repossessed by the finance company, is sent by her lawyer boss to tell Fred MacMurray he's inherited two million dollars. Fred is a loathesome soul; he sells prune juice on the radio, and gives out with syrupy philosophy while so doing. But Eleanor hasn't smelled a millionaire in a long time, and she's willing to take him on, prunes and all. Fred's about to marry another girl, and Eleanor gums up the works. Richard Carlson, an imbecilic psychiatrist who loves Fred's fiancee, is delighted, and the whole bunch of them become embroiled in a series of conflicts, romantic and otherwise, with the few real laughs getting lost in the shuffle.

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Fred MacMurray, Una Merkel.—20th Century-Fox.



"I made the big play at the Army game!"

"Jim and I'd been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, 'Nancy, this is your chance' . . . We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn't mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.



"When we went walking, the wind was icy. But I knew Jergens Lotion would smooth my chapped skin in a jiffy.



Jergens Lotion doesn't just coat skin with a film of oil. It penetrates the upper layers with softening moisture . . .



"At the dance Jim kissed me and whispered, 'you're such a softie — could you stand the life of an army wife?' "



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Her earrings are flawless diamonds— her nail polish is beautiful Cutex



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Smart women buy CUTEX

THE LUXURY POLISH AT A BUDGET PRICE!

Highest quality isn't always a matter of highest price. That's why truly discriminating women buy low-priced Cutex for lovely nails. Only Cutex gives—

Longer wear. Made with Enamelon, Cutex has a jewel-hardness that's a wonder for "non-chip" wear!

Perfect manicures. Exclusive "Nail-Measure" neck controls amount of polish on brush! Insures flawless manicures!

Lovelier colors. Soft pastels—lively reds! A variety so wide it rivals a rainbow! All with matching lipstick!

ORIGINAL Spillpruf BOTTLE PREVENTS ACCIDENTS!



Bothered with Broken Nails? GET Nail-flex New, scientific conditioner develops healthier, stronger, lovelier nails.

DECISION BEFORE DAWN

It seems that before the end of World War II, certain German prisoners of war cooperated with the allies to help end things more speedily. These spies, sent back into Germany to procure information, were carefully chosen, and did remarkable work. *Decision Before Dawn* is the story of a mission involving two such men, and an American officer. One of the Germans is portrayed as an idealist, whose allegiance was never to the Nazis; the other as a cynic who will fight for any side which is winning. There are sketches of various German types. A lonely woman (Hildegarde Neff) who has lost her self respect, and spends her nights dancing with soldiers in a cafe, a mixed-up 12-year-old Hitler Youth member, a particularly revolting Gestapo agent, etc. The plot is long and impossible to cover here, but the performances, particularly of Viennese Oskar Werner and German Hans Christian Blech, are very fine.

Cast: Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill, Oskar Werner, Hildegarde Neff.—20th Centry-Fox.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

The work of Booth Tarkington inspired *On Moonlight Bay*, and the gentle charm and humor of that master shine through. Tomboy Doris Day moves into a new neighborhood, meets and falls in love with the boy next door (Gordon MacRae) who's every inch a modern man. Doesn't believe in marriage (the year is 1917) and thinks all bankers are parasites. Since Doris' father is a banker, Gordon manages to make himself so earnestly loathed by that gentleman that he scarcely escapes to college with his life. Minute he's gone, papa sics Jack Smith on Doris. Smith plays a Rudy Vallee type named Hubert, slightly stuffed, bespectacled, and adenoidal-voiced. To add to Doris' troubles, her small brother Wesley, in some of the movies' best Penrod-like scenes, has been regaling his teacher with stories of his father's drunken fits. This is a general idea. More plot isn't important. *On Moonlight Bay* is very pleasant.

Cast: Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Jack Smith, Leon Ames.—Warners.

easy money!

So money can't buy happiness . . . we'll go along with that all right. But just the same, we think some of you Modern Screen readers might like to have $1.00 absolutely free. All you have to do is read all of the stories in this October issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste and we'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Alan Ladd—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Enter Miss Hodiak (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak)
- ☐ Reunion in London (Ingrid Bergman)
- ☐ Hottest Man In Town (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Handle With Care (Derek, Roman, Rogers, Crawford, Wyman, Gardner, etc.)
- ☐ Bob's Wife (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Laddie Does The Hula (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ So Nice To Come Home To (Doris Day)
- ☐ Ten Girls I Didn't Marry by Scott Brady
- ☐ In The Mood For Love (June Haver)
- ☐ Small-Town Girl (Peggy Dow)
- ☐ They're Talking About Lanza (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ A Place of Their Own (Mark Stevens)

Hollywood Honeymooners:

- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Agar (John Agar)
- ☐ Mr. and Mrs. Murphy (Audie Murphy)
- ☐ Does Liz Know What Love Is? (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Don't Bargain For Faith by Dennis O'Keefe
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone.....

State..... I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



SATURDAY'S HERO

This is a story of a high school football hero (John Derek) from a mill town, who accepts a scholarship to a small southern college—a college all lousy with traditions of culture—in the hope that he may turn out to be man of distinction, and not just another "football bum." He finds, in pretty short order, that the trustees of his college are cynical; that he's being used; that it's still the wealthy and well-born who are invited into the fraternities; that idealism is pretty dated stuff. Eventually an injury to his shoulder finishes him as far as football is concerned, and he leaves school. He's grown up; he doesn't believe in his lovely dreams any more—but he's still determined to make a worthwhile life for himself, back among the people he knows and understands. I like *Saturday's Hero,* and the things it had to say. Performance-wise, a boy named Aldo DaRe with a gravel-y voice and a wide grin is a sensation. (He plays one of Derek's team mates.)

Casts John Derek, Donna Reed, Sidney Blackmer, Alexander Knox.—Columbia.

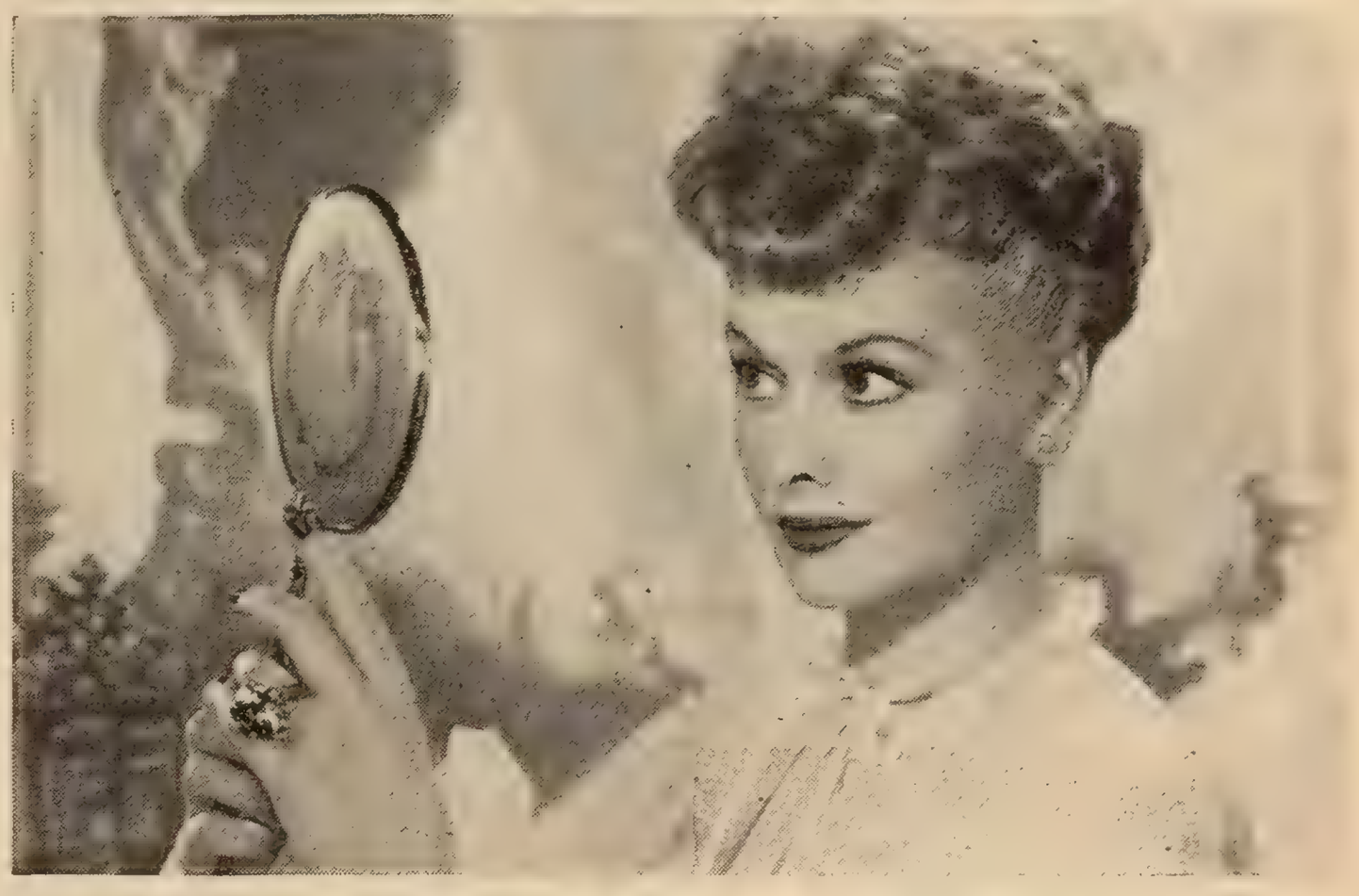
PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7-10—Bruce Bailey, 14—Lt. Wide World, Rt. CBS, 18—Top Universal-International, Bot. Paramount, 19—Top Universal-International, Bot. MGM, 20—MGM, 21—20th Century-Fox, 23—Columbia, 24—Bert Parry, 37—Wide World, 38—MGM, 39—Globe Photos, 40—Top Lt. Columbia, Top Cen. Warner Bros., Top Rt. Modern Screen Staff, Cen. Lt. MGM, Cen. 20th Century-Fox, Cen. Rt. Bob Beerman, Bot. Lt. Kas Heppner, Bot. Rt. Stork Club, 41—Warner Bros., 42-43—Bob Beerman, 44—Art Carter, 45—Top Modern Screen Staff, Top Cen. & Bot. Cen. Art Carter, Bot. Billy Howell, 46—Art Carter, 47—Lt., Top. Cen., Bot., Rt. & Top Art Carter, Cen. Rt. Defense Dept., Bot. Rt. Modern Screen Staff, 48-49—Parry-Beerman, 50—Far Lt. Universal-International, Lt. MGM, Cen. Henry Waxman, Rt. Universal-International, Far Rt. MGM, 51—Far Lt. Paramount, Lt. Universal-International, Rt. Studio, Far Rt. Bob Beerman, 52—20th Century-Fox, 53—Modern Screen Staff, 54—Bob Beerman, 55—Universal-International, 56—Top Lt. Bob Beerman, Top Rt. & Bot. MGM, 57—MGM, 58-60—Parry-Beerman, 64—Top Bob Beerman, 65—Bob Beerman, 66—Lt. Top Bob Beerman, Cen. Top Modern Screen Staff, Rt. Top Wide World, Lt. Bot. Bert Parry, Cen. Bot. Bob Beerman, Rt. Bot. MGM, 67—Top Lt. Penguin Photo, Bot. Lt. Bob Beerman, Rt. Walt Davis, 69—Lt. De Wan Studios, Rt. Bruce Bailey, 70—Bob Beerman, 79—Lt. Coburn of Columbia, Rt. Bert Parry, 80—Lt. Bert Six, Cen. & Rt. Bert Parry, Bot. Bert Six, 81-83—Bert Parry.



The "tissue test" proved to Lucille...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

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We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

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Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten



When Anne gave birth to baby Katrina Baxter Hodiak on July 9th, proud papa John handed out cigars and candy.

enter miss hodiak

What's in a name? Little Katrina doesn't know yet, but hers has a wonderful, special significance for her mother and dad . . .

BY JANE WILKIE

■ In the misty gray dawn of July 9th, two bored Los Angeles cops sat on their motorcycles at the deserted intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Fairfax Avenue.

The pair of officers will never know the temptation they presented to the owner of the Cadillac that at that moment slid by them at a respectable speed. Inside the car, John Hodiak chuckled.

"What's funny?" asked Mrs. Hodiak, alias Anne Baxter.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that this is my chance of a lifetime. I could do 80 miles an hour down Sunset and then have the perfect alibi for those cops. "Officer, please! My wife's going to have a baby!" John grinned. "Maybe we'd even get an escort, siren and all."

"Let's not get carried away with the idea," said Anne. "We have plenty of time. I think." Then she added, "It's funny—how perfectly calm I am."

"Me, too," said John. "Funny." Cool, calm and collected they were, or at least that's what they claimed.

This business of having a baby had been planned serenely and logically. Anne and John are not impetuous people. They have never dived into anything without first giving the matter considerable thought. Although they've always wanted a baby, they weren't the ones to start even a small family before the cement was really dry in the foundation of their marriage.

They had given themselves a two-year courtship—to make sure—and that was followed by four years of marriage before time for a baby was agreed upon.

Their families were impatient. Anne is an only child and her parents felt it was high time for a grandchild—preferably a girl. John's own generation had produced only two boys and the elder Hodiaks were pulling for another addition to the clan—preferably a girl.

It was in the early fall of 1950 that a baby was happily expected. Their families were informed, but the news was kept from the press for five long months. No one guessed. Anne finished her work in *Follow The Sun* and gave no indication to anyone that she was pregnant. They flew to New York in January, and during their three-week stay did several radio shows.

In March she appeared on Hedda Hopper's radio show, but even the eagle eye of Miss Hopper, which can detect everything except uranium, noticed nothing different. Miss Hopper missed a scoop that was right under her nose.

The news had to come out when Anne was visiting her family up near San Francisco, and the studio phoned her there.

"You'll have to come back to Hollywood," they said. "We want you to star in *People Will Talk.*"

"I can't," Anne said.

"What do you mean—you can't?"

"My next is going to be a Hodiak production," she said, and within five minutes the news had covered the studio like a spring shower and the press had been informed.

EVEN then, with only four months to go, it was difficult to believe that Anne was expecting a baby. One little old lady in the neighborhood clucked sympathetically to a friend, "That nice Mrs. Hodiak thinks she's going to have a baby. But she isn't—poor girl—anyone could tell that."

Credit for Anne's lissome figure goes to her doctor, who gave her a balanced diet to keep down weight, and to Anne herself, who stuck to it religiously. It paid off, for during the whole period she gained only 14 pounds, but there was many a day when Anne would sigh softly and say, "I'd give my eye teeth for a lobster, dripping in butter. But I won't. I won't."

Her craving for seafood was about the only upset suffered by Anne during the long stretch. She felt wonderful and looked wonderful. At an important party given by her studio a month before the birth of her baby—a party that was attended by all the stars on the lot—the people there unanimously agreed that Anne was the prettiest girl present. That takes some doing, when a girl's in the middle of a batch of movie actresses, *and* pregnant.

She bought a veritable library of books, and eventually, in any room of the house a visitor could find a book on child care, on expectant motherhood, on child psychology, etc. Because Anne devoured these books, she was spared the anxieties brought on by old wives' tales. She knew what to expect and what to do, and all the talk went in one ear and out the other. Once in a while she thought, perhaps because she'd so often heard that expectant mothers are grumpy, that she was sometimes short with John, and often apologized to him for a curtness that he hadn't even noticed.

The only thing that bothered her other than the yen for seafood was the lassitude that overtook her in the evenings. Anne is a girl who normally can get along well with only five or six hours' sleep, and the idea of nodding in an armchair before midnight arrived annoyed her no end.

THE baby shopping was done by Anne and her mother, and the dinky little things picked up here and there were stored neatly away in the new guest room that had been added to the house last year. The only other preparation was the purchase of the necessary baby furniture, and the receipt by freight of the lovely old crib that first served as a bed for Anne's own grandmother. Since that time it has gone the rounds of the family, each new parent sending it to the next expectant member. It was duly sent, this time from a branch of the family in St. Louis, and along with the other accoutrements was installed in the guest room. No attempt was made by Anne or John to redecorate the room as a nursery. The walls are green, and plain and simple. They both felt that a nursery splattered with kangaroos and teddy bears must be confusing to an infant only learning to see, and planned any such changes for the future.

Anne concentrated hard and long on her maternity clothes, for she is a girl who is acutely clothes conscious. They arranged for a nurse, only after locating a woman who likes to travel. For travel comes high on the list of Hodiak pleasures, and they are determined to take the baby with them wherever they go, whether it be a location trip to Kanab, Utah, or a trip on a freighter destined for un-pronounceable ports.

They bought a book titled "What Shall We Name The Baby?" and spasmodically pored over it and the subsequent problem. The only definite thing that came out of the conferences for a long time was the fact that, if the baby were a girl, she would not be named Anne. There are already enough Anne Hodiaks, including John's mother, sister and wife, to create utter confusion within the family. Months went by without any conclusion, and



91% of Sailors and Marines

interviewed at San Diego, California, said:

"CAVALIERS are MILDER than the brand I had been smoking!"

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker!

91% of these sailors and marines—yes, 91% of the smokers—said Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from coast to coast—among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

Start enjoying Cavaliers. Priced no higher than other popular cigarettes!

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Cavalier

KING-SIZE CIGARETTES—EXTREMELY MILD



Rough, dry skin. "A friend suggested Noxzema for my rough, dry skin and it helped immensely," says Wannah Lee of Kansas City, Mo. "Now, I use it every day—and as my powder base and night cream—to help keep my skin looking smooth!"

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

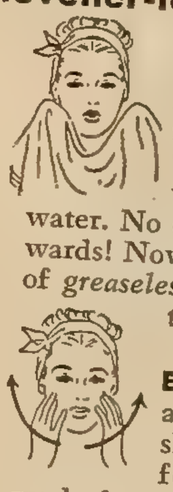
The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give your skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless,* natural-looking powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal blemishes*, helps your skin look softer and smoother.

Your Money Back! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. **externally-caused*

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema for a protective powder base.

Evening — "Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up — without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Special Offer!

NOXZEMA skin cream

BIG 85¢ JAR

now only 59¢ plus tax

Limited Time Only.
At any drug or cosmetic counter.

every once in a while Anne would suddenly remember that the issue was riding along unsettled.

"But then," she'd say, "how can you possibly name a baby until you've seen it? Until you have some idea of its personality?"

Finally, long ones and short ones, strong ones and pretty ones were selected awaiting the advent of the baby, and the book was put away.

In the last few weeks, the Hodiaks were social as an ant colony. Rather than sit around the house and stew, they accepted one invitation after another, feeling confident that the busy days would help pass the time. They had only one qualm on this score—the day they read in the newspaper that Spike Jones' wife had found it necessary to hastily excuse herself from a party at the Mocambo and rush off to the hospital.

"That," said John worriedly, "might happpen to you!"

"I wouldn't care," said Anne. "Even that would be better than sitting home playing solitaire and waiting, waiting."

THERE was a wait, too, but then that was their own fault. The doctor had given July 9th as the date of arrival, but Anne and John disagreed with him. No sir, they said, that was much too late. The baby would be born about June 25th. They persisted so definitely in this idea, giving that date to anyone who inquired, that they almost had the doctor himself convinced. But June came and went, and nothing happened.

Their fifth wedding anniversary was celebrated on July 5th, and although columnists said the Hodiaks were hoping the baby would be born on that day, such was not the case. Anne and John were sure their child wanted to have its own birthday, to have as something special, and not be intruded upon by a wedding anniversary. That night they went to a party, and breathed twin sighs of relief when midnight had come and gone. Anne gave John, as a gift, a bolt of imported cloth for a new suit and John, knowing the baby would arrive, gave Anne a small Chinese chest filled with cymbidium orchids, a flower that stays in bloom for weeks and therefore could still be enjoyed after Anne's return from the hospital.

Promptly at 2:30 on the morning of July 9th, Anne knew that the doctor had been right all along. It was a Monday and John was due to go to work that day in *County Line,* so Anne quietly got out of bed and, tip-toeing around the house, dressed and packed her bag. She phoned her mother up in Palo Alto and shortly before five o'clock, phoned the doctor to make sure. It was only then that she waked John, who to this day insists he was not nervous. At the hospital, he signed the necessary papers, was assured that his wife was in capable hands, went home to shave and shower, and reported at the studio on time for work, only to find that the shooting schedule could be so arranged that he could go back to the hospital in the afternoon.

Shortly after noon, he saw Anne for a few minutes and then was shooed into that nerve-shattering place, the fathers' waiting room. One other man was there, and they struck up the usual conversation after introducing themselves. Is this your first baby? Do you want a boy or girl? How long have you been married? And there the discourse ended and they smoked in silence, filling the room with a grey pall. To help pass the time, John fell to philosophizing. The conversation with the other man, he thought, had been inane. What do I have in common with him, he asked himself. Nothing, really,

except that we're both deeply concerned about our wives, and that we're going to be fathers. It's only that, and although I'll probably never see the guy again, there's a great bond between us, and I'll never forget him as long as I live. He wondered idly, flicking the ashes from the end of his fourteenth cigarette, what would be the reaction if hundreds of men were crowded into the same room and all told that their wives were having babies. They wouldn't talk much, he thought, but there'd probably be more faith and more hope, and more silent sympathy and brotherhood packed into that room than in any one place in history.

It was six o'clock in the evening when they told John that Anne was now in the delivery room. He steeled himself for an attack of nerves, but less than ten minutes later a nurse came into the room and smiled at him. "You have a baby girl," she said. He wanted to throw his arms around the whole hospital for waiting until the last minute to tell him about the delivery room. If they'd told him when Anne had really gone in, at the beginning, he thought, he might have gone to pieces.

He saw the baby 15 minutes later. She had dark hair and eyes set wide apart, like Anne's, but shaped like his own. She was howling a deep throated howl, and he thought to himself that one of the strong names would fit her best. Katrina, maybe.

Then he phoned Anne's mother, who had flown down to Los Angeles and was waiting for news at her daughter's home, and

. . . Joe Mankiewicz uses five chairs on the set. He collects chairs as some men collect pipes. While directing, Mankiewicz moves from one to another. He has a rocker, complete to a footstool, for his more weary moments; a high chair, so that he can see over people when he's directing a scene; a chair on top of a camera crane; a desk chair that contains his books and papers; and a small metal stool that he can fold up and take with him.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

finally he saw Anne herself. There wasn't much to say in those few minutes.

As far as Anne was concerned, the world was a great swirling mist, with things too close and things too far away, and some things upside down. But John's face was there, and she knew they had a beautiful, healthy daughter, and now that it was over there was nothing to do but sleep the best sleep of her life.

The next day the flowers began arriving, and by evening the room looked like a California flower show. Promptly at seven o'clock a breathless John appeared in the doorway, having devoted his day to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He stood there, holding one perfect yellow rose in his hand.

Anne smiled. "Come in, darling, and give me the flower. It's the prettiest I've ever seen."

"Maybe Katrina Baxter Hodiak?" said John.

"Definitely," Anne said. "She has a will of her own, that one."

"I bought cigars," John said. "Maybe they went out with the wagon wheel, but I wanted them. And candy for the girls."

"Speaking of buying things," said Mrs. Hodiak, "I can't wait to get out of here. I'm going to buy me the slinkiest dress in town."

Mr. Hodiak put the yellow rose in her hand and grinned. "Now I know you're back to normal," he said. THE END

Mothers! You should know the facts about POLIO



Send now for FREE Polio booklet . . . prepared for parents, as part of a continuing public service, by the makers of "LYSOL"

HERE, for every parent made anxious by Polio, are the known facts about this dreaded disease . . . facts condensed from an article appearing in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Send *today* for this authoritative FREE booklet covering: the chances of getting Infantile Paralysis, its symptoms and treatment . . . precautionary measures.

Science admittedly does not yet know the means of preventing Polio—but many authorities agree that cleanliness in the home is a wise precaution when Polio is around.

• • •

Use "LYSOL"—the disinfectant that helps keep your home *hospital-clean—continuously* clean with its long-lasting germicidal action . . . the disinfectant created exclusively for its germ-killing power. Don't gamble with "jack-of-all-trades" products!

"LYSOL" is the *true* . . . the "full-time" germ killer—designed, *not* as part bleach, part disinfectant, but *for the sole purpose of killing disease germs.* At best, the anti-germ action of *bleaches* may be fleeting and *temporary,* while that of "LYSOL" *continues between cleanings.*

So never risk an incidental or "part-time" disinfectant in your home . . . for your child. Use potent, *continuously* germ-fighting "LYSOL" brand disinfectant every time you clean. Get "LYSOL" at your drug store today! And, for your child's greater security, send *now* for your FREE handbook of facts about Polio!

FREE! POLIO BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
Box D.M.-510,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a FREE copy of authoritative booklet "A HANDBOOK ON INFANTILE PARALYSIS."



*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!





Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

a Special Service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Christmas is nearer than you think, and now's the time to start shopping for it. Just sit back and select your gifts from among the many attractive items featured on the following pages. They come from smart shops all over the country. They represent the best you can get for your money—and you can be sure they're style-wise.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card, if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.

alan ladd

your hollywood shopper

for october



Alan holds one of his shopping finds—the Mile-O-Meter—see below for where to buy it.

■ On the screen I play a tough guy, but my family knows me for the softie I really am, especially when it comes to buying gifts.

When Sue and I were first married I could barely keep her in "bobbie pins" so now I get a kick out of adding to her "I love you" collection of spur-of-the-moment gifts. As for the kids, well, with four there's always one that rates a present. Guess I'm the gift-givingest guy around. That's probably why MODERN SCREEN pulled a switch and gave you this Ladd as your October shopper.

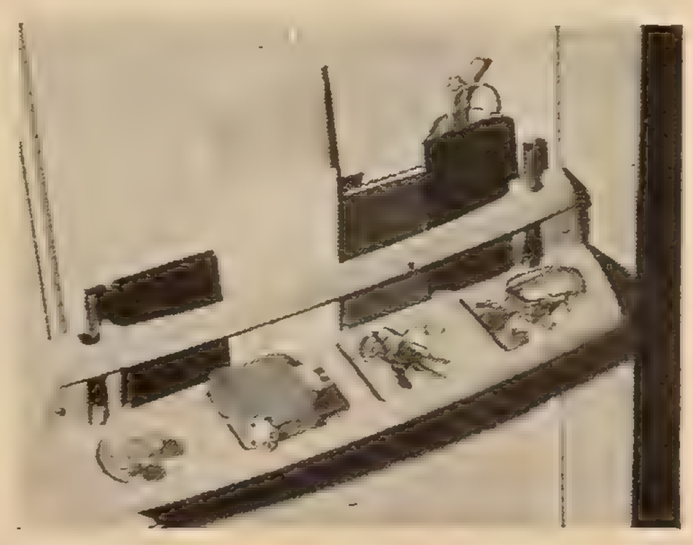
But seriously, shopping by mail is fun. For instance the Mile-O-Meter I am holding shows the motorist how to really save on his gasoline bills. Since I got one from the Gale Hall Engineering Company, in Boston, I have been convinced that I will include this practical gadget on my Christmas gift list.

To get any of these gifts for your home, for yourself, or to put away for Christmas, just write directly to the store mentioned for any item you like.

Lots of luck with your shopping, and thanks for inspiring me to do mine!



MY TIES HAVE FLIES! *To a fisherman this tie is irresistible and is sure to be an excellent "catch" for your favorite fisherman. It's a hand woven Cape-Coddler in 100% virgin wool decorated with authentic fishing flies, salmon streamers. They're stitched to the tie but come off for dry cleaning. Smart solid shades of brown, gray, copper and green with contrasting colored flies. Buy several now for Christmas. $3.50. Gaylords, 47 West Elm St., Brockton, Mass.*



FOR PARKING PARAPHERNALIA OVERNIGHT. *This valetray is a catch-all for those odds and ends that we guys empty out of our pockets each evening. No more messy drawers, it keeps coins, keys, notebooks, pens, in orderly fashion. Sturdy plastic, it's easily installed on closet doors, or set it on dresser top. We suggest it as a Xmas Gift to your special guy. Bronze, maroon. $3.95. Max Schling Seedsmen, 620 M Madison Ave., New York 22.*



REAL FUEL FOR ECONOMY FOR MOTORISTS. *Out here in L.A. everything's so spread out that we seem to spend half our lives in the car and it gets mighty expensive. I sure was thrilled to find this Mile-O-Meter, a gadget to measure miles per gallon and motor tune-up of our auto. Also checks spark plugs, carburetor and 31 motor adjustments. Approved by leading auto associations and makers, it's mounted in less than 5 minutes. 2¾" dia. $9.75. Gale Hall Engineering, Boston 18, Mass.*



alan ladd

your hollywood shopper

for october

This shopping spree was a family affair—and almost as much fun as making *Red Mountain*.



BEAUTIFUL "BREAD AND BUTTER" GIFT. *This shell-shaped covered butter dish of fine silver plate, made in England, has its own butter knife with a matching shell design. The knife fits into a special niche inside the dish. Lower part is entirely glass-lined. We use ours all the time and so will you because it lends itself to most all table settings. It's a distinctive wedding gift for any lucky bride. $5.00. Lord George, Ltd., 1270 Broadway, New York 1.*



PENCIL STICKS TO ITS SUBJECT. *The subject here is a fine memo-address book in real top-grain cowhide. Gold-toned mechanical pencil is magnetized to cling to the gold-leaf embossed cover or to a phone. Sue uses the memo pad to keep up with my hectic studio schedule. Address book has tabs from A to Z. Tan leather, plain or with antique Floretine finish. $4.95. Gold-plate initials add 15¢ ea. Embassy Enterprise, Inc., 450 7th Ave., New York 1.*



LIFE-LIKE MAMA'S BABY. *Here's the nearest thing to a "younger sister" we've found yet to give to Lonnie for her birthday—a 2-foot tall baby-doll with five sounds ranging from cries to coos. She has big blue eyes that close in sleep, real mohair blonde curls and movable arms and legs of washable Vinyl, soft and dimpled as a baby's skin. She comes with a charming 6-piece wardrobe—all pink. $5.95. Niresk, Dept. D-YHS, 1474 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.*



HOLLYWOOD BED FOR DOLLS ALSO. *Lonnie couldn't believe her eyes when she first saw this miniature "Holly-dolly" bed made just like ours. It has a colorful plastic headboard, Hollywood legs, real mattress ticking for the mattress cover and a separate pillow. It measures 12" x 22", so it's plenty roomy for even her biggest doll. I'm sure any little girl would get a thrill finding it in her Xmas stocking. $5.95. B. C. Moses, 3019 Prospect Ave., Houston 4, Texas.*



LET JAMAICA COME TO YOU. *It's out of bounds for most of us, but within easy reach with these charming imports. A quaint washerwoman in native dress is a handy pincushion (and grand gift.) The wash in the tub makes the cushion. Small figure and tub are rubber. $3.75. Jaunty junior on his Jackass isn't made to go anywhere or do anything, but we like him on our mantel. All rubber, 4½" high. $3.25. Carib Trading Co., 1245 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.*



DOORKNOBS HAVE TURNED DECORATIVE. *Your monogram is hand-carved inside this stunning clear crystal-like lucite knob, 2¾" square, with black plexiglass backing for contrast. Script or block lettering to blend with your furnishings. No polishing, and fingermarks wipe right off. These tridimensional door knobs lend charm to our home. One, two or three initials in white or gold. $4.50. Merrill Ann Creations, 100 Warren St., New York 7.*

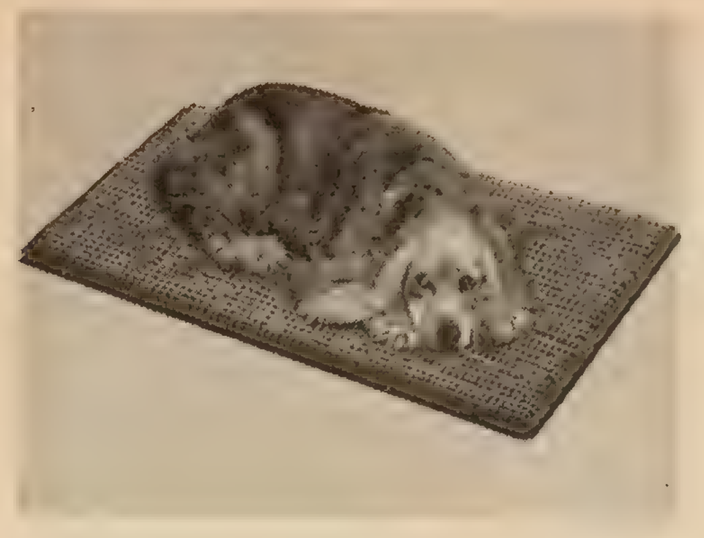


MOSAIC JEWELS FROM ITALY. *This striking Orsini necklace and pair of matching drop-earrings in a non-tarnishing gold plate setting come straight from a Florentine workshop. Necklace is centered with three mosaic floral ovals on a delicate golden chain. Earrings have similar posies in oval dangles. Mosaics in black, blue, coral, green or white backgrounds. Necklace $5.40. Earrings $3.60. Alpine Imports, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



WE ALWAYS HAVE FRESH FLOWERS. *Sue discovered these lovely handmade posies that are natural enough to be real. Roses, violets, lilies-of-the-valley, arranged just the way you'd like them in their own crystal holder. No fuss, no fixing for you. The delicate floral colors blend beautifully with most any decorative scheme and go equally well in living, dining or bed room. $2.00 an arrangement. First American-Flowers, Box 85, Dept. 7, New York 29.*



JUST RIGHT FOR JEZEBEL. *Protects children. Keeps pets clean. Flea-No-Mat rids pets of pests. A chemically treated mat for use on your pets' regular bed or separately. It protects the kids by keeping Jezebel clean and gets rid of that "doggy" odor. Flea-No-Mat kills fleas, ticks, nits on dogs and cats. Only $2.95 for 15" x 28" mat, $4.95 for 28" x 36" mat for large dogs. You can get it at V. F. Garrett Company, P. O. Box 1143-37, Dallas, Texas.*



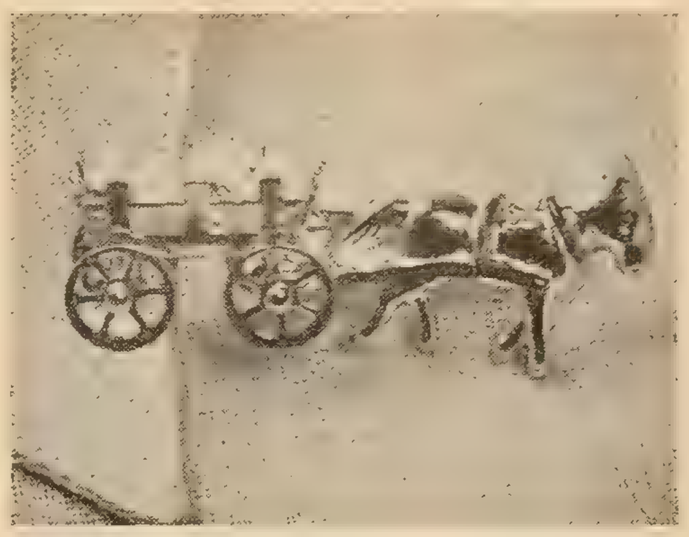
NEW COCKTAIL RING . . . PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! *This triple treat is the most versatile sparkler around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. $3.95 (tax included). Sanlys, Dept. MS-10, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



THE WORLD ON YOUR SHOULDERS *in this handsome pure silk dye scarf, showing the fabulous new UN Headquarters, surrounded by its many member countries. It's given me wonderlust, since I can't help daydreaming about all the exciting places pictured so colorfully. A prime accessory for your fall suits or dresses in stunning background shades of navy, green, brown or deep rose. Hand rolled. $3.15. Hazel Jasper, 142 East 45 St., New York 17.*



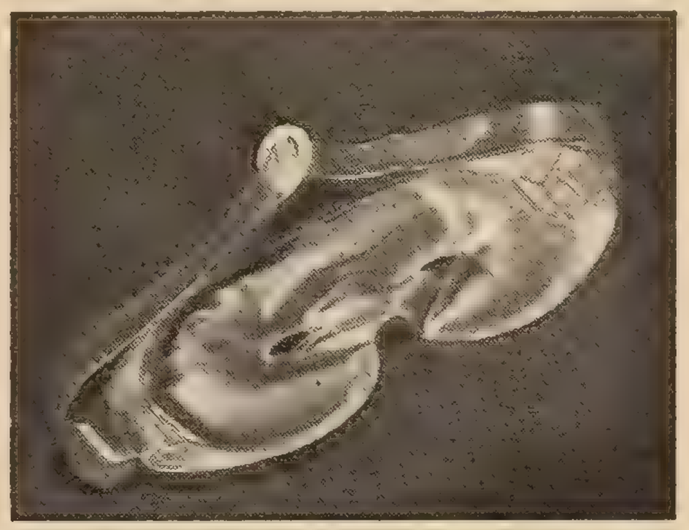
THE LOOK I LIKE IN GIRLS *goes this way. Washable cotton broadcloth blouse, stitched bosom, bat-like dolman sleeves, closing with nine pearly buttons. White, pink, green, rust, toast, gold, iris. 32-38, $3.06. 100% wool skirt, knife-pleated all 'round, in authentic plaids (Give waist size.) $6.06. Heraldic bag, belt set with solid brass crests. Red, rust, ginger plastic calf. Pair, complete $4.20. Paris Shops, 509 Main St., Dept. MS-10, Box 390, New Rochelle, N. Y.*



GET HITCHED TO THIS WAGON. *Come on girls, you'll have fun with this cunning donkey-cart pin. It's the kind of eye-catcher that will win you many a flattering look. The golden cart is loaded with pearls and emerald brilliants, easily mistaken for the real McCoy, and is toted by a sleepy critter. Wagon wheels spin round though of course it's securely pinned to your suit lapel, dress or blouse. $1.23, Lynne's, 1288 Lexington Ave., New York 28.*



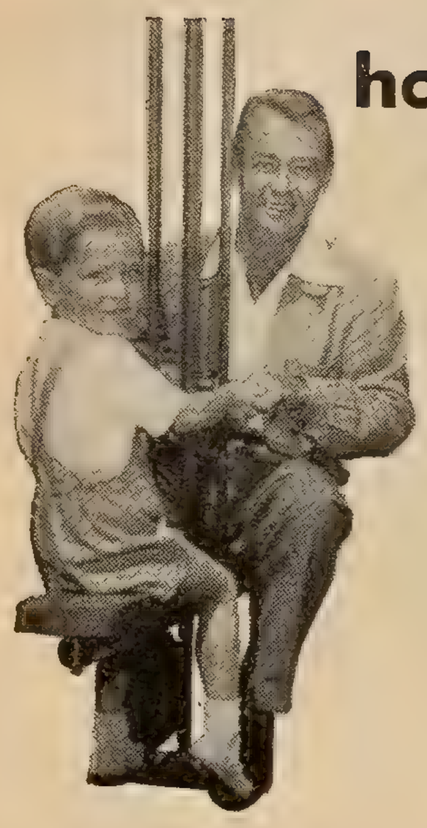
"DOLL-UP" DOLLIE FOR YOUR BOUDOIR. *It's a dainty ballerina doll for you to clothe in a costume that any gal can easily put together with some bright yarn and a few stitches. With her hand-painted face, brown tresses and all done up in a fluffy accordion skirt and blouse, Sue says she'll be adorable on your vanity. Sue and Lonnie are making one together. Kit with doll, materials, instructions, $1.00. Nancy Lee Studios, 930-63rd St., Des Moines, Iowa.*



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE! *With party days ahead, this new mask will do wonders for headaches and eye strain. Worn hot or cold, it's made of plastic and buckles round your head. It has tiny slits so you can do your chores while it soothes you. To heat, place in hot water for five minutes; to chill, place in refrigerator's freezing compartment or in ice water. Mask holds either temperature for at least a half hour. $1.50. Gift Sources, 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19.*



UNTANGLES YOUR PRESSING PROBLEMS. *According to Sue, "Kordaway" makes you forget you even have a cord at the end of your iron, by keeping it encased in a springy wire coil that fits all irons, clamps anywhere on the board. Do your work in double-quick time without having the cord twist, fray, burn out or wrinkle clothes. Made by Industrial Workshop for the Blind in L.A. $1.95. Homemaker's Mart, 350 W. Washington Blvd., Venice 99, Calif.*



alan ladd **your hollywood shopper** for october



STAGE COACH FOR SMALL FRY. *A colorful new pull-toy that's grand for tots or busters like our David. Coach is drawn by four white horses and must be loaded with 11 individual pieces that fit special spots, before it's ready to be pulled. It's an educational toy with vegetable dye colors, that has tremendous toddler appeal, especially under the tree. Horn's attached to announce the coach. $3.50. Randel Assoc., 1123 Broadway, New York 10.*



"BRANCH OUT" IN YOUR DECORATING *with these charming pressed-wood wall brackets mahogany finished syrocowood. They're like graceful branches of a tree, leaves and all, with two shelves on different levels to hold your ornaments and brighten up dull walls. Made to be hung in pairs, each measures 9¾" x 11½". Sue's got them all over the house to show off her figurines. $8.50 pr., Henry Rosenzweig, 723 Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



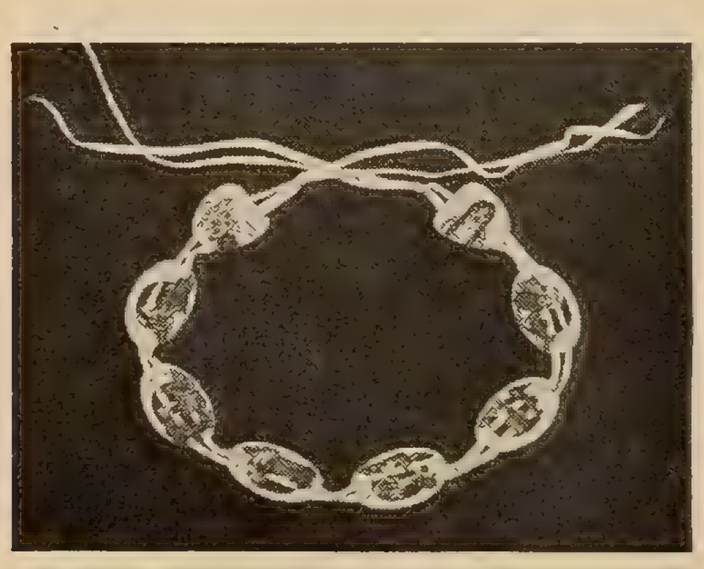
OUT OF THIS WORLD *Salt and Pepper Shakers are wonderful miniatures of the world globe. Each crystal-clear globe revolves in a highly polished metal frame on a clear base. Fill them by opening at the "Equator"; salt and pepper pours out of holes around the "North Pole." They make a grand gift too for showers, bridge, or even for prizes. Only $1.00 pr. Mahoning Gifts, Dept. MS, 702 Wick Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio.*



EASY TO BUY A SILVER SPOON *from these three sterling six-piece place settings (teaspoon, salad fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon, knife, fork in non-tarnish bags). One lovely set has a fine edge of flowers at $24.50 a setting. Another beautiful set is rose-tipped, and smart. $24.75. Either one will add elegance to your table. Send for full catalogue for all details. Pay only $2.00 monthly. Nelmor, 90 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.*



LIKE YOUR COFFEE PIPING HOT? *Then you're sure to welcome your own individual serving carafe. It fits right inside your coffee cup and awaits your pleasure. When you get around to pouring it the coffee will still be steaming. Called a "coffee hottle," it will keep drinks frosty cold as well. Heat resisting glass with yellow and red insulating collars for easy handling. Holds two cups of liquid. Pair $2.95. Sheridan Stylecraft, Box E, Highland Park, Ill.*



GIVE IT A MEXICAN ACCENT! *The belt you have been looking for to add zip to your winter sweaters and skirts. Imported from the land of the jumping bean, it's a cinch to liven up even last year's tiredest duds. Handsomely carved black or white wooden plaques are hand-painted with colorful Mexican family scenes, strung together with a white kid lace. Waist size is adjustable. $1.98. Mexican Handcraft, 7532 Half Moon Drive, El Paso, Texas.*



A NEAT WAY TO CORRAL ALL *those odds and ends that normally find their way into the wastebasket. Authentic Western cattle brands are burned into the walnut, maple or redwood finished basket. It's appropriately bound and laced with rawhide and studded with brass nail heads. Decorative for dens or playrooms and makes a perfect gift. Kids go wild about it, 8" square, 12" high. $5.00. The Old Corral, Mesquite, Texas.*



GET THE HANG OF IT *and you'll never use nails again to put up paintings, photos, prints, mirrors. It's especially wonderful 'cause there's no hammering involved (a skill I never mastered). Just moisten hanger, apply to surface and press. In 10 minutes it will hold up to 10 pounds of wall hangings. Sticks to tile, glass, wood, paper or metal. A life-saver where nails make plaster crumble. $1.00 for 24. Roberts and Co., 5003 Irving Park Road, Chicago, Ill.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

New Beauty Miracle!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

New Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! Ounce for ounce Procter & Gamble's New Prell leaves hair *more radiant than any shampoo known!* Yes, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using, you'll discover wonderful New Prell leaves your hair brighter, shinier, *more radiant!* That's because New Prell is based on *new* cleansing action!

Softer! You'll be thrilled at how silken-soft and shining-smooth New Prell leaves your hair! It's *thoroughly, immaculately* clean . . . yet so easy to manage. It has "body" and "spring," so your curls and your waves set beautifully.

Younger-Looking! After Prell, hair glows with lovelier sparkle and sheen . . . actually looks younger and more "*radiantly alive*," no matter how "lifeless" it seemed before. Get a tube of exciting, emerald-clear New Prell today! It's the shampoo miracle!

FREE OFFER

. . . to introduce New Prell!

Buy New Prell any size—get another tube (same size) free by mail. New Prell will send you another tube the same size when you mail an empty carton with coupon. Coupons are available at your favorite shampoo counter. Complete details on each coupon.





"Easy"

says

Joan Caulfield

SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

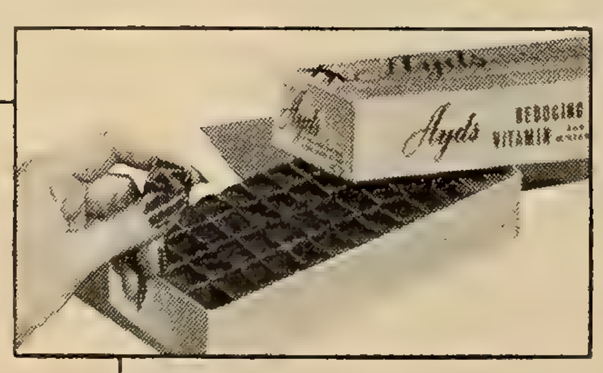
How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, day by day.

• Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.



• "Whenever I step on the scales and don't like what I read," says lovely screen star, Joan Caulfield, "my first thought is *Ayds*. In my circle of friends, we all agree that Ayds is the most wholesome and natural way to a good figure!"

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

THE GREAT CARUSO—*Tell Me You Love Me* by Vic Damone* (Mercury); Sammy Kaye (Columbia); Clark Dennis (Capitol); Ink Spots (Decca).
One of the great operatic melodies, *Vesti La Giubba*, was featured in the picture, and this is the only popular American version of the song.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME—*Last Night When We Were Young* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol).

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR—*September Song* by Red Norvo* (Discovery); Dave Brubeck* (Fantasy); Harry James (Columbia); Stan Kenton (Capitol).
It's good to hear this wonderful melody brought back in another movie. It's a little depressing, though, to hear what Stan Kenton and his mob do with it. You'll like the quieter, prettier, simpler approach of Norvo's vibes.

TAHITI, MY ISLAND—title song by Macklin Marrow (MGM), Tony Martin* (Victor).

POPULAR

JOHNNY DESMOND—*Mr. And Mississippi** (MGM).

BOB EBERLY—*Alone* (Capitol).
Funny coincidence—the two singers who were America's favorites when they both sang with Jimmy Dorsey's band years ago, both made a comeback recently on Capitol. Bob Eberly made his reentry with *Alone* and *I Made A Promise;* Helen O'Connell returns with *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, an old Jimmy Dorsey theme number.

TONI HARPER-HARRY JAMES—*Baby Blue** (Columbia).
Interesting teaming of talent on this side, and great singing by Toni. But are they going to give her the Shirley Temple treatment by trying to make her a perpetual child? She's outgrown songs like *Baby Blues* and should compete with adults on equal terms. Though Toni has less to do, the other side, *Peculiar Kind of Feeling*, is better all around.

BETTY HUTTON—*That's The Kind Of Guy I Dream Of* (Victor).
Betty's material is better than her treatment of it. This tune has the subtitle "You should see the kind that I get."

METRONOME ALL STARS—*Early Spring** (Capitol).
Recommended for jazz fans only. The poll winners on this side and the reverse, *Local 802 Blues* includes some swell soloists—George Shearing, piano; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Kai Winding, trombone; Stan Getz, tenor sax.

MEL TORME—*Mel Torme Sings** (MGM).
A fine LP representing some of Mel's earlier waxings of some great songs: one is *The Best Things In Life Are Free* from the movie *Good News* in which Mel had a small part. Another is his own composition, *County Fair.*

THE COLOR STAYS ON UNTIL YOU TAKE IT OFF

...without ever drying your lips



The lipstick secret of Hollywood's famous stars who must have a lipstick that really stays on...that's non-drying...that always looks beautiful and appealing.

famous non-drying indelible lipstick by Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD

Amazing patented color formula discovered by Max Factor makes these exclusive lipstick features possible

1 —***the color stays on until you take it off*** because the new kind of basic-colors in this patented formula are truly indelible.

2 —***never dries your lips***...because these exclusive patented basic-colors are "non-drying" and will never cause your lips to become sensitive or parched.

3 —***keeps your lips softer, smoother, more appealing...never dry or sticky*** due to the smoother texture made possible by this amazing patented color formula.

4 —***more brilliant, more beautiful, more exciting reds***...an exclusive feature of this revolutionary patented color formula.

This famous "non-drying" indelible lipstick has been created in twelve Color Harmony and Fashion Harmony Shades by Max Factor Hollywood to harmonize with the colorings of blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads...at all leading drug and department stores, now...$1.10, plus tax.

How to apply Max Factor's amazing lipstick so the color stays on until you take it off...without ever drying your lips

U. S. PATENTS
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"**First,** dry your lips with a tissue. Then apply lipstick to your upper lip. Begin at the center and work toward the outer corners, modeling the contour so that it is the most flattering to you...then fill in and blend.

"**Second,** now simply compress the lips so that this contour is transferred from the upper lip to the lower lip...then slide the lower lip forward once or twice to complete the transfer of color and pattern. Now smooth and blend the lipstick on your lower lip. Wait 30 seconds for the lipstick color to set.

"**Third,** blot your lips with tissue until excess lipstick is removed. Then, moisten your lips for lasting lip loveliness."

COMPLEXION	EYES
Fair ☐	Blue ☐
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐
Olive ☐	
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (Color)
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med. Dark

HAIR

BLONDE	BRUNETTE
Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
BRUNETTE	**REDHEAD**
Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐

GRAY HAIR
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR TRIAL-SIZE LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN CHART...CHECK CAREFULLY AND MAIL

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me my "non-drying" indelible Lipstick by Max Factor Hollywood in the Color Harmony Shade for my type, plus my Complexion Analysis and individual Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, plus Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Make-Up". I enclose 10¢ to help cover the cost of postage and handling.

Name_____ Age_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

651-4L

Sandpaper Hands feel

Caressable

in 10 Seconds!



Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Lipstick
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Face Powder



25¢ and 43¢

Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like a Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! The secret is an exclusive, new formula that enables Cashmere Bouquet to smooth like a lotion while it softens like a cream! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"! Treat *your* hands to Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion today!

modern screen / october 1951

reunion in london

By THOR HANSEN

■ Special to MODERN SCREEN: It took almost three years and the combined judicial systems of three countries, but Ingrid Bergman and her beautiful 12-year-old daughter, Pia, met again at last.

Their reunion in London was touching and unforgettable.

As they ran towards each other, Ingrid's eyes were brimming with tears. She clasped Pia to her and rocked her in her arms.

"Min lilla älskling," Ingrid kept saying, *"Min lilla älskling."* And even though Pia can't understand Swedish, she knew that the words meant, "my little darling."

Then the two stepped back to look at each other and Pia said, "Mama, how are you?"

"Fine, Pia. But your name is Jenny now, isn't it? How was your trip?"

"The trip was wonderful, Mama. It was the Queen Mary."

"Yes, I know . . . My, you've grown. You're lovely."

Jenny Ann Lindstrom closely resembles her mother. She has the same blonde hair shot with streaks of darkness (*Continued on page 97*)



hottest man in town



Fans were thrilled when Granger's romance with Jean Simmons ended in marriage. They've settled in Hollywood.

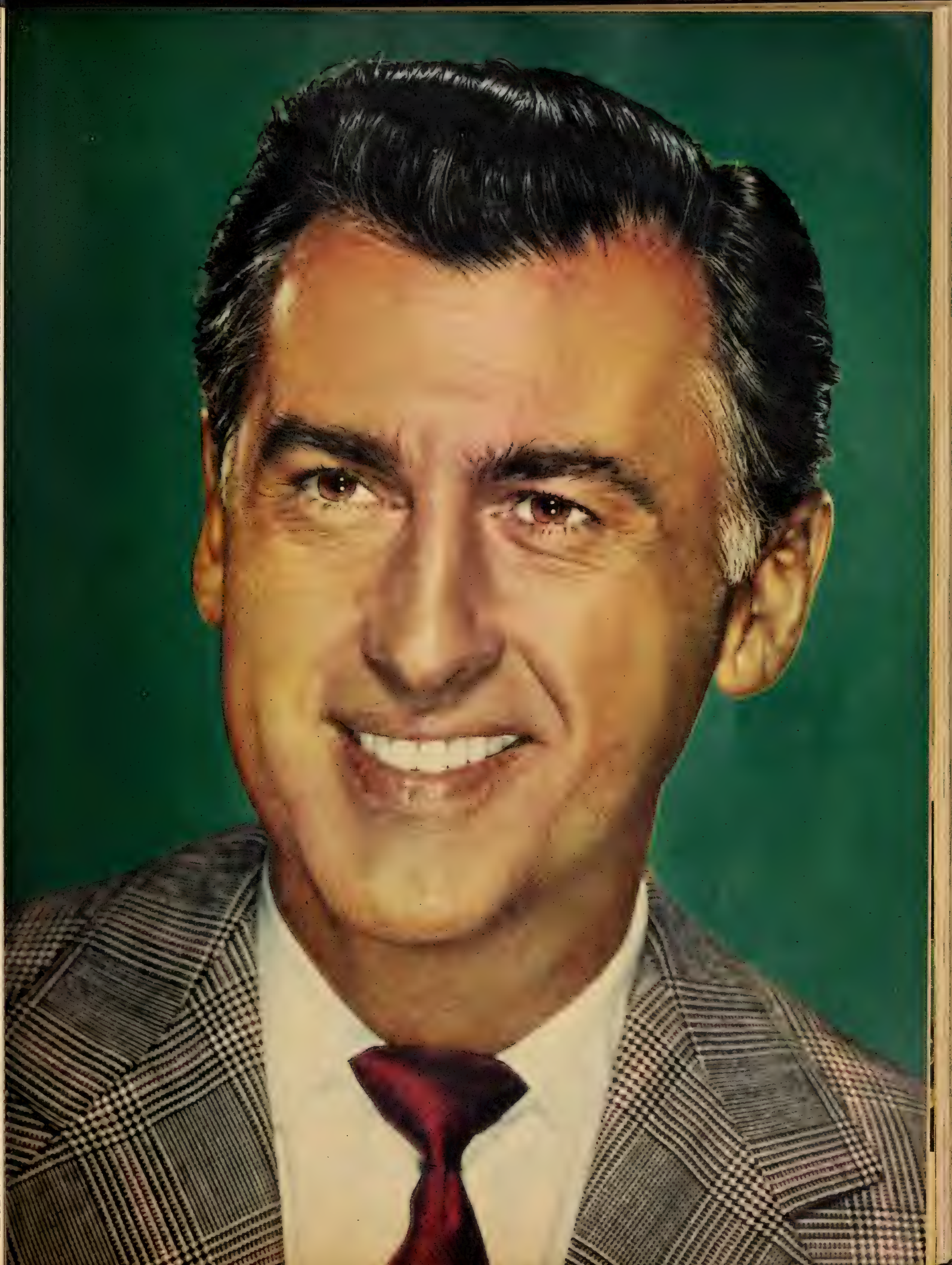
Hollywood has its best box office bet in years—a two-fisted guy named Stewart Granger who's making the glamor boys look pale.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ His name is Stewart Granger and it is fairly accurate to say that he is a masculine tornado; a virile elephant of a fellow; a creature of vitality, warmth and ability—and a chap who will no doubt within the next few years become motion pictures' first star.

We met him on a sound stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in Culver City. It was no drawing room set. It was the noisiest place this side of the nearest steel foundry. The stage is what is known as the tank, and a hugh square lake takes up most of the room. In the lake was a birch bark canoe, placed before an enormous process screen on which flickered the projected images of rocky shores and thick forests. Two men held on to the canoe and, upon occasion, swung wooden paddles desperately in an effort to keep afloat, for the lake was a cauldron of fierce, whipping water, churned to a frenzy by a dozen gigantic rotors.

It was make-believe, but it was real, too. It suited the convenience of the company to (*Continued on page 84*)



JOHN DEREK: Self-conscious idol.



RUTH ROMAN: Allergic to rumors.



JANE WYMAN: Don't mention Lew.





LINDA DARNELL: Mum about Mom.



JOHN AGAR: No alibi Ike.

BETTE DAVIS: Touchy about husbands.



GINGER ROGERS: "No comment."



JOAN CRAWFORD: Calendar-sh



AVA GARDNER: Hypocrites beware!

Every star has a private taboo and you'd better not mention it if you want to keep your health . . . with some it's columnists, with others it's their age. Let's explore the subjects that make the stars explode!

BY ANNE FIELDING

■ A few weeks ago Ava Gardner curled up comfortably in a big arm chair, lighted a cigarette and puffed the smoke into the air, where it hung above her head like a slightly cockeyed halo. She was enjoying one of those relaxed and confidential moods. Her big eyes sparkled and her slender, long-fingered hands flitted back and forth to punctuate her conversation. Then, suddenly her whole mood changed. She stabbed out her cigarette with one vicious gesture, and jumped to her feet.

"Don't *ever* mention that columnist's name in my presence again!" she snapped.

Ava was not indulging in a sudden temperamental whim, and her interviewer knew it. He had merely tapped a taboo. Hollywood's loaded with them!

Ava's fling with fury subsided immediately. She hurled herself back into the chair. "Sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to snap your head off. Maybe I'd better explain the fireworks.

"I have never worked so hard in my life as I did on *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman.* Al Lewin, our producer-director, is a very dear friend of mine, *and* a real Simon Legree! All of us in the cast and crew worked under that blazing Spanish sun on location from dawn to sundown, seven days a week. In all the months we were in Spain we had only *one* Sunday off!

"The whole time I was there, literally slaving, this columnist devoted mountains of copy to making me sound like the playgirl of all Europe! Why, I would have had to have been triplets to live up to everything that character credited me with!"

Ava's interpretation of the stories was kindly. The writer in question had actually woven nasty innuendos into (*Continued on page 101*)

HANDLE WITH CARE

There's nothing mysterious about Lana Turner—

BOB'S WIFE



she's just Hollywood's greatest glamor girl and only tops as Mrs. Bob Topping.

by Steve Cronin

■ "It wasn't easy for me to think of signing a long term contract again that would tie me to Hollywood," the lovely blonde said. "Bob and I have made a number of thrilling plans . . . a trip to Europe, a safari to British East Africa to shoot lions and elephants . . . things so exciting that they leave me breathless. I wouldn't want my career to interrupt any of them. But I've spent more than half my life in motion pictures, and I'd be miserable if I couldn't continue my career. Bob has always understood that. We talked the situation over very thoroughly before I signed with MGM again."

Lana Turner, petite and cool in white tennis shorts, was explaining what the future holds for her now that she has decided to resume her old place in the Hollywood galaxy as the glamor queen of MGM.

By the time this reaches print, Lana will be back at work in *The Merry Widow,* her first picture in more than a year. In it, she will play a gay, glamorous siren—the kind of girl that people have always automatically associated with the name Lana Turner. It will be her first really important picture in nearly three years.

As we sat talking that sunny summer's morning beside the pool of her Brentwood home, I couldn't remember when Lana had looked trimmer, healthier, and more rested. Like a good many other people, I was eager to know what Lana had been doing during the months that she and Bob had almost completely disappeared from the headlines.

"I'll tell you what she's been doing," interrupted a pleasant baritone voice from behind us. "She's been sleeping every day until noon."

"Never mind," Lana laughed, as her husband, joining us for breakfast, settled himself into a beach chair. (*Continued on page 98*)



Toothy Cheryl is shooting up fast. She adores her mother—only recently discovered that Mommie is Lana Turner, an actress. Mother's back at work now in MGM's *The Merry Widow.*



Alan stopped the show with his hula
at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel picnic.
Partner Birdie taught him the fine points.

The whole Ladd family was wacky for Waikiki, and claim that the apple in Paradise must have been pineapple!

Laddie does the



■ Luncheon was being served at the Ladds. "Pineapple again," muttered Alan, as he reached for his napkin. Instead of the napkin, his hand found a colorful travel folder. "What's this?" he asked. Five pairs of eyes observed him in silence. "Okay," he said. "I know when I'm outnumbered. You win."

"You" meant Alana, David, Carol Lee, Laddie, and Sue, who immediately exchanged victorious smiles all around. Ever since they'd seen *Bird of Paradise* they'd had this yearning for Waikiki Beach. And when Sue went on a pineapple diet Alan knew that it was only a matter of time before he'd be carrying all of them off to Hawaii.

"You know, this trip's going to surprise a lot of people," Alan said.

"Especially us!" laughed his wife.

And it was true. Although they'd always wanted to travel—to Europe, South America or Bermuda, vacation-time found them at the ranch. The ranch was such fun that it always seemed wiser to put off the traveling.

It was now or never. It almost turned out to be never when, four days before the trip, Alana fell from a horse and fractured her cheekbone. But fortunately, the doctor pronounced her well enough to go, and they kept their reservations.

Their stateroom on the Lurline was filled to overflowing at departure time. Forty friends had come to see them off, and suddenly the deck was filled with autograph hunters and photographers. It was exciting and gay, but it seemed as if the Lurline would never leave port. When it finally did, Alan turned to his family and sighed, "Well, we made it!" And his family replied, "Aloha!"

Being aboard ship was a continuous party and in Hawaii, it seemed as if all the Islanders were (*Continued on next page*)



Ready to board the Lurline for Hawaii, Alan (who's just finished Hal Wallis' *Red Mountain*) and Sue anticipated a well-earned vacation.



Pineapple-loving Sue was in heaven in Hawaii; even Alan took a liking to the fruit. Here Karon, the Royal Hawaiian chef, serves him.



Chick Daniels treats Alan to a little ukulele playing on Waikiki. (Below) The Ladds learn to eat poi at Don the Beachcomber's exotic luau.





Hulas and poi were such fun, Alan decided to go in for all things Hawaiian. In no time he mastered a tricky native surf canoe.

there to greet them with songs and leis. No sooner had they checked in at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel than a bellboy appeared with a pineapple.

"Isn't that thoughtful!" said Sue. "They knew we loved pineapple!"

On the second day, the manager phoned. "Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Sue. "They seem to have forgotten today's pineapple."

The manager chuckled, "It'll be right up." Later Sue learned that it was the hotel's custom to send fruit to guests only on their arrival. For the Ladds, though, a pineapple arrived each afternoon at four. And the whole family was on hand to get their share.

The days that followed were long and lazy and beautiful (just study the pictures on these pages). They swam, they sunned, they danced in the moonlight—and they even went on a picnic. The hotel arranged it. Its guests were transported to the picnic grounds in buses. Each bus had a guitar player and two singers who entertained. But the guests were to entertain each other. This worried Alan.

"What'll I do?" he asked Sue.

He soon found out. A dancer taught him how to do the hula, and he goodnaturedly threw himself into it before 400 grinning spectators.

Another exciting event was the luau given at Don the Beachcomber's. Dressed in colorful Hawaiian costumes, the Ladds ate poi and relaxed to the strumming of guitars. Native dancers entertained them this time, but Alan danced some more the next night with his daughter, Alana. This was Alana's first dance with her Dad in public, and now Sue says laughingly she'll be wanting him to take her nightclubbing.

A sober but memorable incident of their stay was the Ladds' visit to Tripler Hospital where wounded vets from Korea stop enroute home. Lloyd Pantages, a former resident of Los Angeles, called to tell them about the hospital, and the Ladds were eager to visit the boys. "Lloyd is doing a wonderful job for them," Alan tells all his friends en route to Hawaii, reminding them to make visits to Tripler when they can.

As with all wonderful vacations, this one was much too short, and soon the Ladds were sailing home. But Hawaii had done its job. It had cast its spell on them, and even as the ship pulled out they knew that as soon as they could, they'd be back again. THE END

Sailing, weaving, dancing, cheering veterans—and then home sweet home.



He'd heard a lot about Waikiki Beach, but hadn't thought much about the water around it. Alan discovered its beauty aboard the Catamaran.



Being the most popular movie star in Hollywood doesn't keep Alan from having a "trade on the side." Dukie taught him to weave cocoanut hats. Ladd's on his way to becoming an expert.



Alana and her dad have had many a waltz around the living room, but gave their first ballroom exhibition at the Royal Hawaiian.



Alan and Sue visited Sgt. Ivey Merchant and his brother, Jesse, and many other vets at Tripler Hospital. Lloyd Pantages told them of this stop-over hospital for men wounded in Korea.



Ear-deep in hibiscus and gardenia leis, the Ladds stand on the steps of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to say "aloha" to the enchanting island.



It was only a gag, but the police didn't think it was funny. Friends took Alan's "Having wonderful time" cards seriously, put up a sign three times the legal size in the Ladd front yard.



so nice to come

To Doris Day and Marty Melcher
their home is their castle and nothing,
not even a honeymoon, could keep them
away from it for very long.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ A few minutes after the judge had made them man and wife at the Burbank courthouse, Marty leaned over and kissed his bride.

"Honey," he said, "how does it feel to be Mrs. Melcher?"

Doris smiled up at him. "You know what?" she said. "I'm hungry."

"You *can't* be hungry at a time like this," moaned Marty.

"Well, I am," said Doris, impishly. "Let's drive home for some bacon and eggs."

They went home—and they spent their wedding night there.



home to

It was only under pressure that they left the next morning.

"Aren't you two going somewhere?" ventured Doris' mother.

"We hadn't thought about it," yawned Marty. "It's nice here."

When Doris nodded agreement, her mother, Alma, went into action.

"Look," she told them, "It's not proper or even respectable not to have a honeymoon. Now I've got both your bags packed and you two just get on out of here—fast!"

So the Melchers had a honeymoon trip, whether they liked it or not. The first night, having no plans at all, they wandered to El Centro in the Imperial Valley where the thermometer hovered around one hundred at midnight and the motel bed was so short Marty's feet hung out.

"I don't know why we ever left home," complained Doris.

"What did I tell you?" sighed Marty. "But we'll have to carry on now. Let's start traveling."

Well, to tuck up a story, where the Melchers finally wound up was at the greatest natural wonder of the world—the Grand Canyon. As Doris stood on the rim what caught her blue eyes was a tiny juniper and what popped out (*Continued on page 74*)

ten girls I didn't marry

by Scott Brady





YVONNE DE CARLO



JANET LEIGH



DOROTHY MALONE



SHELLEY WINTERS



AVA GARDNER

Brady's one man about town who loves 'em and leaves 'em alone. And here's why he does both.

■ All the people we have known become part of our lives in one way or another. Very often the people a fellow meets are girls. That's the way it is and who would want it any different? Not me. And, I hope, not the girls.

You sit and think about them sometimes. Shelley Winters, Ann Blyth, Piper Laurie, Dorothy Malone (I mean these are the ones I think about), Yvonne de Carlo, maybe others, and back to Dorothy again. Then I recall my high school dream-doll, Marian Neville. I've lost the only photo I had of her, but I can picture her right down to the last freckle on her nose. Of course, part of the reminiscing has to do with marriage. Would any of them have accepted if I'd proposed and should I have proposed? There it is—should I have?

What would Shelley Winters have said? Before she and Farley Granger found out that time meant so much more to them when they spent it together, we used to go out and have fun. We would talk about the picture gang and about acting problems and analyze each other's approach to the screen. Sometimes we would have our little squabbles.

I remember one night when we were driving out to a lawn party in the valley and Shelley asked me if I thought she was too intense about her work. I replied that she was intense, naturally so, because she, like many artists, was completely wrapped up in her work. It wasn't the answer she wanted. I don't think she was pleased with me that night. But I didn't worry, because intense people have warm hearts. Shelley and I were able to get over our disagreements. It was not like that, however, when I worked with Yvonne de Carlo—although what happened then was my fault. I don't think Yvonne has forgiven me and maybe she shouldn't.

I think it goes back two years ago when we made *The Gal Who Took the West*. We were out on location near Tucson and there was a scene coming up in which I had to drive a galloping team pulling an open flat wagon, with Yvonne seated behind me. I knew nothing about horses, only that I wanted to make good. The cowboys in charge told me to crack my whip and yell if I wanted speed and that's what I did. There was no road. We went banging over the sagebrush for the roughest ride I ever had in my life and Yvonne in hers!

"Great!" cried the director. "But we'll have to have a retake."

I forget why the retake was needed. After a while you never even ask. There are a thousand reasons. But when I was ready again it wasn't Yvonne who sat behind me. It was a cowboy dressed in a skirt and wig to act as her double. If I hadn't been so excited and, yes, stupid, I would never have kidded Yvonne for not wanting to ride with me again. But I did. And what happened proved that she was only using good sense. The traces gave way on one side of the harness, the wagon hurtled sideways and the cowboy who took her place was thrown clear altogether. Tough and experienced, he managed to land without injury. But what would have happened to Yvonne if she had gone through it again? I think of her quite often. If it hadn't been for this occurrence . . . would she have learned to like me a little?

One afternoon I looked at Ann (*Continued on page 108*)



JANE NIGH PIPER LAURIE CORINNE CALVET ANN BLYTH



In the mood for LOVE

Don't jump to any conclusions about wedding bells, but you can be sure that the sad days are past and June Haver's smiling again . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ The big boy sailed his glove across the turf at the inning change, and loped in from center field. Six-feet-three, in his cleats, he leaned easily over the owner's box at the Hollywood Stars' dugout, and grinned at a laughing blonde girl who stood up to greet him. He was Dino Restelli, an up-and-coming young Coast League baseball star. She was June Haver.

Dino grabbed his favorite bat and tested it. "June," he promised cockily, "this one's for you." On the second pitch he swatted the ball out through the infield for a two-bagger, then dusted himself off at the sack and waved triumphantly to the box. June waved back and screamed like a Dodger fan. She hadn't felt this way for a a long time.

"You know," she said happily, to her friends Gail Patrick and husband, Corny Jackson, "this is *fun!*"

Gail smiled a wise smile that meant, "What did I tell you?"

Only an hour before, June Haver had sat in her apartment alone after a busy day, all set for a book and bed. That's when the telephone rang. It was Gail, June's long-time friend.

"What are you doing tonight—how about a date?" she asked right off. June was so startled she almost dropped the receiver. She hadn't heard a quick confident invitation like that for quite a while, indeed. It made her feel like her old self to bristle just a little bit.

"It's a good thing you're a woman," she told Gail. "If you were a man I'd hang up right in your ear!"

(*Continued on page 68*)



June Haver is once more delighting onlookers in the night spots. Wealthy Texan, Tom Neal, is an occasional escort. *(For pictures of June's current dates, see page 68)*



June tea-toasts oilman Glenn McCarthy, owner of the fabulous Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas. Glenn introduced her to his brother-in-law, Howard Lee, now a steady beau.



John Hudson (in white shirt) and Rock Hudson (they're not related) showed up bright and early one morning to help Peggy and her room-mate, Polly Falk, move from the Hollywood Studio Club into their new-found dream apartment.

She's gone to Holly-
wood's head, but
Hollywood hasn't gone
to hers—and the
movie capital says
to Peggy Dow, "Stay
as sweet as you are."

BY LOUISE McILVAIN

small-town girl

■ Even with her three suitcases (one almost a trunk) unpacked in her new Hollywood apartment, Peggy Dow was still a little afraid of the step she'd taken. Would there come a time when some boy who brought her home would make it necessary for her to be firm instead of just gracious as she said good-night? Could she always make it clear that she was the same girl who'd been living at the Hollywood Studio Club, a place designed to give ambitious young actresses and motion picture craftswomen a properly chaperoned place to live?

Really, she'd stayed there much too long, considering the waiting list, and how long it had been since she'd emerged from anonymity to fame. Polly Falk, with whom she shared a room, was doing fine as a super-secretary at General Service Studios and Television Station KNBH. The two of them had discussed moving into an apartment together for months. But Peggy's mother wrote worried letters about the idea of her living without a chaperone.

So it was quite a step. Up until then Peggy had been about as chaperoned as one could possibly be. She was a small-town girl. Really small-town! One where the whole town becomes a chaperone!

"Back in Covington, everybody knows everybody," Peggy tells of the town where she grew up. "Everyone represents certain standards to which he usually lives up because the whole town will know and talk if he doesn't. I know that seems intolerable to most city people. But I've never found it so. It provides a freedom you find nowhere else. You can go safely anywhere. You can walk home late at night from the movies without fear. You don't have to have bus fare or a car because you can walk wherever you want to go. You get a real concept of how democracy can work because you know your government officials personally. They know you, too. Of course, I was lucky to be Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's Jo'."

Covington is the seat of St. Tammany's Parish, as counties are called in Louisiana. Then it had a population of less than 5,000. On the banks of the Bogue Falaya (*Continued on page 104*)



they're talking about Lanza

by Jack Wade



Mario met his wife, Betty, through her brother who was his buddy in the Air Force show, *Winged Victory*. They married in Philadelphia in 1945.



Mama and Papa Antonio Cocozza and Mario are dressed for their scene together in *The Great Caruso*. They moved to Hollywood from Pennsylvania when Mario bought them a house. Mario adopted his mother's name for stage use.



Gold record marks 1,000,000 copies of "Be My Love."

Temperamental! No tact! Great conceit! These are

■ They're beginning to throw knives at Mario Lanza. By this time you've probably noticed them in the form of gossip items like: "Success has swelled Mario Lanza way out of his normal hat size." Or, "Mario Lanza is the toughest star Metro has had to handle in years." Or, "Look for a breakup in the Lanza household. That tenor's getting awfully big for his britches."

When you read those items and hear other reports like his indignantly demanding a dressing-room of his own at MGM, and his swearing like a trouper when he fluffs a line, you're tempted to believe that he's one singing canary who can't handle success. After all, he worked his way up from less than nothing a



Mario makes a hit with the ladies large or small. He likes to sleep late, can't with two babies in the house. Elissa's almost one, Colleen's three.

the charges hurled at Lanza. Here's one side of the story—read Louella Parsons' Good News for the other.

week to an income (this year) of $600,000, and he worked pretty fast. It seems only natural that success should spoil him—at least, that's what the knife-throwers would have you believe.

It isn't the truth.

Mario Lanza is not stepping out on his wife. He is not pulling the snob act on his old friends. He is not being difficult at the studio.

He is simply being Alfred Arnold Cocozza, the same earthy, honest guy he was before he left Philadelphia, his hometown, and before he starred in *The Great Caruso*. (*The Great Caruso*, incidentally, may yet gross 15 million dollars, which would make it the second most popular movie in motion picture history. The first is *Gone With The Wind*.)

Then how come, you may ask, the gossip columnists spread such stories about Lanza if they aren't true?

The answer is simple: The price of fame is gossip. And sudden success always generates a certain amount of envy.

A few weeks ago, a Hollywood crooner whose voice is nothing without a microphone, went to see Mario in *The Great Caruso*. Coming out of the theater, he turned to his date and said smugly, "The boy has power but no tone." This, mind you, about a voice which has been hailed by really fine judges of music as one (*Continued on page 72*)

A place of their own

BY MARVA PETERSON

Behind the Stevens' white Southern Colonial home is a cutting garden that provides Annelle year-round flowers for the house.



The dining room table seats only six. Mark says there'll be no banquets in his family. White trim makes the small room spacious.



This French Provincial desk, chair and shelf unit was Nelle's buy, set the mood for the house. Mark chose the Shakespeare plates.



Businessman Stevens hangs out in his hide-away at one end of the garage. He owns stores in the west, also mining properties.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Married seven years and never bought a saucepan—that's how the Stevens lived, until Mark traded his rent receipts for three bedrooms and a new lease on life.

■ One afternoon, three years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stevens strode into the swanky Beverly Hills office of Nat Goldstone, Mark's agent.

"Nat," Stevens announced, "Annelle and I want to buy a house."

A man long accustomed to the psychological outbursts of Hollywood stars, Goldstone sadly shook his head. "Look, Mark," he explained, "you're not the type to own a house. You're a rolling stone."

"Maybe so," Mark agreed. "Only I'm a little tired of rolling. Besides, my boy needs a neighborhood gang to grow up with."

Goldstone, who knows all there is to know about Mark Stevens—how he left Montreal to work successively as a lumberjack, floor-walker, window-trimmer, hockey player, and, finally, actor—ran his hand across his face.

"Let's be sensible about it," he said patiently. "You've been married seven years, Mark. You've never owned a house. You don't even own one stick of furniture. You've lived in apartments and rented places all your married life, and you've been very happy. Why don't you let well enough alone?"

Stevens grinned agreement. "You're absolutely right, Nat. We certainly have been happy. Only we've figured out a way to be happier." He leaned over Goldstone's desk, eyes shining. "We've got the house all picked out. It's 25 years old, and we want it so bad that we're willing to pay cash for it."

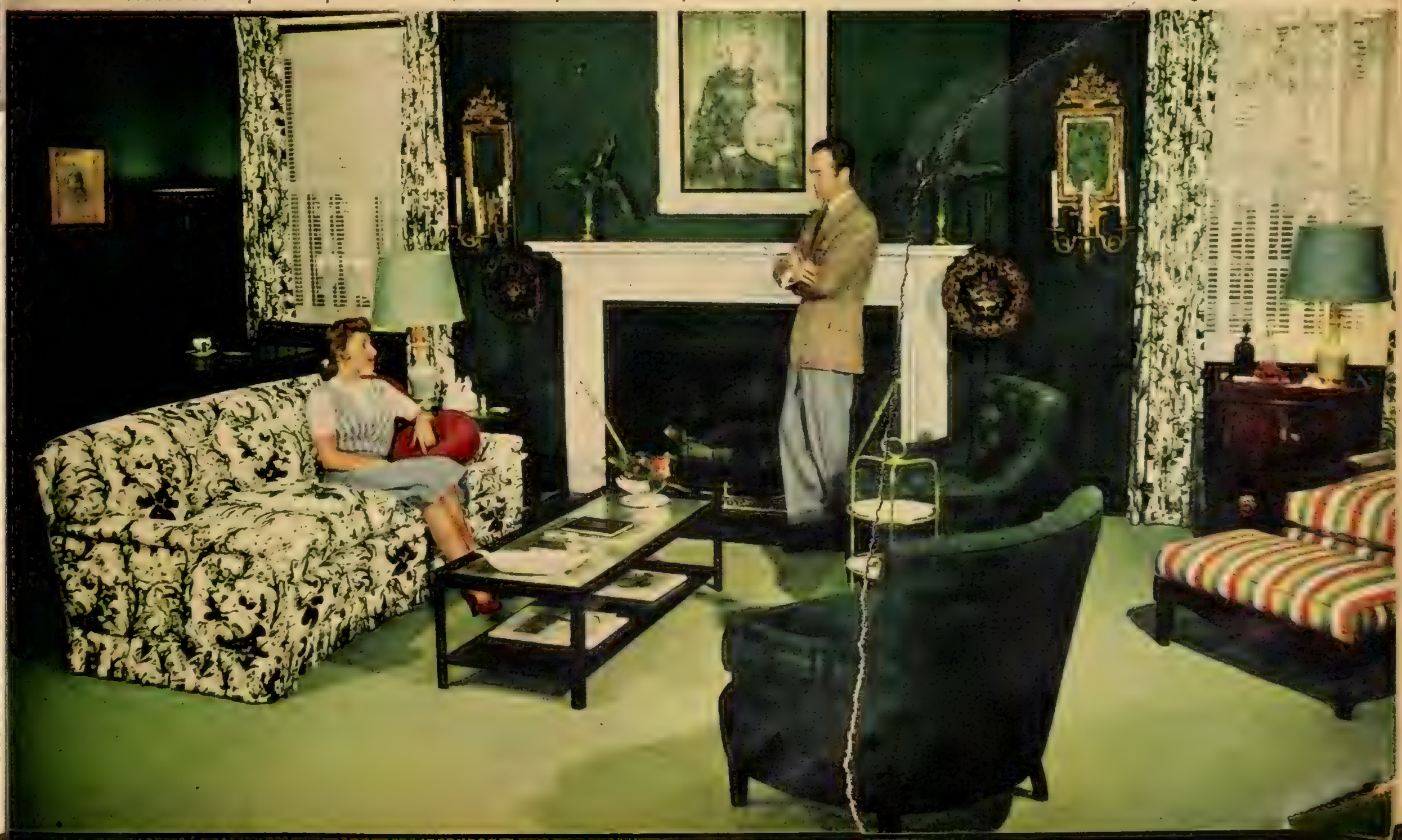
Nat Goldstone knew better than to argue with his single-minded client. He simply grabbed the phone, conferred with his brother Charles, who happens to be Mark's business manager, and, together, they set the wheels in motion which resulted in Stevens owning a home.

The house Annelle and Mark selected can best be described as the kind you see in automobile ads when the manufacturer wants to provide a background of tradition and taste for his latest model. It's a big, square, white house of modified Southern Colonial design, and it's set well back on a lushly landscaped lot in Beverly Hills. It's a perfect setting for automobile ads or a young and growing family.

When it came to Mark's other stipulation of buying the house outright, business manager Charlie Goldstone just shook his head. "Mark, my boy," he said sadly, "you can't afford it. Unless, of course, you're prepared to give up a few of your millionaire hobbies."

"We're giving up polo," Mark said. "I'll gladly exchange my three-goal *(Continued on next page)*

Handblocked print drapes and couch, Mark's striped chair carry all four colors used in the house. The portrait was Nelle's gift to Mark.





It took Mark and Annelle three years of slow, careful planning to decorate just as they wanted. But Mark saw to it that the kitchen was in working order early.



The Stevens felt Mark Richard, an only child, needed a neighborhood gang to grow up with. When a boy gets to the bike age, it's hard for Pop to keep up on foot.



place of their own continued

rating for this house and lot and all that goes with it."

So Mark sold his string of eight polo ponies, the tack room full of riding gear and dispensed with the services of a full-time groom. And that's how he acquired the house on North Canon Drive.

The Stevens set about decorating and furnishing their three-bedroom house with the same fervor and intelligence they apply to every new project. They soon realized, however, that the technique of providing a background for living can be as absorbing and difficult as acting. Rather than bungle along on their own, they sought the help of a trained decorator.

"We definitely didn't want our new home *done* by a chi-chi decorator," explains Mark, "but at the same time we knew that we needed the advice of someone who understood good furniture construction and who could guide us in choosing colors and merchandise. In fact, Annelle and I needed a whole education in the field of home furnishing. We got it, too.

"We hired Fanny Rantz. The fact that she was an old, old acquaintance, and sister to Nat and Charlie Goldstone only made the thing easier."

The first thing Mrs. Rantz did after looking over the empty Stevens house was to suggest to the young couple that they paper, paint, and carpet the whole place and then move in. "While you're living in the house," she pointed out, "you can start buying units of furniture to satisfy your particular needs.

"It will take longer that way, but in the end you'll have a home that reflects your taste, not mine. And I promise you, it will be something you'll be proud of for a long, long time. It will be a fine atmosphere in which to raise your son."

For a year and a half, therefore, the Stevens lived with a bed, a borrowed card table, four chairs and such necessary kitchen appliances as a stove, a refrigerator and a deep freeze.

Evening after evening they shifted the card table around in their dark green and white living room. First, it represented a desk, then a piano, then a coffee table, until they had a pretty clear idea of the number of pieces they needed in the room. Before they did any actual buying, Mrs. Rantz gave them a few books to read on the subject of furniture making and design. To Mark, an omnivorous reader, this approach set well. In no time at all he'd devoured several theoretical books on decoration and furniture design; and had committed pages of an encyclopedia of antiques to memory.

So Mark was well supplied with book-learning to back up his layman's knowledge of furniture-making when Annelle and he selected their first "unit" of three pieces—a French Provincial desk, a chair, and some hanging shelves. "We started with these three pieces," recalls Annelle, "because Mark badly needed a big flat desk and he had his heart set on bookshelves more than anything else. Our first inclination had been to fill the house with a cruder type of early American antique, but our reading and six months of living in the house convinced us that we (*Continued on page 100*)



a special report on

HOLLYWOOD HONEYMOONERS

Is happiness an illusion for these three young couples who've already known heartbreak in their twenties, or will they overcome the barriers of their past failures? For the first story, turn the page.

mr. and mrs. tony curtis
mr. and mrs. john agar
mr. and mrs. audie murphy





MR. AND MRS. TONY CURTIS: How rough could it

■ When asked about her honeymoon, Janet Leigh said, "Some honeymoon! Three days in New York. Four days down at Howard Duff's beach house. One day here. One day there. It was really no one's fault, but after a while, it seemed as if there was a vast conspiracy against Tony and me.

"We were married in Connecticut, you know. We had three heavenly days together in New York—at the Waldorf Astoria. The Towers, no less. It was divine. And the studio paid for it! Tony was in New York at the time, making personal appearances for *The Prince Who Was a Thief*.

"It was very economical for us, and lucky, too, because when we got back to the Coast and started looking for an apartment, prices were sky-high.

"We don't own any furniture so we had to get a furnished place. We needed an apartment desperately and had to take the first thing that came along.

"In New York, Tony and I sat down and discussed a budget. We'd decided that $100 a month or maybe $125 was the tops we'd go for an apartment. But when we started looking in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills—well, we couldn't find anything in our price range.

"If we'd had more time to look it might have been different, but gosh! We were supposed to be on a honeymoon. We had all of two days together, and who wants to spend two days searching all over the county of Los Angeles for a bargain? Not us, for sure.

"Anyway, we took this apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. It costs $225 a month, but what could we do? Liz Taylor has the apartment above us.

"We had a weekend together and then I reported for work in *Just This Once* and Tony went out on tour. I don't have to tell you how I missed him.

"And then I got that awful phone call. Tony's Dad had suffered a bad heart attack and they'd rushed him to the hospital. They wanted me to phone Tony—he was in Milwaukee at the time—and tell him to fly home.

"They didn't know how serious it was, and whether or not my father-in-law would live, and I was scared silly. I didn't know how to break the news to Tony, but I knew I had to. So I phoned him at the hotel in Milwaukee, and I said, 'Darling, your Dad's not feeling so well. I think you'd better fly back here.'





get? So crazy in love and hardly any time together

"Tony, of course, was wonderful. He caught the first plane in. The studio was extremely cooperative. They let him give up the tour without a word.

"I met him at the airport, and it was wonderful having his arms around me once more. But instead of being happy and ecstatic the way most newlyweds are, we were both so miserable because of Tony's Dad."

Insofar as Tony is concerned, Janet proved her mettle as a wife almost at once.

"She's a dream," Tony says. "Not one word of complaint about the honeymoon. Most brides would raise a fuss if they had to work on their honeymoon, but not my baby. Always smiling, even when the going was tough.

"And the going was plenty tough, too. First, we had no time together. Second, we had no place to live. Third, I went on tour. Fourth, she reported back to work. Fifth, my Dad got ill with heart trouble. Now that I'm back we spend all of our spare time at the hospital.

"Our routine goes something like this: Janet gets up at seven in the morning. She makes breakfast for me. Then, she tiptoes out of the apartment and races down to (*Continued on page 96*)



Their new budget cracked down the middle when Tony and Janet had to settle for a $225-a-month furnished apartment in this building. Liz Taylor lives just above them.



MR. AND MRS. AGAR: Grim over-

■ A few months ago when John Agar and Loretta Combs eloped to Las Vegas, one Hollywood wit wrote in his gossip column, "Wouldn't it be a riot if John Agar spent his honeymoon in jail?"

Some people have a perverted sense of humor, and what this particular columnist had reference to was the fact that two charges of drunken driving were hanging over Agar's head at the time he and Loretta decided to marry.

"Those charges," the new Mrs. Agar says, "were always floating around in the back of our minds. Originally, it had been planned that Jack would stand trial before our marriage. We both knew he was innocent. And as a matter of fact the trial did come off before we flew to Las Vegas. Only Jack's attorney collapsed in court last March, and the Judge declared a mistrial.

"Well, you know how crowded court dockets can get. They accuse you of a misdemeanor in 1951, and by the time the case is resolved it's 1955. Anyway, when we decided to get married, we saw no sense in letting the trial detain us.

"We went ahead with it, but we always knew that we had the trial to face. Under such circumstances, you don't have a perfect honeymoon.

"As it turned out, we spent most of our honeymoon in Pitts-



MR. AND MRS. MURPHY: It was

■ When a girl marries a movie star she learns very early that Hollywood has the first claim on her husband.

Take Pamela Archer, the beautiful brunette who became Mrs. Audie Murphy a few months ago.

"Our honeymoon in Texas," Pam says, "lasted all of five days. We spent most of them going around and saying goodbye to old friends. What happened was that Audie received a telegram telling him to report to Hollywood. The studio was ready to go with *The Cimarron Kid,* so honeymoon or not, we packed our bags and flew West."

"I wasn't going to leave my bride in Hollywood," Audie says, "no sir, not after one week of marriage. I said to her, 'Pam, you're going on location with me.' And that's exactly what she did. We went up to Sonora, California, where the picture was shot. While I was on location, Pam stayed in town. Then when I was done for the day I joined her."

Pam insists she was thrilled by her unusual honeymoon. "I'd never been around motion picture people before," she explains. "I'd met several prominent people. Every airline hostess does, but the movie crowd was a new one to me.

"The last day on location, I caught poison ivy. Can you imagine that, a lil ole country girl like me being allergic to poison ivy! My skin sure peeled off. That was a funny way

tones haunted their honeymoon, now they find strength together.

burgh. Jack had been booked into the Copa as a singer—he sings very well—so I flew with him, and we checked into the William Penn.

"We had eight days in Pittsburgh. Jack worked during the nights, and while I wouldn't call it the greatest honeymoon in the world, at least we were together.

"While we were in Pittsburgh, we thought of spending some of our honeymoon in New York and other cities around there, but Jack had to return to the Coast. He'd signed to appear opposite Joan Evans in the stage play, *Peg O' My Heart*.

"The trouble with marrying an actor is that you have to do everything between his jobs, and if he happens to be working steadily or traveling from one job to another, it's hard.

"Take our apartment hunting. Ever since our marriage we've been living with Jack's mother. I happen to love my mother-in-law. But still, Jack and I feel that every couple should have a place of their own. Jack's mother feels the same way.

"We wanted to rent a house, but furnished houses out here are pretty rare and very expensive. So I guess we'll have to find an apartment.

"As you probably know, Jack's obtained his release from David Selznick which means that he's a free agent. He can accept jobs anywhere. He's had quite a few offers from different clubs and theaters throughout the country, so we'll probably be on the go for the next few months.

"I don't mind too much, but I just can't wait until the day we really settle down. I love to cook, and Jack loves to eat. He isn't finicky, either, loves steaks, salads, vegetables, everything. He was brought up well."

The truth about John Agar is that he's been Hollywood's most maligned actor ever since he and his ex-wife Shirley Temple made *Ft. Apache* together.

The truth also is that he's a nice, insecure boy, who was ill-equipped to marry an international institution like Shirley Temple. Now he realizes his shortcomings and is making every possible effort to establish himself securely as a talented entertainer.

"Acting is a serious business to me," he says. "I'm not playing around with it. I'm making it my life's work. I may not be very good now, but I'm studying all the time. I think I'm improving. The same way with my singing. I'm no Crosby or Perry Como, but I'm coming along.

"Motion pictures, unless you're under contract, are pretty unreliable. That's why I'm going in for these night club and theater bookings. That's why I took (*Continued on page 97*)

swell of Pam to wait till the end of the honeymoon to get poison ivy.

to end a honeymoon, winding up with poison ivy."

Once the location trip was over, Pam and Audie returned to Hollywood and the little apartment which Audie rents for $160 a month.

Pam loves it, but she says, "It'll be much better for both of us when we own a house of our own with a little land and a backyard. This place we have now is very cute, but there's no place where we can take a stroll. Audie and I both like the wide open spaces."

There is no more un-Hollywood-like actor than Audie Murphy. Quiet, soft-spoken and well-mannered, he never frequents the plushy restaurants, never catches the latest night club routines.

Pamela is much the same way. She's not interested in sophisticated cocktail parties, elegant fashion shows, or afternoon teas.

Her sole interest in life thus far is Audie. She cooks for him, cleans for him, takes his phone messages, washes his clothes. She subordinates all her plans to his.

This is quite a change for Pam who was a successful career girl for many years. Whenever Braniff Airlines initiated a new flight, say to Peru or Buenos Aires, Pamela Archer was always the chief hostess. (*Continued on page 93*)



The Murphys rent a section of this small building. They hope for a place of their own, with more "wide open spaces."

19-YEAR-OLD LIZ HAS LOVED EIGHT MEN IN TWO YEARS . . . A RECORD EVEN FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.



Peter Lawford was the first to capture beautiful Liz' fancy. She was 15 and he was her first crush.



Glenn Davis was the world's choice for Liz in 1949. She was engaged to the football hero for several months.



After Davis "broke her heart", Liz found eager solace with wealthy Bill Pawley, and wore his ring.



Vic Damone squired Liz in early 1950, and there were strong reports of mutual interest between them.



In June, 1950, Liz became Bride of the Year, wed multi-millionaire Nicky Hilton, planned to live in Hollywood.



In January, 1951, Liz became Divorcée of the Year. But by early February she was Stanley Donen's girl.

Are her fans weary of Liz's escapades? Modern Screen's candid reporter examines the evidence.

■ There are still people working at MGM who can remember when she first walked on the lot. It was in 1942. The studio's biggest star at that time was a silky collie named Lassie, and a good portion of the company's production staff was working on preparations of a picture for her. Some of them were standing in the doorway of the Administration Building talking after lunch when the kid came walking down the hall. She was 10 years old. She had coal black hair and a contrasting complexion of cream and old rose. Her eyes were bluer than new corn flowers, and as large as silver dollars. Each feature was separately chiseled to perfection; nose, mouth, chin, even the black eyebrows that lent an oddly oriental cast to her face. She was dressed like almost any other 10-year-old, but she carried herself with a special dignity. She passed the group without a look.

"Holy cow!" someone said. "Who was that?"

They were all to find out. Even at 10, Elizabeth Taylor was an outstanding beauty. She was the kind of child who was surely destined for idolatry, and she was on her own ground on that first day, even though nobody on the lot had ever heard of her before.

The second week Elizabeth Taylor worked in that Lassie picture, there were more newspaper people on the set than had ever been on a sound stage at MGM in a like period before. By the time the film was finished, she was one of the most important people on the lot. And by the time the picture was released, she was one of the most important actresses in Hollywood, for she captured the heart of anyone who saw her on film. Her stunning beauty was, of course, one of the reasons, but there was, too, an acting ability rare in one so young and an adolescent sincerity and wholesomeness that was irresistible.

You remember what happened after that. A couple of fast pictures and, when Elizabeth was 12, *National Velvet*. Few kids in the movies have ever received the fan mail and other forms of adulation that Liz (*Continued on page 86*)

BY RICHARD DEXTER

does liz know what love is?



Christmas of the same year (1949) found Liz, then 17, smiling sweetly on baseball star Ralph Kiner.



At the May opening of Hollywood Park, Liz appeared gay and beautiful with a new swain—Lin Howard, Jr.



In the mood for love

(*Continued from page 53*) "Well, if you'd stay home more in the day and less at night, I'd appreciate it," Gail chided her. "I've called and called all day—"

"You know how I feel about blind dates—" June began.

"I know how you feel about most dates," confirmed Mrs. Jackson. "But look here: Dino Restelli's the only bachelor on our squad (Gail's part owner of the Hollywood Baseball Club). He's young, good-looking—and he's dying to meet June Haver. What's more, he refuses to believe I actually know wonderful you. I won't tell him you're coming. It'll be a surprise party. So, how about it? Do we give Dino a thrill tonight, or don't we?"

"Why not?" laughed June.

A few short months ago, June Haver probably couldn't have brought herself to say those words. Moreover, it would have upset her to have a man make any kind of a gallant pledge—even a two-base hit—for her alone, or to have him say (as Dino did) "I saw you walking down the street seven years ago and I've never forgotten how beautiful you looked." But now it was fun to have these things happen. June felt young and gay again.

June isn't in love with Dino Restelli, although the good-looking slugger may well be suffering from that affliction of the heart. But when he asked her to go out a few nights later she didn't say no. And strollers along the Ocean Park fun pier watched a chattering couple spend the evening munching spun taffy and throwing baseballs. When the team left on tour and June drove Dino out to the airport, there was nothing of front page significance in the event. Dino Restelli isn't *the* man in June's life. Right now nobody is. But he's *one* man, and not the only one either.

ONLY a few weeks ago another attractive gentleman named Howard Lee flew from Houston, Texas, to Hollywood just to see June Haver. He saw her all right—every day for a week.

June met Howard Lee in Houston last February when she flew there with her mother to be queen of the Mardi Gras. She stayed at the fabulous Shamrock Hotel, owned by the equally fabulous oil tycoon, Glenn McCarthy. There and everywhere else she went during the three day festival, Howard Lee managed to be around. Finally he was introduced; he was Glenn McCarthy's brother-in-law, and a multi-millionaire.

Houston is supposedly full of millionaires, but even in that big bankroll league Howard Lee is rated a very rich man. He sat with June's mother at the crowning festivities in the Colosseum and watched June, gorgeous in a white tulle dress and a long, royal-blue velvet train, reign at the Mardi Gras. She wore a crown of gold in her hair, and she was a vision Howard Lee couldn't forget.

A man with a finger in every Houston pie, Lee talked mostly about his booming city while they took in the round of Mardi Gras parties together. But when he drove June to the airport, he talked about something else. "I'll be out to see you soon," he promised, "and we'll do your town."

"I'd love that," June found herself saying.

It took Howard Lee four months to make good his promise, but during that stretch from February to July, he called her frequently and nearly always at night around 3:30. Finally June just kept the telephone beside her bed and when it jingled her awake, she automatically mumbled, "Hello, Howard." He never could figure out the differences in time.

But he kept calling just the same, June was faced with 5.30 A.M. turnouts for *Love Nest,* so she lifted the receiver with mixed feelings.

"When Howard finally called to say he was in town," June admitted, "I didn't know whether I wanted to hit him on the head or to tell him to come on over!" But she told him to come on over.

What followed was the busiest, dizziest week June Haver has had since she was a teen-age star dating a different beau each night. Along with Howard Lee, her dad, Fred Stovenour, whom she hadn't seen for 13 years, blew in from Memphis, and Howard found himself involved in a family affair. They took in Hawaiian Night at the Cocoanut Grove, danced with tropical leis around their necks and ate Island food flown over that day. They went to the Turnabout Theater, and sipped zombies at the Beachcomber's. June got dressed to the eyelashes as she used to for late whirls at Mocambo and Ciro's, and John, Ciro's *maitre d',* almost swooned when he saw her. It had been over two years since June walked in the door of that showcase of the stars.

Daytimes, Howard and June, with her father, her sister, Evvie, and other members of the Haver clan did the rest of Hollywood. They went to the Hollywood Park races, the Farmer's Market—they hopped over to Catalina Island like all the rest of the tourists.

By the time Howard Lee said goodbye, the rumors flew around Hollywood that June was in love with him. Some gossips promptly had her engaged. Obviously, Howard Lee thinks June Haver is pretty cute and he likes her company; men don't tear themselves away from big business and travel a thousand miles just to keep a polite promise. He may even be head over heels in love; that wouldn't be too surprising. And although June will give you the old refrain, "just friends," when you mention her Texas beau, it's obvious that she liked Howard a lot.

But she's not seriously in love—although Lee still calls her (and *in* the day; she talked him out of the insomnia treatment). She's not thinking of marrying that millionaire or anybody else.

It will be just two years ago this October that June Haver's fiance, John Duzik, died at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. At that tragic time June was only 23, but already the nightmare of her marriage to Jimmy Zito had bruised a heart that had been wide open to romance. When the man who'd stepped up adoringly to piece her world back together again passed away on the eve of their marriage, there was no place left in June's heart for a new love to take hold.

Grief is a solitary ordeal. If not even June's family or friends could really help in her sorrow, certainly no man could. There was only June Haver herself to face and build a new life with the aid of her strong religious faith. The distractions she seized on to balance her spiritual gropings for solace were not frivolity, romance or fun. Being June, she knew that that kind of escape would never work for her. Being a true Christian, she knew too that the only way she could bring peace and happiness back into her own life was to bring it to others.

So June lost herself in good works. For a year after John Duzik's death, her Hollywood friends could seldom catch her at home. She was out of their world. She was playing benefits to raise money for Catholic girls' schools, orphanages, hospitals, and churches. She was visiting veterans' hospitals, asking for the toughest wards to work in—the paraplegic, arthritic and heart sections. She sought out afflicted children who needed cheer and help. At her own church she attended mass every morning and went into religious retreat at a convent. All the while, June kept her thoughts resolutely away from herself.

THE only relaxation June found during this dedicated time was even more work. She decorated an apartment house for George Froley, the contractor who built the apartment house she'd planned to live in with John Duzik and where June lives today. She has decorated another for Froley since, and one of her own. But as for gaiety, good times and romance—well, until recently there just hasn't been any. This has worried June's friends and caused everyone who knows her (and some who don't) to wishfully imagine a new love interest with every man she looked at twice.

A year ago, for instance, Sy Bartlett, a writer at 20th Century-Fox, was attentive

THESE ARE THE MEN IN JUNE HAVER'S LIFE, BUT THOUGH EACH ONE



June met millionaire Howard Lee in Texas. Later he flew to Hollywood just to see her. Gossips had them engaged, but although it's obvious they like each other no announcement has been made.

to June around the studio and took her out a few times for lunch and dinner. He was particularly helpful and considerate when June went to the hospital, and he flew her to Las Vegas when June's grandmother was ill there. With only this to go on, Sy was hailed as June's "new romance." It was said he was seeing her constantly, had given her jewels and entertained lavishly in her honor. Actually, Sy, a nice chap, well liked by everyone, including June, was never halfway close to her heart, and incidentally never gave her any token of his love. No jewels. No party. June hasn't seen Sy Bartlett now for well over a year.

The only man, in fact, who has figured in June Haver's life since her tragic love is Joe Campbell. He's an old friend of the Haver family, and runs the Campbell stores in Santa Monica. Twenty-nine, nice looking and pleasant, Joe Campbell was her first date after John's death and is June's willing escort to premieres, benefits and the steady round of Hollywood career affairs. A "frog man" diver in the Navy during the war, he's a terrific swimmer and whenever June will let him he takes her down to his swimming club or coaxes her out on a golf course where he knows she plays a good game. Joe also sponsors a "Little League" baseball club for kids called the "Campbell Cardinals" where Donnie Kinsinger, June's young cousin, is a star second-sacker. It's no secret that Joe adores June, but unfortunately, that old cliche applies accurately to June's feelings for Joe—she really loves him like a brother.

The people who know June best agree that what started her on the road back to health and a revived interest in fun was the trip abroad she made last October. Although June set off on a Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome and Palestine, she found time for side trips to London and Paris, bought some exciting new clothes and, what was more important, changed the scene which so badly needed changing for her.

The June who came back to Hollywood looked almost like the old Junie again, with laugh wrinkles around her eyes and some restored curves to fill out the new clothes. Right away she jumped at the chance for an even more gala air tour of South America on the International Film Festival junket. With Pat Neal, Liz Scott, Evelyn Keyes, John Derek, Wendell Corey and a crew of other holiday-minded stars, June spent five weeks in Rio, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Cuzco, Lima and other romantic spots. She learned to dance the tango and *mamba* and never let herself have too serious a thought all the time she was gone. But back in Hollywood at last, she told reporters, "I like American men best." June couldn't tell them *what* American men, but even that statement showed what was stirring in her pretty head. And high time, too.

JUNE leads a charitable, religious life and she probably always will. She still attends mass every morning at St. Paul's in Westwood, and gives her talents for many worthy benefits. Recently she "adopted" a paralyzed veteran who had to lie constantly on his stomach, but who wanted a house of his own. When he got one June attended the housewarming. Her favorite project is still raising money for the children's ward at St. John's and when she was in that hospital herself she got a letter from a little girl.

"Dear June," it read, "I hear you may have to have an operation and I hope you don't. But if you do, don't be afraid. Operations don't hurt. I know, I've had thirty-two."

Back home June looked up the sender, little Nancy Hamilton, a child born without feet and with tumors on both legs that seem impossible to cure. Now she's her godchild and Nancy calls June "Mom." On Nancy's birthday June gathered up Nancy, her sister Evvie's boy, Brian, and sister Dorothy's two girls, Cathy and Trudy, and carted them all off for the day at "Hoppyland," Hopalong Cassidy's kid carnival.

Little by little time has thinned the armor which June wore so long around her heart. Little by little, events have combined to show that, instead of heading for a convent as has been persistently and frequently rumored, June Haver is heading back toward the full and happy life normal to a beautiful and unattached young lady of 25.

Even June's last picture, *Love Nest*, helped. Instead of the typical June Haver musical, which for all its sparkle always brings a stab of sadness, she played a gay comedy role with Bill Lundigan. It's about a couple who do over an old Manhattan brownstone house—right up the alley of June's decorating hobby.

On the *Love Nest* set it was like old times again. A publicity man, for instance, who had been skipping June for things he thought she'd shrink from, approached her one noon. "I've got 280 Marines outside who want to take you to lunch," he told her. "Think you can handle 'em?"

"That's a lot of Marines," June grinned, "but I'll try." She didn't have to try very hard.

On that same set the big stage doors swung wide open one day and a snappy new blue Pontiac Catalina rolled right up to June's dressing room. She'd seen it in the show window that morning on the way to work, obeyed the impulse and bought it. But she couldn't wait even until she went home to try it out.

To June that car was a pretty important thrill. It was the first shiny new job she had ever owned. Before, she'd always bought used ones.

EVERYWHERE there are other subtle signs that June Haver is letting herself loose, inch by inch, from the strings that tied her to her unhappy days. She's breaking in the new blue car fast getting out of the apartment and off on her favorite seaside drives to Laguna, Santa Barbara and Del Mar, sometimes with Joe Campbell and sometimes just with her gal pals, Pat Neal, Betty Lynn, or her stand-in, Shirley Clark. She's planning a trip to Alaska and one to Jackson Hole, Wyoming—a place she shied away from for a long time because that was where she'd hoped to honeymoon with John. She's taking singing lessons with Robert Keith and dancing lessons with Buddy Ebson, who taught June her steps for *Look For the Silver Lining*. Both are with an eye to a fling at London's Palladium after she finishes her next picture.

Right now there are still good reasons why marriage seems far away for June, even if she should meet the right man. Her audience with Pope Pius last fall was not, as Hollywood prophets predicted, an attempt to win annulment of her marriage to Jimmy Zito. June saw His Holiness along with a crowd of other pilgrims and her personal problems were not discussed. It will take time, if she is successful, for her annulment to be granted through Church channels. Until it is, remarriage in her faith is out of the question for June.

But then June Haver is not the hasty heart type anyway. Both her romances with Zito and Duzik took time before they took over June's love. It could be, whether she realizes it or not, that something is starting deep in her heart right now. Maybe it involves athletic Dino Restelli, wealthy Howard Lee or steady Joe Campbell—and maybe not. Maybe someone else she's met and thinks she's forgotten has entered there, or perhaps someone she'll meet soon will have the key. That's what makes June Haver's life such a promising suspenseful story today.

A friend who knows June well and loves her puts it this way, "Right now June is like a girl gingerly testing the edge of a lake that winter has frozen over and spring has just thawed. After what she's been through she's too cautious to take a plunge into romance. But the time will come—it has to. June's too full of life not to want what life must offer a warm-hearted beautiful girl."

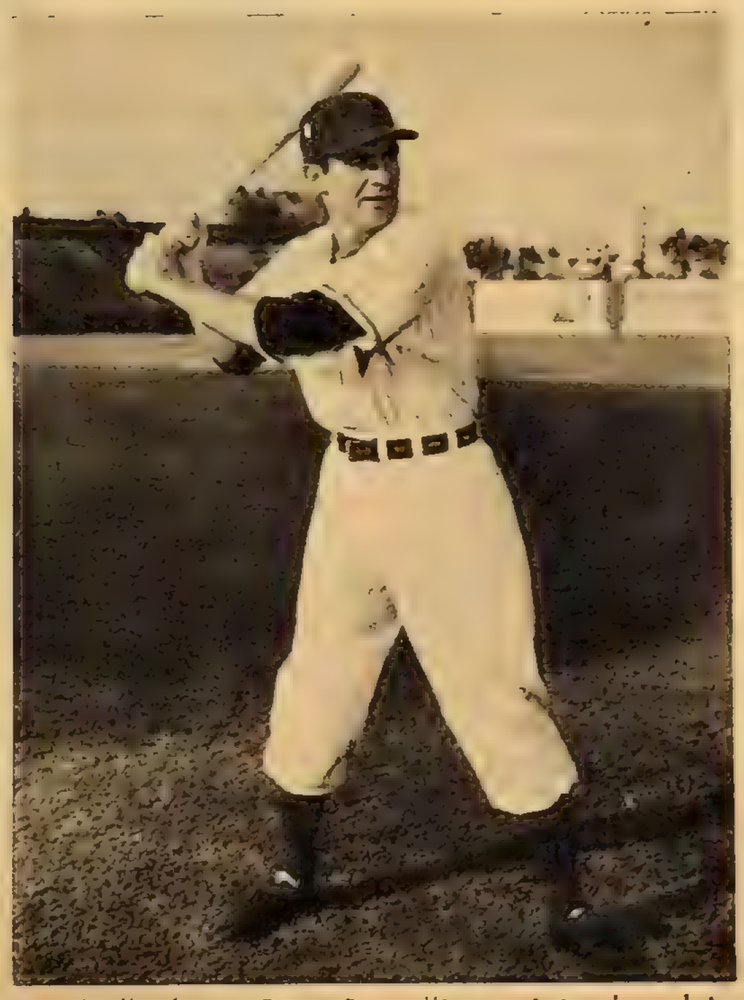
If you ask June Haver about such intimate matters, she will only shake her head and smile—but not sadly. "Right now I'm happier than I've been for a long, long time," she'll tell you.

But she could be happier, with love and romance in her life. And someday not too far away, unless all signs are wrong, June Haver will be. THE END

IS AN ANXIOUS SUITOR, NONE SEEMS TO HOLD THE KEY TO HER HEART



Old friend Joe Campbell wears his heart on his sleeve for June who loves him "like a brother."



Baseball player Dino Restelli was introduced to June by Gail Patrick, Hollywood ball club owner.

don't bargain for faith

FAITH WAS GIVEN ME AS A CHILD; I LOST IT AS A YOUTH; AND HAD TO EARN IT FOR MYSELF AND MY FAMILY AS A MAN.

by Dennis O'Keefe

■ I was born the child of a Catholic father and a Protestant mother. Neither pressed me to follow his or her religion, and, perhaps, because I loved them both equally, I grew up outside the church officially. Yet, as I always thought, in the way of the church. But when I reached young manhood I had gotten away from all such influence. Other thoughts occupied me by the time I was in my early twenties.

Flushed with success in the movies, with two pictures for the biggest studio in town under my belt, my whole future looked like a golden staircase up which I was racing with sure feet. I didn't need anything . . . not even God.

That was more than 10 years ago. I can still remember one night, driving home through the sleeping San Fernando valley after a late party, and how I laughed aloud at the world which I was sure was my very own little egg. I laughed . . . and after a while I must have gotten sleepy. It was almost dawn. I don't even remember seeing the big milk truck.

"There's no hurry . . . this guy's dead."

These were the first words I heard after the crash. Only afterward I knew that they were spoken by a policeman to an ambulance interne who had just arrived on the scene. I only knew afterward that the rear of the truck had ripped and smashed the upper part of my car into something that looked like a tattered Venetian blind. I only knew afterward that I was a twisted, crumpled hulk myself, only vaguely resembling anything human. All that I was conscious of just then was that I must tell the policeman that he was wrong. That I was alive. But I couldn't make a sound. I wasn't that alive.

If you jump on a canary cage you will have an idea of what my ribs looked like when they took X-ray pictures at the hospital. My shoulder was broken. A leg was broken, and the knee shattered. The whole front of my face was smashed and disfigured. And somewhere behind all this, alone in the pain and agony that was (*Continued on page 94*)





MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE IN 15 MINUTES

No cooking! No testing! No beating!

"Philly" fudge

You make it with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese



Here's the Kraft Kitchen secret for fudge that's always smooth, that *can't* turn out grainy or ever be too soft or too hard. Made *without cooking* there's no testing or beating; no guesswork and no chance of disappointment. The magic ingredient of this never-fail fudge is soft, fresh-tasting *Philadelphia Brand* Cream Cheese!

CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 1-ounce squares of unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
½ cup chopped pecans

Place the cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For a slightly softer fudge blend in 1 teaspoon of cream.)

MAPLE "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for chocolate fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar and add 10 drops maple flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla.

COCONUT "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for the chocolate "Philly" fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar, add ½ cup dry shredded coconut instead of the chocolate, and leave out the pecans.

ALMOND "PHILLY" FUDGE. Follow directions for chocolate fudge *except* use 2½ cups sugar, add ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring instead of the chocolate and vanilla, and use ½ cup chopped *almonds*.

Try a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight if you've got the Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. In just a half-hour you'll be eating the most delightful fudge you've ever had.

they're talking about lanza

(*Continued from page 57*) of the great, if not the greatest, voices since Enrico Caruso.

"That's nothing," said the crooner's escort. "I hear he's been making a pass at every girl on the lot."

A MONTH or so ago, Mario was seen striding out of the Thalberg Building, an imposing structure where the men who really run MGM have their offices.

An acquaintance ran into him. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

Lanza flashed him a grin. "They just told me to be a gentleman and I'd go right to the top."

The next day, columnists carried the item, "Mario Lanza has been severely chastised by his studio for too many outbursts of temperament."

Actually, Lanza had stepped inside the building for a drink from the water cooler.

What then is Mario Lanza really like? The chances are you've heard him sing. Listen to him talk.

"I'm an emotional Italian from south Philadelphia," he says. "And I'm proud of it. 'Be more diplomatic,' they tell me. 'Be more tactful.' What am I? A diplomat or a singer? I'm a singer, an American singer. If I like something, I like it. If I don't like it, I say so.

"The studio sends me a script. I read it. For a minute I think they're kidding. Then I find they're serious. A guy calls me up. 'Lanza,' he says, 'what do you think of it?' 'It stinks,' I say. 'Sweetie,' he answers, 'stop kidding. Don't you think it's a knockout? It's going to be bigger than *Caruso*.'

"I repeat, 'It's terrible.' Next thing I know, they're calling me temperamental. Who's temperamental? Not me. When a script's no good, I got a perfect right to say so. My whole life I've spoken my mind, been honest and told the truth. I was brought up that way. My folks taught me that what you had in your soul was more important than what you had in your pocket.

"I remember when I first sang for Koussevitzky at the Berkshire Music Festival. He wanted to change my name. Said that Cocozza was impossible to pronounce. My old man almost blew his top. He said we'd make the name so famous that people wouldn't dare to mispronounce it. I finally settled it by taking my mother's maiden name, Maria Lanza, and changing the Maria to Mario.

"A man should stand up for what he believes is right, even in Hollywood. No one will ever say that Mario Lanza is a mouse. They may call me something that sounds like mouse. But that won't be the word."

AND here is Mario in action: A few weeks ago after three rough hours of recording, the six-foot tenor walked out of a recording studio only to run up against a small army of teen-agers.

"Please, sing a song for us, Mr. Lanza," pleaded a little blonde girl.

Mario marched the whole army of Lanza fans back into the studio and, with Ray Sinatra at the piano, sang to them for another hour.

He does that sort of thing all the time. Recently, his office received this letter: "Dear Mr. Lanza, during my last semester at college, while I was majoring in social work, I took several field trips. One of these trips was to the Madonna House in south Philadelphia. One of the children there led me to the television set and said, 'This set was given to us by Mario Lanza.' Other children then swarmed around and spoke of you in terms of gratitude and reverence. I thought you might like to know that. I think you are a very thoughtful and good man."

When Lanza was first signed to a contract at MGM—Ida Koverman, L. B. Mayer's secretary, had heard him sing in the Hollywood Bowl and had raved about him—the fan magazine photographers wouldn't give him a break. They didn't know whether he'd turn out to be a flash-in-the-pan or the real McCoy. But one photographer named Joe Shere shot some pictures of Mario and his wife, Betty. Shere made a few extra prints and sent them to Lanza. Mario never forgot his thoughtfulness. Last Spring when Lanza was singing in Baltimore, the photographer's sister tried to buy tickets for the concert. No luck. The concert was a sell-out. Tickets were being hawked about for $50 a pair. The girl couldn't afford that price and wrote to her brother, who in turn phoned Mario.

Lanza immediately contacted his manager, Sam Weiler, and told him, "Insofar as I'm concerned the most important thing in that Baltimore concert is to see that little Joe Shere's sister gets two tickets." Little Joe's sister got them all right.

When the Lanza tour arrived in Philadelphia, Mario learned that a shut-in, an 80-year-old fan of his from Germantown, Pa., had also been unable to buy a ticket for his appearance.

Promptly, he took a ticket away from Manny Sachs, vice president in charge of recording for NBC. He then drove out to Germantown, put the delighted lady in his car and drove her to the concert.

A FEW months ago, just before Lanza went on the air for the Coca-Cola Company, there was a big hassel about the musical director on the program. "I like Ray Sinatra," Mario told the big boys. "We get along well. He knows his business, and I'm sure we'll turn out a fine program for you."

The Coca-Cola men were certain of Sinatra's ability, only they leaned towards Percy Faith. "Mr. Faith," they pointed out, "is a musical conductor of great reputation and very extensive background."

Lanza said, "Of course, he is. He's one of the best, only I'd like Ray Sinatra. If I don't get Ray, I'd just as soon not have the radio show."

Sinatra went to Lanza and told him not to be silly; not to jeopardize his own position.

Lanza refused to budge. And today Ray Sinatra is the musical conductor on the Mario Lanza airshow for Coca-Cola.

Last December, Mario became the proud father for the second time of a baby daughter, a cute, dark-haired girl they christened Elissa. One of the nurses at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood where the child was born, said, "I've seen a lot of actors call on their wives. But I've never seen a man more in love with his wife than Mario Lanza. He wanted us to do every possible thing to make her comfortable. 'We're doing everything we can now,' I told him. 'That's nothing,' he said. 'Try and out-do yourselves.'"

Lanza, his wife, and their two children live in a rented house on the fringe of Beverly Hills. When MGM gave Lanza a $25,000 bonus so that he could buy a house and feel more secure, Lanza took that money and bought a home in California for his parents. His father, an Italian immigrant, fought for America in World War I and was the first American soldier to take a German prisoner. He was gassed during the conflict and totally disabled. But he managed to raise Mario and take care of his wife on a government pension.

Lanza didn't forget his parents when he hit the big time. Neither did he forget Nicky Brodzky, the talented Hungarian composer who wrote "Be My Love" for *The Toast of New Orleans*. After he finished the score of that film Brodsky was given his walking papers.

Before "Be My Love" began to catch on with the public, Brodzky was broke and out of a job. Lanza borrowed $1,250 which he promptly handed to Nicky.

When "Be My Love" started to sell like the proverbial pile of hotcakes, Brodzky was hired back by Metro, but it was Lanza who took care of him during the dark days.

THAT'S the true Lanza. Anything to the contrary is bad propaganda.

Is he feuding with his studio? MGM gave Mario $75,000 in bonuses last year. Does that sound like feuding?

Is he stepping out on his wife? "Why should I step out on her?" Mario asks. "She's everything I want."

Is he temperamental? "I just like to be treated with a little consideration!"

Does he weigh in at 250 pounds—too much for a movie? "The most I've ever weighed is 224. Right now I'm down to 200. My best weight is 197."

Is he losing his voice? "I've never sung better in my life."

Here is the true fact sheet on Mario Lanza. He was born in New York City 30 years ago, and was raised in south Philadelphia.

He didn't try to sing until he was 20 years old. It was his father who discovered him and urged him to study. Mario went to see a voice coach who brought him to the attention of William Huff of the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Nothing came of it so Mario took a job as a furniture mover in his grandfather's trucking company.

One day he was moving a piano into the music auditorium when Mr. Huff caught sight of him. "What are you doing in that uniform?" he said.

"Moving pianos," said Lanza.

"Come with me," ordered Huff. He pushed Lanza into a dressing room opposite one occupied (*Continued on page 74*)

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Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

(*Continued from page 72*) by Serge Koussevitzky, longtime director of the Boston Philharmonic. "Start singing," he commanded.

Mario sang "Vesti La Giubba."

Koussevitzky rushed out of his dressing room, saw Mario, ran to him and began kissing him in continental style on both cheeks. "You must sing at the Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood," he told the surprised young man.

Lanza was so great at the Festival that half a dozen recording companies and concert managers tried to sign him.

Uncle Sam beat all of them. He signed Lanza to a four-year stint with the Air Forces during which time Mario served as an M.P., a private, and a singer in the official Air Force show, *Winged Victory*.

When Mario left the Army in 1945, he and his wife of a few months, Betty Hicks —her brother had been with Mario in *Winged Victory*—came to New York. Mario began taking voice lessons with Enrico Rosati, the 76-year-old teacher of Benjamino Gigli.

The Lanzas had very little money. Mario and Betty lived in a cold water flat on the West Side. Despite his financial embarrassment, he consistently turned down offers to appear on radio programs or in concert halls. "I just felt," he says, "that I wasn't ready."

Fortunately for Lanza, a patron came along when he and Betty were flat broke. Sam Weiler, a partner in the New York real estate firm of Swig & Weiler, himself a frustrated opera singer, insisted upon giving Mario all the money he needed until such time as Lanza felt his voice would be acceptable to the public.

Today, Sam Weiler is Lanza's manager and at Lanza's insistence receives 20% of his gross earnings. Actually, Weiler receives only 10%, since he is paying 10% to the Music Corporation of America to act as Lanza's agent.

In 1947, Frank Sinatra, who had heard Mario sing in *Winged Victory*, asked the tenor to visit him in Hollywood. The Lanzas stayed with Frank for three weeks. During that time Mario sang at several parties, and Walter Pidgeon, a frustrated opera singer, called him "the great tenor of the century."

After appearing in the Hollywood Bowl where he brought the house down, Lanza was invited to MGM by L. B. Mayer. Mr. Mayer, then in charge of the studio, ordered 55 of his top executives to gather on one sound stage, and asked Lanza to sing for them.

MGM gave him $10,000 for signing a contract which calls for Lanza to work at the studio only six months a year. His salary at MGM is currently $1,500 a week.

Most of his income, however, is derived from recordings and concert appearances. This year he will make $300,000 on recordings, another $200,000 on personal concert appearances, another $100,000 on radio and allied activities.

His ambition is to sing in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The Met has been offering him a contract every year since 1946, but he's refused each of them because, he says, "I'm not ready yet."

Actually his is the most stirring, beautiful, and powerful voice ever placed on a Hollywood sound track. And he has a personality to match.

So critics, please note. THE END

so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 49*) of her mouth was, "Say Marty, I've got an idea—that back porch we're screening in—let's paint it a soft gray-green inside like that tree, and the redwood table, too. Make it so nice and cool looking."

And Marty turned his brown eyes from the most awesome sight Nature ever carved to scan his wife's features. "You know," he observed, "you're getting almost as many freckles in this sun as Terry has. Say," he added, "why didn't we bring him along? I miss that little guy. Let's go back to the hotel and call him up." So that's how they spent the evening, with the wine-like air of the Arizona night outside, shut up in their hotel room at El Tovar, talking long distance to their boy, Terry. The next morning they rolled down from Arizona into California, and home, cutting a planned two weeks to a few short days. And they haven't been away for even overnight since.

Now, if you can't get away from your own back yard except via an ultimatum even for a honeymoon, something's awfully wrong—or awfully right. If you can't keep your mind off a house long enough to put that mind to marriage matters, it's plainly some very special kind of house, quite as strong a magnet in its way as the kind they pick up steel girders with. But that's just what their big white house is to Doris and Marty Melcher. It's more than any honeymoon cottage could possibly be. Long before "Mister Melcher moved in," as Doris says, the street she lived on was already a part of their romance and long, relaxed courtship. "Marty wooed me with a hammer in one hand and a paint brush in the other," sighs Doris. "Sometimes, I think he got the idea of marrying me out of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue."

She's kidding, of course, but it's true that much labor of love and many man hours of Marty's toil—although he'll never call it that—have gone into the house they live in today. When Doris bought the house from Martha Raye, almost two years ago, her relationship with Marty Melcher was strictly a business one. But by the time she had sold off all the furniture that came with it, ripped all of Martha's mirrors off the walls and started making it into her idea of home, the "strictly business" relation with Marty had ripened into something far deeper.

For a year and a half, while they were courting, it seemed natural and fun to chase around to auctions together and poke through the musty bric-a-brac of antique shops to carry home prizes—creaky chests to be glued together again and rubbed down to the fine old finish, copper and brass to be polished bright, old milk glass and chairs with graceful lines under tatters to be rebuilt and recovered. Marty was on hand to scrape with painters and get just the rich Williamsburg green Doris wanted on the living room walls, to rub his fingers raw laying bricks in the patio, and hammer his thumbs putting up trellises around the pool.

Today, when you walk in, you see the results—a homey, inviting house, always as neat as a pack of pins like Doris herself. ("If I'd stayed in Cincinnati," she admits, "I'd be out scrubbing the front steps.") At the same time it's the kind of house where you'd expect dogs to dig out across the carpet and kids to bang through whooping like wild Indians, rocking vases perilously. Which is exactly what goes on, and exactly what Doris and Marty Melcher want to go on.

To UNDERSTAND why, it's pretty important to know a few background facts about the Melchers, mom and pop. If you wonder why they baffle all of Hollywood right now by making like a couple of nine o'clock *burghers* instead of what you might reasonably expect from a hep-to-the-minute song-and-dance movie queen and a smart agent constantly on top of show business news and nifties, you can find one good reason in those last two lines: Make believe is their business and home is where they leave it behind. But there are other special reasons, too.

From the time Doris' first unfortunate marriage came to an end, she had longed most of all for just one thing: "That Terry could have a home and a dad, as every kid ought to have."

As for Marty, he was a North Adams, Massachusetts boy raised in a strict family where life was real and life was earnest. Marty went to work early in his life and it led him into the fast shuffling, cut-throat competition of show business. Most of his adult life he's lived in hotels or apartments and out of a trunk. All of his life, carving a career out of tinsel, Marty felt something was missing in his life—something like a real home and what went with it, a family of his own.

That two anchorless people have found—in the most unstable community in the world, Hollywood—the satisfying homelife they longed for, may sound a little crazy. But it's really as simple as that. And so are their excuses for giving the merry-go-round of movietown delights the back of their hands.

"Look," says Marty Melcher, "I can close my eyes and tell you what goes on in any night club in the world. There isn't a stage yet built to beat our own back yard. I'd rather look at Doris in bluejeans than any showgirl in sequins, and no entertainer I've ever caught can top Terry for my dough." Every day too, he proves he means what he says.

In fact, sometimes when Doris wants to tease her old man, she tells him, "You didn't marry me because you loved me—you were just after Mom and Terry!"

Behind the kidding, it's certainly true that a frustrated father and a boy who never knew his own dad have found what both needed in a warm, man-to-man palship since the minute they met. Terry is nine, now, a penny-pussed, gap-toothed edition of Doris. The other day Marty caught him out on the sidewalk with a crowd of girls around and couldn't resist a rib. "All girls here in love with Terry," he gagged, "hold up their hands." All hands shot up.

"That's terrific!" marveled Marty. "Tell me, what's this guy got anyway? What's his fatal charm?"

"He's so handsome," piped one pigtailed miss.

"No he's not handsome," objected another. "He's not even cute. It's, it's"—she cocked her head thoughtfully and shot him an arch look—"it's that something else!"

WHATEVER it is Terry has makes him aces with his new dad and vice versa and that's pretty important to Doris, too. Terry, you know, was the persistent cupid who urged about every time Marty came out to see his girl, "When are you two going to get married, anyway?" The day after they were, Terry scratched out "Jordan" on his school papers and put down "Melcher." And he called Marty "Dad."

Long before Marty Melcher assumed his

(*Continued on page 76*)

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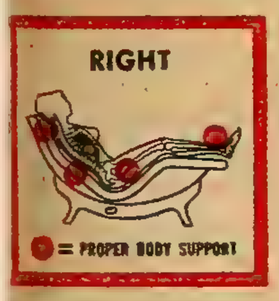
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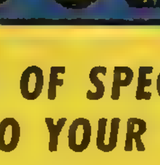
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(Copies of original letters furnished on request)

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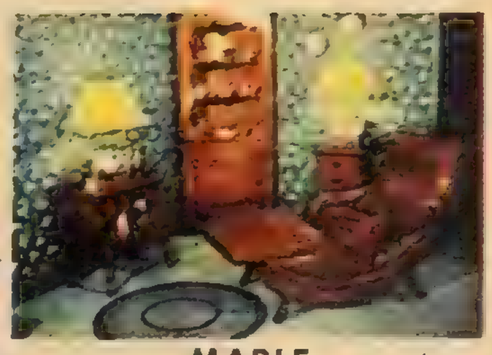


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so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 74*) official paternal status he was in perfect practice playing the role of parent to Doris' boy. Marty taught Terry to play ball, swim, hammer a nail and ride a bike. He encouraged him to branch out in business. Terry shines the family shoes at a profit and earns a dollar a week tidying up the back yard and puting the chairs and pool gear back in place.

Long ago Terry learned the thrifty trick of asking, "Hey, Marty, can you let me have a quarter? I don't want to break a dollar bill." Last Fourth of July Marty lugged home some fireworks and after they had all fizzed gloriously up and out, Terry asked Marty how much the works cost.

"Seven dollars."

Terry shook his head. "We can't go for that again," he concluded. "It's not practical. They burn up too fast."

On most other matters Terry has delighted Marty by revealing a canny head and a quick uptake. His best girl friend, Kathy, is a junior miss who looks almost exactly like Terry, even to the freckles. Marty and Doris cornered him one day for the inside dope. "Come on," they urged, "'fess up—isn't Kathy your girl friend?"

Terry pondered that one. "Well," he came back cagily, "She's a girl—and she's a friend." Marty thinks Terry would do all right at anything where tact and aggressiveness count.

Marty and Doris are the first to admit that their home life revolves somewhat around Terry and his pals. The other day, noting how the kitchen was getting tracked up by thirsty kids, Marty had plumbers install a drinking fountain beside the volley ball court. With Terry's first look he cheered, "A drinking fountain—super! Now this place looks just like a public playground!"

"A public playground—our back yard! How do you like that?" exclaimed Doris, but Marty checked her fast.

"I like it," he said, "and so do you. And if you ask me, it's the best compliment we could collect." Which, of course, it was.

By now, every kid in the neighborhood makes tracks for the Melchers at practically any time of the day, and they're always welcome. They keep their floats and fins in the new bathhouse Doris and Marty recently had built by the pool, and their towels fly constantly from the drying line like pennants at a yacht club. On one side a big cement badminton and volleyball court keeps jumping with a never ending game of "Four-square," a kind of volley ball "work-up," and behind that a basketball hoop and backboard drums steadily. If Brad, Dave and Jeff aren't there with Terry, then Thor, Rusty and Johnny are. And if it's a weekend or late afternoon, Marty's there officiating, breaking up scraps, and Doris is hustling cokes and hot dogs.

SOMETIMES Ross and Jane across the street stroll over, or Ronnie and Warren Cowan in the neighborhood, Gene and Miriam Nelson, or Doris' brother, Paul, and his wife, Shirley, who've moved out from Cincinnati. The guest names aren't picked from Hollywood's Blue Book or from any other Blue Book, because the Melchers aren't social. In fact, they've taken in just one movie colony party since they were wed, and they left it early. "When you don't drink, know any gossip or care about hearing any, what's there to do at a party?" asks Doris.

"I'll tell you," Marty answers. "You waste a lot of time, hear nothing worth listening to, lose sleep and feel lousy the next morning!"

By now Doris seldom even takes in her own previews if it means missing her bed hour. Health's the watchword. Instead of highballs the family drinks fruit juices and slaps *yogurt* on about everything edible. They sun themselves like seals, hit the pool, take showers almost on the hour, and fill up with vitamins from Alma's wonderful cooking, because with all her home-happiness, Day's no pot-and-pan girl. "Why should I compete in the kitchen when Mom lives with us and knows all the answers?" she asks. At Doris' pleadings, her mother, Mrs. Kappelhoff, moved out from Cincinnati over a year ago, and if you ask Doris today, she thinks that's another good reason why Marty married her, which sometimes he isn't even gallant enough to deny. In any event, "Nana" (as Terry named her) is a solid member of the family.

Nana raised Terry while Doris battled for a break on the road with dance bands—and now it looks as if she's got another boy on her hands—Marty. They're crazy about each other, and when Doris told Mart frankly he was the world's worst dancer he started practicing with her mom. A few weeks ago, Nana's birthday rolled around. Terry begged a permit to disappear off the block, and blew his savings on a stick of Tweed Icicle cologne, and Marty sneaked Doris off the set of *Starlift*, drove her over to Bullocks-Pasadena, the favorite family

Shelley Winters discussing the Modern, Independent, Intelligent Woman, said, "That's someone who can't get a feller."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

store, where along with some pretty dresses, and doo-dads, he bought a pair of men's flowered Hawaiian swim shorts.

Doris thought he was just fixing himself up while he was there, but at home she found out differently. When Nana unwrapped her presents, there were the fancy shorts and a note: "Dear, Sweet Nana:" it read, "This is just to say 'thank you' for all the things you do and all the things you are. Marty. P.S.: I think you'll like these because you're always borrowing mine. Now, PUT 'EM ON!" Which Nana promptly did and splashed everyone happily with a robust plunge into the pool.

NO one knows more than Doris and Marty Melcher that the cozy family pattern of their private lives is not designed to stop the presses, but to tell the truth, they aren't interested in stopping any, except in a purely professional way. This doesn't mean that there's never any activity going on. "He's always trying to fix something," she sighs, "and half the time wrecking it. He drives too fast. He can't dance worth a nickel. Sometimes he spoils Terry. And he never tells me what he's going to do—until he's done it!"

And Marty comes back: "She's always expecting Terry to be a genius, which, of course, he is. I gave her three new fountain pens but she still hooks mine and drains all the ink, signing fan-club stills. She won't eat in a restaurant until she looks in the kitchen. She spends all our money on table mats—we must have a hundred sets. She drags me out shopping clear to Pasadena when you can get the same things in Hollywood. She's always switching the furniture and drapes around and fretting. 'This house will never be finished,' when anybody can see it is!"

But those are only the normal growing pains of domesticity, after all, and the plain truth is that Doris and Marty Melcher are simply a relaxed and normal married pair who knew each other and knew what they wanted. Now that they've got it they aren't figuring on letting it go.

A few weeks ago Doris traded in her two-year-old convertible for a family-size four-door sedan because there wasn't enough room in the old one for Nana, Terry, and the poodles, Beanie and Smudge. When the salesman took a look at the speedometer he whistled "Only 4,000 miles, say—" he mused incredulously, "you haven't been fooling with this thing, have you?" Doris said she sure hadn't—but that she'd used it mostly for driving to and from the studio—a matter of five short blocks. "You see," she said, knowing he wouldn't believe her, "we just don't go anywhere." And that's the awful truth.

Sometimes this brings some complaints, like the other day when Doris sandwiched in a quick hour with an interview at Warners Studio. At that point, she was hopping back and forth between the last scene of *Starlift* and the first ones of *I'll See You In My Dreams*. That week, too, she had cut a quartet of new records, flown to San Francisco and back to hospital benefits among other things. But after the poor, frustrated reporter dug and dug she finally blurted, "The trouble with you, Doris, is—you just don't *do* anything!"

After such complaints, Doris is inclined to worry just a little bit. In fact, the Sunday after that she got up all bright and full of beans as usual. "Marty," said Dodo, "We don't ever *do* anything. Let's get in the car and go somewhere."

"Sit down, honey," soothed Marty. "It's nice here, isn't it? Well now if we get in the car—" and he went on to paint a dismal scene. If they bucked the Sunday traffic they'd go bumper-to-bumper all the way there and all the way back. Wherever they went they'd find a crowd and Doris would spend her day signing autographs. They'd drag home, hot, dirty and worn out to start the always-tough work week. It was a very discouraging picture.

While they were talking Alma called them in for some golden pancakes and sausage and Terry bounded down. "What's on the production sheet?" he asked.

"I was thinking," Doris began weakly, "that maybe we'd get in the car and drive somewhere."

"Naw," Terry vetoed. "The gang'll be over pretty soon."

And pretty soon the gang was—Rusty, Johnny, Dave, Brad, and Thor, and Kathy, too, just to make showing-off worth while.

BEFORE she knew it, Doris was in on a red hot game of four-square and then Paul and Shirley dropped in, more friends drifted over, and everybody got wet and happy in the pool. When the shadows crept out from the bathhouse Marty tied on the apron he cherishes, marked "Genius," and started some steaks sizzling over the charcoal he'd lighted hours before. And by nine o'clock, as usual, Marty and Doris were upstairs in their room, the block was quiet, with only a squeaky, scraping sound which, they knew, was Terry sending Johnny, Jr., next door, via the clothesline pully he'd rigged, a note written in blood and reading very probably, "Bewair—the fantom of the San Fernando seaks vengance!"

Marty turned out the light. The scent of giant Burmese honeysuckle drifted in the window.

"I'll let you in on a secret," he said.

"I know all your secrets."

"You know this one, too," grinned Marty Melcher in the dark, "but I'll tell you just the same—there's no place like home."

Doris didn't say anything. There are times when you don't. But mentally she thought this manager guy who was now managing her life was always so right, darn it. And that, she supposed, was why she usually agreed with him. THE END

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Board members (*left to right*) Celeste Holm, Don Taylor, Yvonne de Carlo, Howard Duff, Phyllis Taylor judge blouses. Not shown are Pat Starling, Marta Toren.



What is the Fashion Board?

Last month MODERN SCREEN held its first fashion show before a Hollywood board of judges. These judges selected award-winning clothes that suited their fancy—and your pocketbook. The response to last month's show was so gratifying that the event was held again, this time on the patio of the popular Beverly Club in Beverly Hills. Fashion-wise Celeste Holm was eager to join the board and later reported that her only problem was to pick a winner. Don Taylor and his wife Phyllis represented the young married set's point of view. "Don and I'll probably amount to one big vote," said Phyllis. Howard Duff arrived with the discerning eye of a bachelor and settled down to enjoy the show. Pretty soon he was joined by Yvonne de Carlo and her friend, starlet Pat Starling. "I asked Pat along," said Yvonne, "because this was too good to keep to myself." We think the award-winning fashions are too good to keep to ourselves—so here they are, for you!

Marta Toren looks over winning shoes

Board member Marta Toren, star of Columbia's *Sirocco,* wears the always-popular hooded coat as she admires these Award Winning Rockette shoes on the opposite page. From top to bottom they are: The Pinette, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black leather trim; claret wine leather; camel leather. The Millette, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black or red leather trim; blue kid suede with red leather trim. The Conlon, $6.95, comes in black kid suede—patent trim; brown kid suede—brown leather trim. The Nonette, $6.95, comes in black, wine, grey kid suede. The Butte, $6.95, comes in black, wine, grey, green kid suede. The Lila, $7.95, comes in black kid suede—black alligator trim; wine kid suede—wine alligator trim. In all sizes.

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modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions















rave





Virginia Gibson (above) in Warners' *Starlift*, wears one of Jonathan Logan's Award Winning frocks. Crease resistant rayon plaid. Notice the full flaring skirt—the exciting belt. Colors: Red and black or green and navy plaid. Sizes 9-15. About $15.
Above, right, Award Winning Honeydebs ankle-strap sandal "Joey" of nylon gabardine (Zelan-treated for water repellence) with smooth leather trim and perky vamp bow—worn by Virginia Gibson. Black, brown or navy. $4.99.

Lovely Virginia Mayo (on the right) who stars in Warners' *Starlift*, poses in the second Award Winning Jonathan Logan frock of 100% sheer worsted wool with contrast piping. Colors: Navy with red, black with red, purple with navy or red with navy. Sizes 9-15. About $20.
Above, far right, Honeydebs (by the makers of Honeybugs) Award Winning sling pump—"Vera"—of nylon gabardine (Zelan-treated for water repellence) with matching reptile trim and bow—worn by Virginia Mayo. Black, brown or navy. $4.99.



REVIEWS FOR JUNIOR DRESSES





Suzanne Dalbert, soon to appear in Paramount's *My Favorite Spy*, and Jane Liddell in Wald-Krasna's *The Blue Veil*, model Award Winning Kaytron dark woven plaid cotton frocks. Foreground, Suzanne's smart frock has a shirred bodice front, four-gore bias skirt—stand-up collar and cuff-bands of white pique.

Standing, Jane's fashionable plaid frock boasts a pin-tucked white pique vest, full gathered skirt and inverted front pleat.

Both dresses come in red, green or navy background plaid—both are sanforized, fast color and washable. Both in sizes 9-15—about $6 each.

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Nylon hosiery by Holeproof.



Top rating was awarded to Loungee's cotton quilted coat robe with contrast scalloped trim and large carry-all pocket. Fast color, washable. Aqua, coral, yellow. Sizes: 10-18. About $11. This robe also comes in little girl sizes: 7-14. About $6.

The slipper held by Marion Marshall, appearing in Hal Wallis' *That's My Boy,* is Honeybug's *Indian Maid* with bunny fur collar, made of capeskin. Comes in red, royal, black, light blue, pink, light green and white. Sizes 4-9. (No half sizes.) $3.99.

Honeybug's other Award Winning slippers (from back to front on the floor):

Capeskin scuff. Black, red, royal, green, light blue and pink. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $3.49.

Scallop vamp scuff, all-over quilted nylon satin. Black, royal, light blue, red, pink and navy. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $2.99.

Scalloped vamp scuff, all-over lamé. Black or white. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $3.99.

Velvet ballet slipper. Black, red and royal. Sizes 4-9. (No half sizes.) $3.99.

Zebra scuff. Sizes AA 5½-10; B 4-10. $2.99.

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hollywood approved fashions



highlights
FOR YOUR WARDROBE



Lovely Jane Liddell, currently in Wald-Krasna's picture *The Blue Veil,* poses in Jane Holly's Award Winning guaranteed washable rayon tissue faille blouse with hand-fagoting trim. Pink, grey, blue, kelly, black, coffee, purple, magnolia or white. Sizes: 32-38. About $6.



Phyllis Taylor, in United Artists' *Queen For A Day,* wears Stardust's Award Winning washable rayon plus nylon blouse. Convertible collar, pearl buttons, and . . . box-pleated back! Guaranteed one full year. Pastel pink, blue, maize or snow white. Sizes: 32-38. Smartly priced at $1.98.



Joyce MacKenzie, featured in 20th Century-Fox's *People Will Talk,* models the Peggy Martin's Award Winning dress-up washable rayon tissue faille blouse with bridal sleeves, Venise lace inserts and mirror buttons. White, black, navy, pink, lilac, magnolia or chartreuse. Sizes: 32-38. About $10.

hottest man in town

(*Continued from page* 38) have the boat on a sound stage, but no rapid river was ever so turbulent, nor any journey more hazardous than the one the men in the boat were experiencing. The air was filled with the din of the gasoline motors and the threshing of the water. Talk, if it had been possible, would have had to be spoken in roars. It was really a terrifying experience, watching the men in the boat, particularly the front man, the one who was taking the beating from the pounding waves. Stewart Granger.

Later, Granger strode into his portable dressing room, a bath towel wrapped about his middle and another flung around his neck, looking as though he'd just had a warm shower rather than an icy whipping.

He stuck out a hand the size of a lamb shank and wrenched an hello. He was very tall and massive. Muscles rippled all over him. He bummed a cigarette and fell on to a couch that was much too small. And, without waiting for inconsequential preliminaries, he began to tell about himself.

STEWART Granger wasn't always an actor. As a matter of fact, during his formative years, he'd have punched you on the nose if you had called him one. Born of an apparently urban and moneyed English family in London, he endured the formal education inflicted on all young men of his class. It was, and no doubt still is, the practice of British parents to cram their sons' heads with Greek, Latin and Euclid to a proper age—and then sit back and casually observe the outcome. They hope the lad will show enterprise in a gainful or artistic pursuit. Beyond that there appears to be little parental interference.

At the age of 19 Stewart Granger, then Jimmy Stewart, found himself in very much that situation. He had been to college and was welcome to go on to what the English call University, a scholastic institution designed to prepare a man for a profession. In Stewart's case it was a serious decision. He had always been interested in medicine, and had fully intended to become a doctor. But faced with the decision, and weighing his potentialities, he wasn't sure. He didn't want to become a second-rater—and he didn't want to waste half a dozen years discovering it—so he passed. He went to his father and told him he'd like to take a job and think it over.

Stewart Granger, in the field of commerce, was a misfit and he admits it. He found employment with a concern in London called the Bell Punch Company, a company remotely associated with the film business. They made ticket machines that spewed the proper number of admissions at you after you paid the girl in the box office. Stewart was a minor employee of little consequence in the operation of the plant. As well as being a hulking lad, he was quite belligerent and had aspirations for the prize ring. This combination added nothing to his geniality and when, after being with the Bell people for some months, a fellow employee of greater importance offended him, Stewart belted the dickens out of him and retired from the firm.

At this early point in his business career Stewart asked his father for a heart-to-heart talk. During this conference he confessed to his dad that he was confused, and that unless he was given time to think things over, he might well go on to bring eternal disgrace to the family name.

"Then what would you like to do?" his father asked.

"I would like," said young Stewart manfully, "to bum about for a year."

This was hardly what the elder Stewart had had in mind, but, with a harrumph or two, he agreed and placed at his son's disposal a sufficient sum to keep him from starving. Then he more or less washed his hands of the matter.

The reason for this early biography, and the noting of the odd pact between father and son, is to explode a myth that from cradle time all actors are saturated with a desire to perform. For until his twentieth year, Stewart Granger was destined for nothing more than brawling and loafing. Today he is reckoned the best bet that MGM has had in 15 years, and it is by pure accident that this came to pass.

"Mind you," said Stewart Granger, adjusting his sliding towel and wagging a stern forefinger, "I don't feel this way about actors now. But when I was a kid I thought most of them were women in disguise. Too pretty; too elegant.

"I first became interested in theatricals through a chap I met by the name of Michael Wilding, now one of England's top stars. He was bumming about, too, and he told me of a wonderful place to meet girls. It seems that the film studios wanted extras who looked well in dinner jackets. They paid 20 shillings a day and, according to Wilding, 'the places are just crawling with the loveliest fluff in London.' I went with him, got a job, and settled into a lovely life of semi-idleness and meeting beautiful women."



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Betty Grable's a softie. Way down deep. It kind of gets her when George Brent trots up the front steps, arms full of little homely things like Kleenex and hand lotion. She wouldn't exchange them for a million orchids.—*September, 1942 —Modern Screen.*

Young Stewart, convinced now of his lack of any sort of calling, spent what he thought was the happiest year of his life as a film extra. He wanted no advancement. It was the custom at that time for English makeup men to paint male artists with the same technique used on women. Consequently, when young Granger would see a leading man walk by with a cupid's bow mouth and arched brows, he would thank heaven he was just an extra.

STEWART Granger's advance to the speaking of lines was another accident, and certainly no ambitious design. Suffering from a cold he went to his doctor for treatment and in the waiting room met the medic's wife. She eyed him for a moment, then asked if he was an actor. Granger snorted an indignant denial. The doctor's wife told him he should be, a further insult. She pointed out that one of Stewart's grandfathers had been an actor of some talent, and that it was entirely possible it might have been inherited.

Stewart doubted this, but after considerable prodding agreed to attend a reading at the Douglas-Weber School of Dramatic Arts.

"I had no wish to attend," Granger said, "and I can tell you that my reading of some Shakespeare was the most atrocious sin ever committed against the man's work, but it seems the school needed males for its plays, so I was given a scholarship. Good heavens, it was unbelievable!"

Sometime during his schooling at Douglas-Weber the acting bug bit Stewart Granger. Just when he doesn't remember. He suspects it was a slow, creeping thing that he fought before going to sleep at night. He studied hard and well, for he had high mentality, and in the summer of 1934, he struck out to join the ranks of actors who toured in repertory companies throughout the Island. He is remembered at Douglas-Weber for two things: he's one of the most successful pupils ever graduated; he's the fellow responsible for the now iron-clad rule that lady students are under no circumstances allowed to sit on gentlemen students' laps.

The next five years of Stewart Granger's life are without important incident, except that during his touring of the provinces and his engagements on the boards of London and Liverpool, he learned to swashbuckle, swing a sword, drink a cup of tea, hit a man without killing him, read a funny line funny and a sad one sad. He learned to act. He got the background for his work today. Films held no interest for him, for he still remembered the pretty men in makeup from his extra days.

But along came a script, *So This Is London.*

Stewart couldn't resist it. He took the part and the film became a smash hit, not only in England, but in this country. It was also nearly the end of his movie career, too, because he took one look at his pretty face as it was flashed on the screen and ran howling out of the theater. He, too, had a cupid's bow.

The war grabbed Stewart shortly after that and he went off with the famous Black Watch regiment.

If he is a movie star today, Stewart Granger attributes it modestly to the fact that he was invalided out of the service before the war ended. There was a dearth of leading men at that time, and he was practically shanghied into the studios. But, being an earnest actor, he worked at the Old Vic—and being a patriotic lad, he toured England and the continent with Deborah Kerr playing to troops. He acted in many movies, and despite his reluctance, became a genuine matinee idol—and then it was too late to turn back.

He tried, though. Three years ago he decided his performing days were numbered and he set about getting himself into production. He was under contract to a couple of English film makers and they didn't take kindly to this attitude. But Stewart was fed up with drawing rooms and wanted some more active passion than hand-kissing.

THE opportunity came through Deborah Kerr, his one-time stage mate. MGM was getting ready to shoot *King Solomon's Mines* and they needed a rugged fellow who could act and withstand the rigors of an African safari. Deborah suggested Granger, and when he was told of the hazards involved, he jumped at the chance.

The result is well-known. American audiences, which have seldom taken to English men, went wild for him. The picture became the biggest grosser of the year. At about the same time, Granger captured the American female with just about as hectic a romance as they had read about—and they loved him for it. He had been married once before, but it hadn't turned out well. When he fell in

love with beautiful Jean Simmons, and she with him, the obstacles became cheering points where American girls stood and hurrahed Stewart on to matrimony.

It all fitted the pattern that makes an American movie star and MGM knew it. They tied Stewart up to a fabulous contract and it is the studio's intention to build him, with virile roles, into the biggest box office attraction it has ever had.

All manner of audiences are going to like Stewart Granger. Kids love him. He represents adventure to them—and they sense, in meeting him, that he likes them. Some months ago, during the location shooting on *The North Country*, a 10-year-old wide-eyed prairie boy stalked through the guards at the Metro camp and walked to Stewart's side.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," said Granger.

For the next couple of weeks the boy showed up every day and the only other words that were spoken was once when the boy said:

"What do you do here?"

"I'm an actor," said Stewart.

That was all, but a rapport developed and these two fellows knew each other quietly and well. When it came time to return to Hollywood, Stewart walked down the road to a curio shop and bought his friend a going away present—the fanciest silver and topaz belt a north country boy had ever owned, and the most expensive he'd probably ever see. It cost $50.00.

Stewart Granger is a man of intense loyalties who speaks almost reverently of his pals. When he married Jean Simmons, his pal, Michael Wilding was in New York on his way back from England. Stewart got him on the phone, told him he wouldn't do it without him, and had Wilding fly all the way to Hollywood just to be best man at his wedding. Wilding, who hates airplanes, flew in the interest of true love.

It is a fascinating thing to watch Stewart Granger on a movie set. As in all commanding men there is a certain arrogance in his manner that allows no interference. He refuses to read a line that sounds silly or isn't pertinent to the story. On the other hand, he has been known to take some of his choice speeches in a script and give them to another actor, because he believes they fit the situation better when spoken by someone else. To him, it's the play that counts.

THE MGM publicity department had a note in a biographical sketch that stated his intimates call him Jimmy, his real name. If that is true, Stewart Granger has more intimates than anyone on the lot. At least 30 people call him that when he comes on the set, and he answers with a first name every time. He considers the prop men the best movie craftsmen in the world. Not the actors—the prop men.

If there is ever a question about Stewart Granger doing his own hazardous scenes, one has only to look at his personal life to refute it.

Getting off the subject of movies, he told of his last safari in Africa.

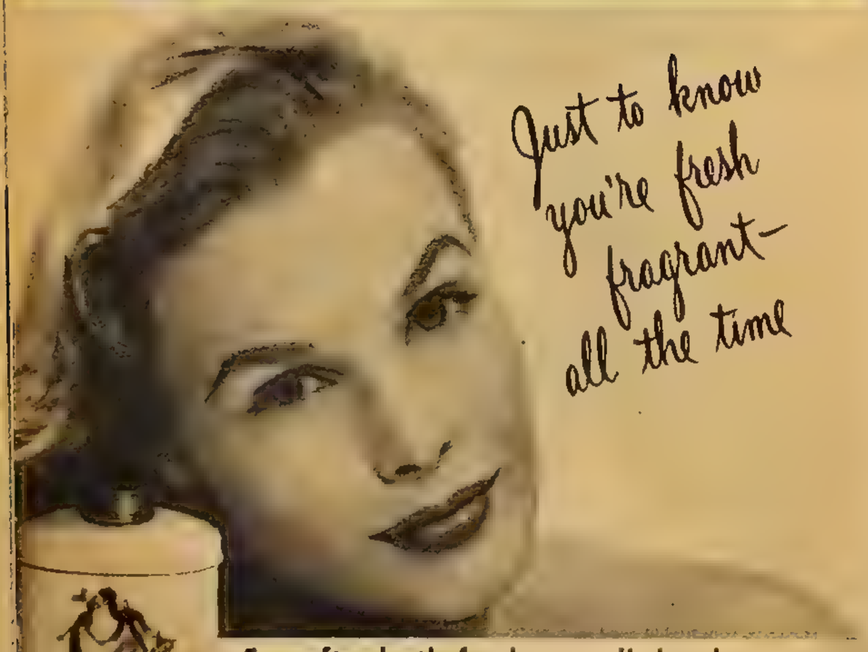
He feels certain, by the way, that he is destined to die in Africa, at the hands, fangs or horns of some wild beast.

"I wanted to go back to Africa after *King Solomon's Mines*, he said. "And as soon as I was free I did. I went out with a couple of white hunters after buffalo. It was rugged going, but it was wonderful.

"Buffalo make their way through the dense brush by following long tunnels called Rides. The hunter stalks them along these Rides, but never walks in one himself, because the animal can move like lightning in these chutes and when he sees a human, he charges—and there is no way out. (*Continued on next page*)







"I got into one of these Rides one day after a beast we had wounded and wanted to destroy. It is not good to leave angry, wounded buffalo loose in Africa. Suddenly, I looked up and saw him coming for me. I was trapped. One of the hunters stepped to my side and we both began pumping heavy bullets into the animal. But he still came on. There was no way out for us, so we took the charge. I was caught in the ribs and knocked silly. The hunter took a goring in the head, then swung around and dropped the buffalo before he could turn about and make a second pass at us. Yes, I suppose I'll die one day in Africa."

"What?" he was asked, "did you think of when you saw that buffalo charging and knew he wasn't going to be stopped?"

Stewart Granger grinned slyly.

"I stood there for a moment, petrified," he said. "Then I thought 'this can't be true. Here I am a movie star—under contract to MGM thousands of miles away in Culver City, California. This just can't be happening to me!'"

He got up, pulled the towel about him and shook hands. A man came and called him back to work—back to the canoe in the raging torrent in the MGM Tank Set. And as he walked away, it was obvious that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had a big star indeed. A star who, if he keeps away from danger—and Africa—may one day be the biggest Hollywood has ever known. THE END

does liz know what love is?

(*Continued from page* 66) got from *National Velvet*. It was a landslide of affection for the little girl who *really* loved a horse and who was so intense about her adolescent virtues. She was everybody's little girl—a warm, sweet child who crept into your heart easily and demanded love. It was then that the movie-going audiences of the world truly fell for Elizabeth Taylor and vowed undying fidelity, because she had everything—and the world was sure she would never change.

Skip a few years, eight to be exact. Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York on her way to England to co-star with Robert Taylor in *Ivanhoe*. The newsmen snapped her pictures at the airport. She stood cool and aloof, talking to Montgomery Clift, entirely unaware of the cameras or crowd; a suave, sophisticate, a big movie star, still a stunning beauty—but without a trace of the kid of *National Velvet* anywhere about her.

AT the age of 18, Elizabeth Taylor was a woman; married and divorced, she'd been engaged to two important and fascinating men and, if we are to believe the gossip, is in love with another man she plans to marry when his divorce from his present wife becomes final. The child was gone. A coldly beautiful woman had taken her place. You just couldn't like it too much.

If Elizabeth Taylor had not been such a warm, simple child this story would never be written, and the speedy progress of events in her still very young life would not be nearly so shocking. It is just that it went too fast. Too fast for Elizabeth, and much too fast for the folks who expected more of a fairy tale type of story of her career.

This writer had occasion to interview Elizabeth Taylor just a few days before she met her ex-husband, Nicky Hilton. It was in a studio commissary. At the time she was still going to high school at the studio school and the luncheon was delayed because she was a bit behind in her studies for the day. When she showed up, she moved toward the table with the awkward shamble of a bobby-soxer. The rest of her was regal, but the kid was still pretty much dominant in her. A short time before, she had broken off her engagement to young Bill Pawley, a fellow who at that time still professed his love for her—and indicated that there was a bit of cruelty in the way he had been discarded.

The object of the interview was to find out if there was a callous streak in the growing girl, or to see if she was just a victim of her own beauty, unable to control the emotions she inspired in men. As she walked toward the table we were willing, without a word being spoken, to say that she was entirely blameless in the broken engagement, for she seemed as fresh and unspoiled as a spring daisy.

She sat down and shyly acknowledged greetings and we began the conversation. In a few minutes we reluctantly changed our mind.

"What about this thing with young Pawley?" we asked.

Liz lowered her eyes and appeared sad. She wasn't very good at it.

"He broke my heart," she said.

We doubted it. "What about Glenn Davis?" we asked.

Liz didn't change the sorrowful expression. "So did he," she said.

It took a minute or so for that to sink in. Two broken hearts at a little better than 16. That was moving fast. And suddenly we began to suspect something—that Elizabeth Taylor was fully aware of her tremendous beauty and was going to use it, maybe for happiness, maybe for more selfish purposes. Like holding strings with the best men in the world dangling on the other ends of them. It got pretty chilly there in that commissary.

"Do you realize," we said, feeling for an opening, "that you are quite likely the most beautiful woman who has ever been in the movies?"

Her eyes grew large and startled and said, "Who me?" but it was easy to see that she was beginning to get that impression.

"Do you know," we said, "that, if you want it, men are going to throw themselves at your feet like dogs—and maybe some of them will throw themselves off cliffs because you are so beautiful?"

She didn't laugh, she just seemed interested. The conversation went along those lines for an hour, and when it was over we shook hands and went out into the warm sunshine wishing we hadn't said those things, or come away with the suspicion that Elizabeth Taylor was no longer a kid at 16.

IT wasn't long after that interview that we first heard about Nicky Hilton. It began with just a rumor that Elizabeth had found a lad she liked very much. Then the talk of their fondness filled the papers—and after that, quickly, came the stories of their preparations for marriage and the sweet tales of the plans that the youngsters had made for a brief honeymoon and a long life together with a nice home and lots and lots of babies.

What followed is common knowledge. There was a wedding that was beautiful. The bride and her man went off on a honeymoon, with the tender wishes of millions. In a month word drifted back that all was not well. There were a number of highly-publicized escapades, some admitted and some denied—and then one day Liz announced that the marriage was ended.

Nobody blamed her much, because young Hilton had gathered a bit of a reputation on his own by that time as a chap with a penchant for fireworks. People were sorry, but nobody felt anything but real unhappiness for Liz.

But, a few weeks after her separation, when Elizabeth Taylor appeared at a Hollywood night club, radiant and glowing on the arm of Stanley Donen, a man separated from his wife, but still married, there were many raised eyebrows. And when it happened again a night or so later, and the columnists began printing tales of public kissing and late hours being kept by the pair, there was a feeling of shock.

And, as the months have gone by, little has changed. Liz and Donen are still apparently very much a twosome, in the real, grown-up sense of the word. In the meantime, she moved into an apartment of her own. She drifted completely away from parental influence. It was said she had been talked to at length by her studio—and still went along in a headstrong way, determined, it seemed, to live up every minute despite anything and everybody. At 18, Elizabeth Taylor seemed to have become a femme fatale.

"The magnificence of the proportions of actresses of today are better; never before have there been such busts in movies"—Bosley Crowther quoted by Walter Winchell in the Daily Mirror.

That is how it seems, and it is unfair to Elizabeth Taylor, if she is the grown-up version of the Elizabeth Taylor of a few years ago, to let it go at that. It requires for her own sake, and in the interest of the fans who have given her much love and trust, that her situation be explored and defined.

Elizabeth Taylor was born an actress, actually. Although from a non-theatrical heritage, she thrived on make-believe from her babyhood. If she had just been a normally attractive youngster she would no doubt still have been an entertainer of some sort. But she was not normally attractive—and the combination of talent and beauty was a cinch to head her toward the movies. In the early days, her loveliness was an asset, for it was tempered with an extreme innocence. She was a child filled with tenderness, for people—and for all animal things. Like the heroine of *National Velvet,* her dearest companion was a horse. In her early teens she wrote "Nibbles And Me," a book about a chipmunk. She found this pet in the woods, and took him home.

Elizabeth Taylor was raised, in the most formative years, abroad, where her father was an art collector. In the comparatively strict English homes in which her family lived, she learned parental respect and the niceties of behavior. This was a predominant trait of her personality during the early days at MGM—one, no doubt, that had a good deal to do with the studio's decision to go the whole way in making her a star.

Studio life is a difficult one for kids. Although every precaution is taken to keep movie youngsters sweet and unspoiled, working all day, every day, with adults in an artistic medium is a drain on the staunchest personalities. In the mills where movies are turned out there is much adulation, much complimenting from the producers, directors and other actors. Then there is the publicity. It is very difficult to keep the knowledge of their super-assets away from movie kids—and Liz naturally learned about hers.

Puppy love came to Elizabeth Taylor very much as it did to any other little

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KAYTRON DRESSES—Pg. 81

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PEGGY MARTIN BLOUSE—Pg. 83

At fine stores throughout the country. If you would like to know the name of the store nearest you, write to Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

JANE HOLLY BLOUSE—Pg. 83

Boise, Idaho—Falk Mercantile Company
Boston, Mass.—Peter Flynn
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Nashville, Tenn.—Loveman, Bergen and Teitelbaum
New York, N. Y.—Canterbury Shops
Raleigh, N. C.—Boylan Pearce
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium

STARDUST BLOUSE—Pg. 83

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster and Company
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick and Nelson



This is one of the groups of Rockette shoes from which the Award Winning styles were chosen (see page 79).

If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

girl. In her first almost grown-up role she played opposite Peter Lawford and there is no denying that she was mad about him. It was a beautiful kid adoration for a handsome, older fellow. Then there was her initial approved crush—the one she had on Glenn Davis.

When the pictures of Liz and Glenn appeared in the papers it was heart-warming to the folks who by now had grown to love her. He was a stalwart football star, a clean-cut young fellow who, himself, had been the idol of a lot of people. And the "engagement" was a beautiful thing. It may have been that Glenn broke Liz' heart when it was over. It may have been that he was gone too long, Liz felt the need of a nearer love.

Bill Pawley, though, came as a bit of a surprise to Elizabeth's fans. It almost looked as though she had dumped Glenn. And when another engagement was announced, many of her fans felt that she should have been less eager to marry, for, after all, an engagement is expected to lead to marriage.

The first sign of her discontent came while she was in Florida visiting her fiance. An MGM producer, making a picture in that state, asked her to come and lunch with some friends out of town. Pawley, it is said, objected violently, but Liz went anyway. At this time it was common knowledge that Bill had asked her to give up the screen and settle down

Give a pig and a boy everything they want. You'll get a good pig, and a bad boy.—Clark Gable as quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

with him in his home state. For the press Liz is supposed to have agreed, but, as the luncheon incident indicates, her heart wasn't in it.

In fairness to Elizabeth, it must be said that her studio, now with a considerable investment in her, didn't care too much for the idea of her retiring. Metro did nothing about it, of course, but it is doubtful if there was a blessing on the plan. Her parents, always more concerned with her happiness than her career, were, on the other hand, quite agreeable. It was the issue of her career, insiders say, that broke the engagement. And young Pawley's morose attitude afterwards somewhat denies the statement that *he* broke *her* heart.

Nicky Hilton seemed like just the man when he came along. His dad was a multi-millionaire man of the world. They lived in Hollywood and an actress in the family wouldn't have made a bit of difference. There is no question about Liz's being in love. She was too filled with it not to be. But, as later events proved, she may not have been particularly in love with Nicky Hilton. Just with love—and freedom.

DISILLUSIONMENT is a serious thing to a young lady with no more years behind her than Liz Taylor, and anyone who saw or knew her at the time will tell you she was terribly disillusioned with Nicky three months after marriage. His escapades, which a good many laid to youthful exuberance and the joy of living, would have driven a much older person almost to distraction. It did Elizabeth. If they had not been in the public eye, and Liz had no one else to turn to, it still might have worked out, for Hilton seems to have simmered down considerably since the divorce. But she had her work—and she went back to it, a little too eagerly some thought.

There were stories in the papers that

she was melancholy about the whole thing, but she didn't show it much at the studio. She plunged into new films with a zest, and seemed to enjoy every minute she was at work. For a short time, she didn't appear in public, but only for a short time. Then came the sequence with director Stanley Doren.

A lot of understanding people, and some narrow ones, will go along with a 16-year-old girl falling in and out of love with a handsome football player—despite the sudden ending of ardor. They will also go along with another engagement, at 17, to as handsome a catch as Bill Pawley. If the circumstances are right, the same folks will understand a fast marriage and a quick divorce, at 18.

But there are few Elizabeth Taylor fans who will buy the picture of an 18-year-old divorcée touring the night spots several evenings a week with a married man, and necking in public places with him. Abandoning, apparently, all restrictions as to conduct. They might buy it if someone else were involved—but not Elizabeth Taylor, the little girl who such a short time ago wrote a beautiful, childish story about a chipmunk she loved.

Men and women of the Hollywood press corps who have interviewed Liz during the past year say she is now a cool, rather arrogant woman. Her attitude is one of "like it or lump it." We have not found it entirely that way, but almost. And it shows up in her work and in the reception she gets in theaters.

Up to this writing, Liz' last two pictures have been the biggest hits MGM has had in years. *Father Of The Bride* made a fortune—and put Liz in a pretty secure position as far as a box office star is concerned. And *Father's Little Dividend* is on its way to making even more money than the first picture. But we sat in a darkened theater in Westwood when *Father's Little Dividend* was previewed and we were shocked at the reception the name of Elizabeth Taylor received when it was flashed on the screen.

The Westwood theater is in a college town and, although there is always a solid mass of adults at the showings, the kids from the school, former rabid Taylor fans, are always out in full force. The credits appeared and Spencer Tracy got an ovation. Joan Bennett got thunderous applause. But when Elizabeth Taylor appeared there was a very frightening silence. It seemed she had no boosters. Even the kids didn't care—or maybe they were confused.

It's something worth thinking about. One of our most talented and beautiful stars might be fading because she has lived too fast and threatens to be a non-conformist. Of course wherever she appears she is stared at and admired for her breathtaking radiance. Even today at Metro they still follow her around to watch her move and sparkle. But it takes more than that to retain stardom. It takes a certain warmth that at present Liz Taylor seems to be losing.

But it is not too late. Liz has taken a lot of chances for her career and she might make a few sacrifices. She can't be censured too severely for the things that have happened to her, because she has not been completely at fault. But she can be taken to task for her attitude today, now, when she is on her own, away from the restrictions of family and studio bosses.

Love and romances are private affairs and good taste is something a girl must develop herself. Look to the future, Liz. You've got a long way to go.

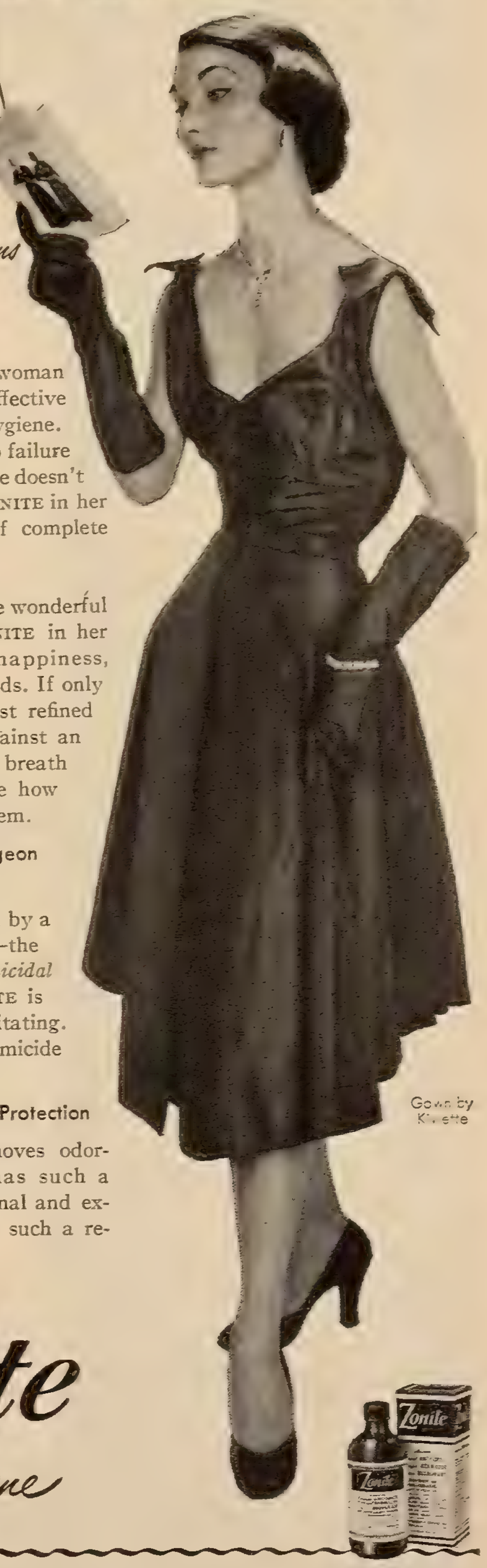
THE END

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



School days *can* be fun. And here's how to make the grade with friends as well as teachers.

WELL, summer's over and most of you are back in school. You've probably grown a little. At any rate you've changed—vacations always do that to you. But it's time to settle down now to the old, or new, routine, to pick up old friendships and make new ones. You're probably biting your nails about that exciting new boy you met this summer who has gone back to his hometown. Will he write or won't he? Did he mean all the things he said or was it just sweet talk? And does his real steady live next door to him and is he going back to her? But whatever happens don't go mooning around thinking life is over. You've got a big adjustment to make. You're going back to school.

I got a letter this month from a girl in Oregon who dumped the problem right in my lap. I hope I can help. She writes: "I'm starting high school this year and I want to start out right. How can you be popular with girls and boys while in school? Do you have to have a crowd before you can invite them in for cokes? How can you make these friends? I am just average looking and I'm new in this town."

Let me tell you first what not to do. I know about this because I was wrong when I first started to high school. I'm a naturally bossy character, or I was. I hope I've conquered a lot of that by now. But four years ago I thought I knew just a little more than most of the boys and girls in my new class in a new high school, and I was very willing to offer my opinion about the way everything should be done. Oh, very willing. And you know what? I couldn't understand why the other kids didn't like it. I was only trying to help them, I thought, and I couldn't understand why they weren't hanging on to my words of wisdom. Naturally, I soon found out they weren't. They gave me the old absent treatment and *I* found out I had a little group of my own, all right. Just me. Oh, it was very exclusive. But kind of lonesome.

So don't be like that. When you're in school you've got to be like the other kids and interested in what they're interested in. Take it easy at first, and find out what the girls you want for your friends are like. Remember they're individuals, too, and they've got a perfect right to their own tastes and opinions and even friends who might not appeal to you. Don't try to change them and you'll find yourself a lot more popular.

YOU'D be surprised how unimportant a pretty face is. One of the most sought after girls in my freshman class was one of the plainest. But I never thought of that after I got to know her. She was fun and full of beans. She never tried to take any girl's boy friend away from her, and she always looked scrubbed and kept her hair shining.

Which brings me to clothes. Honestly, I think you've got to conform to everything the other kids do—unless, of course, it's disgraceful—except in the matter of clothes Just because there are some silly fad-like sloppy Joe sweaters or skirts that are too long or socks that are rolled down over your shoes—is no reason why you should be a party to it. Wear a neat sweater and a skirt with the hem where it belongs. (The pictures in the fashion section of MODERN SCREEN will tell you where that is.) A jumper dress is good, too. You can make it look different every day with a clean and freshly-ironed blouse. And if your ankles are inclined to be even just a bit too thick please don't wear loafers. That's sheer murder.

A girl from Dallas asked me what to do about cliques that try to crowd you out of their activities. She wrote: "I mean a certain group of real popular girls that

think they're the only girls who count for anything."

Well, that's always a problem. The only answer I can give is to make yourself so attractive and popular with both boys and girls that the clique can't get along without you. Or else stop being jealous and worrying and form a crowd of your own. And then try not to make the mistake of excluding other girls like yourself. Remember how it felt when you were an outsider.

A lot of girls think the only important thing is to be popular with boys. But I don't agree with that. If you're popular with boys it doesn't necessarily follow that you're popular with girls, too. But practically every girl that girls like finds the boys are interested as well. Girls won't like you if they think you're not to be trusted, and if they think all you're out for is the opposite sex. It's swell to have a lot of beaus, but let's face it. You're probably not going to marry any of them, and it's even better to have real friends. Besides, what good is it to have a boy friend unless you've got a girl friend to discuss him with?

Practically every girl has a catty friend in her life. There's always one in every class. But for heaven's sake don't let the cat get your goat. Remember when you were a kid and your grown-up uncle used to tease you? Remember how fast he stopped when you didn't get mad? It's the same way with a cat. If she finds she can't upset you or make you unhappy she'll pull those claws right in.

THERE'S one surefire way to get along with teachers and that is to study and make good grades. It's the exceptional teacher that doesn't like kids. If they didn't they wouldn't take such a hard job. But they are at school primarily to teach, and when you don't cooperate and don't pay attention they lose patience with you.

I don't approve of homework. Me and George Bernard Shaw and quite a lot of other people. When I was a freshman I read what Shaw had to say against it and I stuck the clipping on the bulletin board at school. It didn't do any good, and chances are you're doing plenty of homework. But you need a set time and place where you won't be interrupted. I think if you put this up to your parents in a nice way they'll understand, and if you haven't a room of your own, work in the dining room or kitchen where there's no radio or TV to bother you.

For the next nine months your home life and your school life are going to be all mixed up together. You're an important part of the family and your parents should realize it. They have their friends in for the evening, you should too. But you should be considerate enough to ask your mother if it's all right with her to have a bunch in for cokes and sandwiches on a certain night.

Before you know it you'll have a crowd of your own if you don't rush it too fast and make the kids think you're pushing. Just think of the kind of girl you like best and *be* that kind of girl.

NOW here are some other letters.

"Dear Joan: My steady is in first year college and I am a senior in high school. He

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doesn't think I should date while he is away, not even for school affairs. What shall I do?

—G. K., Morgan City, La."

I'm sure if this boy really loves you he cannot be so selfish as to demand that you miss the social life of your last year in high school. Not going to school affairs with your classmates would set you apart and make you very unhappy. You should explain to your steady that he must have faith in you. If he hasn't that much faith in you, what kind of a future will you have with him?

"Dear Joan: My best girl friend steals and lies. The other day she stole two cartons of cigarettes. My parents have forbidden me to see her, but she is trying to lead a good life now. What she needs is a good friend.

—E. F., Haddonfield, N. J."

If only the other day this girl stole some cigarettes, she has not been trying to lead a good life long enough to prove to me that she deserves your friendship. This is one of the problems that faces persons of all ages,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day when I was vacationing up at Banff Springs Hotel I was horseback riding along the golf course and saw a man in golf clothes trying to shoot his way out of a sand-trap. He made an excellent shot so I called to him, "Pretty good shot!"

He turned, waved and then hollered, "Thanks."

When I got back to the club house, I saw this man and his wife and realized that the golfer was Randolph Scott, who was on location there for a picture.

Jane Therese Ebert
Everett, Washington

but teen-agers especially are judged by the company they keep. It is not your job to try to straighten her out; this is a problem for her parents and teachers to tackle. You can only be hurt if you continue to go around with her. Let this girl prove herself worthy of your friendship before you become her friend again. This may seem cruel, but I think it is the best thing for her. When she discovers that her behavior is losing friends for her she might do an about face.

"Dear Joan: I have been afraid of horses since I was bucked off of one two years ago. What shall I do to get over this fear?

—B. W., Hinckley, Utah."

Personally I have never had any fear of horses and love to ride. But I think I may be able to help you by telling the experience of my best friend, Palma Shard. When a bunch of us decided to ride horseback every Saturday morning Palma would invent all sorts of excuses not to go. Then we discovered she was just scared. We finally coaxed her out to the stables and asked for the gentlest horse there. For the first three or four times she didn't have a bit of fun, but now she loves it. However, let me give you one word of

warning: don't let the kids talk you into riding a spirited horse at first. You should have a healthy respect for a horse. So start out on something ready for the glue factory until you get your nerve back. And believe me, it will come back.

"Dear Joan: Since my father died and I am an only child, my mother and I have shared a room. We have a perfectly adorable extra room but Mother says it would be foolish for me to use it and that she would be lonesome. What do you think?—M. L., KILLEEN, TEXAS."

EVERY girl who possibly can should have a room of her own and mothers should certainly think back to the time when they were girls and wanted one. It doesn't mean you love your mother any the less, and your wanting it should not hurt her feelngs. But every girl should have a place where she can express her own individuality and personality, and there is nothing so much fun as fixing up a room of your own. Also everybody should have some place where he can have privacy—and this doesn't mean secrets. Since there is already a spare room in your house I certainly think it should be yours.

"Dear Joan: Can you give me a plan so that when I come off a diet I won't gain back what I have taken off?

—S. W., ONARGA, ILL."

Just be sensible and don't go crazy when you finish your diet. Don't eat desserts except on some special occasion. Don't eat between meals. Lay off bread and butter and all sweets like jellies and jams and malteds and ice cream sodas. Don't take second helpings. Eat a light lunch. In other words, just use your head, girl and you'll keep that svelte figure.

"Dear Joan: The boy I've been going with has been getting moody. Even when you talk about things that interest him he only answers 'Yes,' and 'No.' He is losing all his friends. Please give me some advice on how to help him."

—C. P., ALTOONA, PA."

I used to have dates with a boy who was as moody as your friend seems to be. For a long while I thought it was up to me to try to get him out of his moods, and I'd come back from what should have been a pleasant date completely exhausted. I finally decided life was too short and there were too many boys who like to have fun and like me to have fun. Of course, I don't believe that everybody has to be gay all the time; that gets to be a bore too. And if somebody comes to you with a real problem and asks your help, then you should give it gladly. But if this boy won't tell you what the trouble is, what can you do to help?

"Dear Joan: I have a hard time talking to boys on dates or anywhere. I am going steady with a boy but don't feel at ease. Can you help me?

—B. L., WADENA, MINN."

The fact that this boy likes you well enough to go steady should make you feel comfortable with him. And feeling comfortable means that you are at ease. I'll bet you talk a mile a minute to your girl friends. Talk to the boys about the same things—local activities, the movies you've seen, sports you like, people you know. Now I'm going to let you in on a secret: boys like gossip—good, wholesome, friendly gossip, that is—just as well as girls do. Shyness is an indication that you are thinking more of yourself than the other person. Just be natural, and try to please.

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

mr. and mrs. murphy

(*Continued from page 65*) She's so pretty, so naturally pleasant that she could have a screen career herself. A Hollywood director who saw her at a preview, leaned over and said to a friend of his, "That girl is prettier than three-fourths of the stars. Has a lot of character in her face."

But Pam insists that her only career right now is to keep Audie happy. "Once in a while I get the urge to travel," she says, "but then Audie comes home and all the wanderlust goes out of me."

Keeping Audie Murphy happy isn't the simplest job in the world, and not because Audie is moody or mystical or at all the way he's been ridiculously described.

Audie has career and money problems.

To date, he's been the star in six films: *Bad Boy, Kid from Texas, Sierra, Kansas Raiders, The Cimmaron Kid,* and *The Red Badge of Courage.*

"That's not enough," he says. "I want more pictures. I like to work. I've got things to straighten out."

Audie has reference to his financial problems, problems which he and Pam are in the process of working out together.

These problems have their roots in Audie's past. Five years ago when he first hit Hollywood as the hero of World War II, he was the most innocent, trusting boy anyone had ever seen.

Terry Hunt, one of Audie's best friends, says, "When Audie arrived in this town you could've sold him 5,000 shares of Atlantic Ocean Preferred. He'd sign anything. Not that he wasn't bright. He's very bright. It's only that he was very trusting. There are a lot of sharp operators in this city. Audie thought they were all men of good will.

"One morning he woke up and much to his surprise, he found out differently. He owed one studio two picture commitments, another producer three, and so on down the line. Everyone had a cut of the kid except himself."

Audie has worked hard these past few years, but aside from an Oldsmobile, he doesn't have much to show for it. He's used his salary to pay off the money which other independent producers had insisted upon advancing to him.

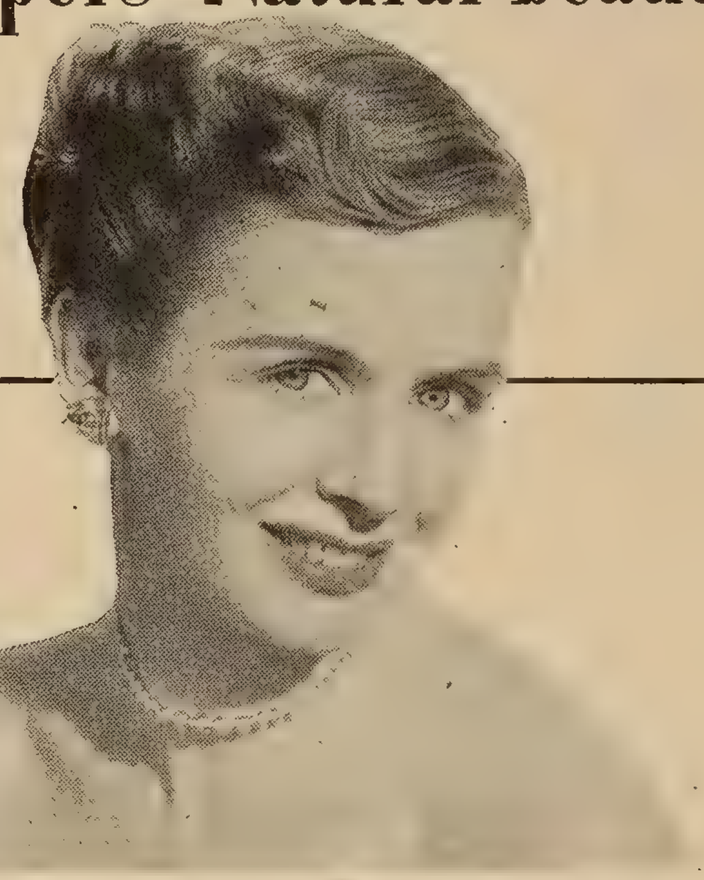
By the end of this year with a little luck, Audie should be able to leave his financial woes behind him. He's extremely popular with the younger set, and several studios have been flirting with the idea of making him into a young Gene Autry. This might work well.

Audie comes from Texas, rides a horse expertly, and knows everything about firearms. There's no doubt that he can be developed into a Western star of the first rank.

John Huston who directed him in *The Red Badge of Courage,* says, "He's got the ability to win audiences. He arouses the



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maternal instinct in women and the fraternal spirit in men. Not many actors can do that."

Fortunately for Audie, he has a wife who is perfectly satisfied to live in a house without a swimming pool. She can also do without jewels, flashy cars, or mink stoles.

"If money were the key to a happy marriage," Pam says, "the rich would be the happiest people in the world. Usually, they're just the opposite. The thing that counts most in a marriage is unity, having faith and respect for each other.

Pamela is wise enough to realize that a marriage without problems isn't a marriage at all. By facing a problem and surmounting it, a couple grows closer in understanding and devotion.

A relatively new groom, Audie isn't ready to discuss children. "I'm crazy about children," he says, "and I know we're going to have some, but first things come first. In our book, a house has the number-one priority. Once we get a house that belongs to us, we'll start thinking of a family.

"I'm not one of those guys who thinks everything has to be set before a child can come into the world. If everyone waited until they were financially secure before they had children, the population in this country wouldn't be very large.

"Right now, Pam keeps busy by cleaning the house and cooking and doing all the laundry. As soon as a speck of dust gets on things, she starts working."

"I'm just content to be a home-body," Pam insists. "Back in Dallas I lived with four and five hostesses in one house. Now there's only Audie and me—and it's grand."

When Audie was married to Wanda Hendrix, there was no such agreement on marital philosophy. Wanda was a small-town girl, too, but she was an ambitious actress, and she could never understand why Audie balked at going to parties and making so-called valuable contacts.

She just didn't understand her husband. Pamela does, and Audie understands her.

Although she and Audie have been married only a very few months, they give the impression of having been man and wife for years. They have adjusted so harmoniously to each other that no one ever takes them for newlyweds. They like it that way. THE END

don't bargain for faith

(*Continued from page 70*) around him like a tight wrapping, was the boy on the golden staircase. I was so far gone he was like a stranger to me. I kept wondering about him. "What now? . . . What now? . . . What now?"

Today I am a man of faith, not necessarily in any one particular religion, or in any one specific manner of worshipping God, but in His order of things. I pray every day. I have seen faith come to my wife, who had forsaken it, and I see faith in the eyes of my little boy because he was born with it and in it.

For I came to faith in that hospital bed, but not in a spirit of thankfulness over my recovery and return to my career. I shall always be glad I came to faith before I knew that I was to be restored to the life I wanted . . . and for its own sake. Otherwise it would be a bargain and faith is not to be bargained for.

Before the doctors said I was out of danger; before a friend appeared and named a plastic surgeon who had agreed to help me though he knew he would have to wait long for his fee; before I had any assurance I could get back into pictures . . . I talked to God and told Him that if

He accepted me I would be happy in that alone.

The doctor, in a series of operations, did a good job. Sometimes I think that the face he recreated is better than the original job. But even if he hadn't, even if disfigurement had been my lot, I am convinced today that I would have had the spiritual strength to make what was left of life, no matter what its station, a good one, a contented one. At least this is the kind of faith I hope I have. This is the kind I think we all need.

Faith is more than fuel for hope, it is a feeling of serenity no matter what happens. It acts in all sorts of ways to give one peace of mind. For instance, I used to stew over lost roles, lost opportunities. No more. Emotionally, you might say, I live a non-toxic existence . . . and I do think that envy, jealousy and worry *are* poisons.

I remember, not long after I got started acting again, making what seemed like a terribly bad decision. I was offered a substantial interest in an important movie venture. Not only an investment gain, but additional professional opportunities for me would be opened up if I agreed to go along. But there was one aspect of it that I didn't like—the man who had originally conceived the idea was to be frozen out of the undertaking. There was nothing illegal involved in banning him, yet I felt that morally this should not be. I refused to join.

"Dennis, you're acting like a baby," I was told. "This is the way things are done in business and you can't change it."

But it made no difference to me. I refused because I knew I couldn't take my faith along with me, and without that I was an empty Dennis O'Keefe.

No bolt from the blue has struck the fellows who started this company. They have done fine. I would have profited nicely, apparently. But my feeling is that I have profited even more staying out; in the happy marriage I made soon afterwards; in the health of my child; in my self-respect. Somehow, I feel things work out this way.

ONCE I told Steffi, my wife, how I had acted in this decision.

"I would have been rich by the time I met you, instead of just handsome," I kidded.

She shook her head. "We might never have met," she replied. "Or, having met, you would not have been the fellow you were. You would not have been at peace with yourself and therefore not acted at ease with me. One way or another it would have made a difference and we would never have felt what we could mean to each other."

I am certain that she is right.

I said that my little boy, Jimmy, who is now seven, prays. He was born with prayer. He was a premature baby, delivered actually at the end of the sixth month, and after the birth all I could do was pray, "Please give the litle guy a chance. Let him make it. Let him make it."

I remember in those apprehensive days, when his life was so close to the borderline, how my heart swelled with relief that I had lived within my faith, that I had not strayed from it. Therefore I felt I had a right to ask for his life. It was as if I stood in a good place to plead his case.

And now Jimmy is seven and he prays too. He prays very fast. So fast (because he learned it that way) that I can understand hardly a word and sometimes tell him that maybe God will not be able to understand him.

He looks at me pityingly and says, "Don't worry, Pop, He'll understand all right. He'll understand."

I don't think we adults can ever approach the faith of a child, a faith like Jimmy's. It is completely trusting and wonderfully intimate. I am not truly a church-goer, but I do accompany Jimmy and Juliana, the latter the young daughter of my wife by her first marriage. I have been with Jimmy when we have been kneeling for an extended time and have heard him work into his prayer to God the information that his knees were beginning to hurt. It is something he is quite sure that God, whom he regards as his best friend, would like to know.

I WAS about 10 years old when my father gave me my first lesson in faith at work. The two of us were in Chicago where Dad was playing a vaudeville date. We were walking by the Marshall Field store in the Loop when a cab backed into an areaway, almost pinning an old beggar to the wall. If my father hadn't yelled sharply at the driver there might have been a bad accident.

By the time the driver had leaped from his seat to see what was wrong, the old man had scuttled away into the crowd. It looked as if my father had just been angrily denouncing what he thought was bad driving. The cabbie was hotheaded and took a swing at Dad. He missed, and this made him so angry he waded right in with both fists.

I got excited, but not scared. I knew my father had won several competitions in boxing around St. Louis where he was raised, and I was sure he could beat the other fellow. But, to my dismay, he didn't even try! Not once, though the cabbie rushed and swung repeatedly, did Dad try to strike a blow. He just ducked or defended himself, and didn't vary this even though he was hit several times. A policeman ran up, the fight was stopped, but Dad refused to press charges.

We walked to our hotel in silence, my heart heavy with what I felt was Dad's disgrace. When he was treating a bruise on his cheek I couldn't stand it any longer and burst out crying.

"Why were you afraid, Dad? Why didn't you hit back?" I demanded.

He looked at me in surprise and then pulled me to him. "I wasn't afraid, son," he said, gently. "Not a bit afraid. If with all his swinging he only hit me a glancing blow or two, doesn't it make sense to you that I could have hurt him pretty badly if I wanted to?"

"Then why didn't you?" I burst out.

"Because I knew I could," he told me. "I was certain about it. Absolutely certain."

He didn't say any more and we just looked at each other. Then I guess I began to think.

"You mean . . ." I began. "You mean it wouldn't be fair then?" I asked.

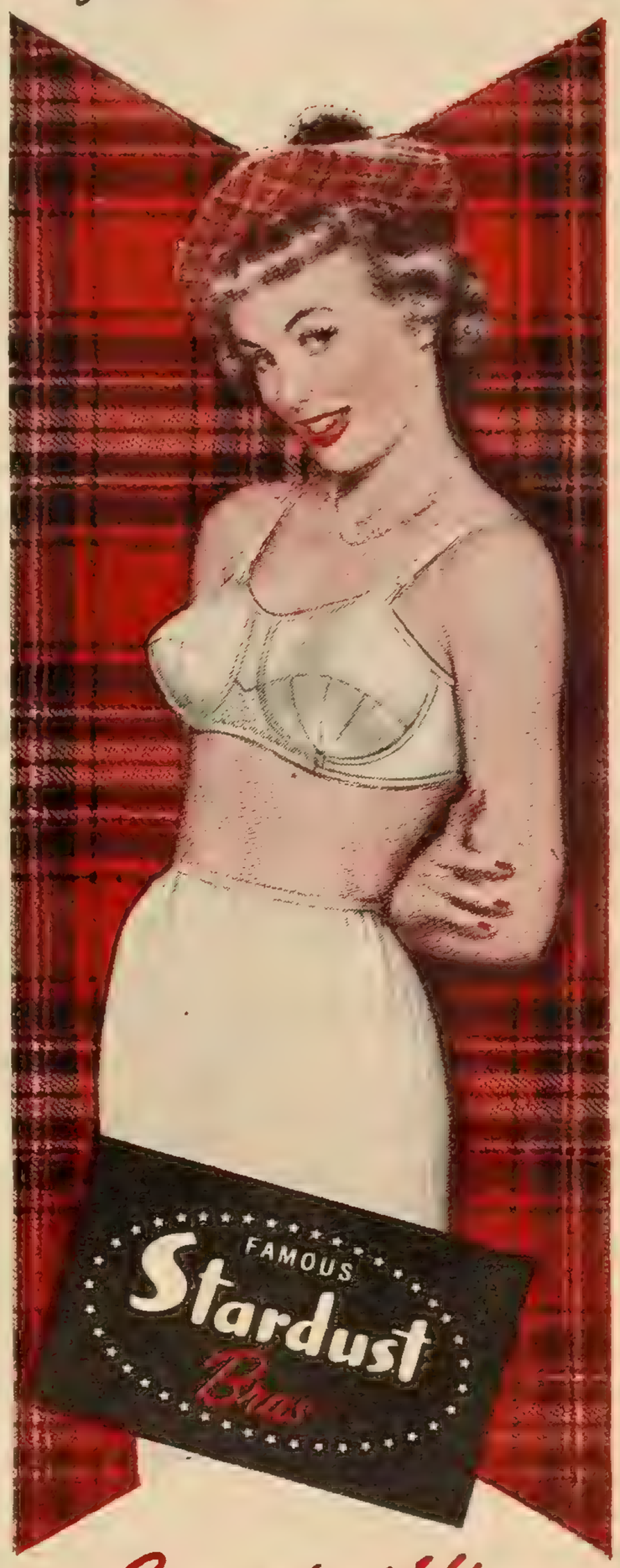
Dad smiled and nodded. "Not a bit fair," he said. "And not a bit nice. I knew why he was angry. It was because I had scared him with my yell. He was frightened that he might have hurt somebody with his cab. I even liked him for it and I just wanted him to get over his scare without getting into trouble."

I think my heart just swelled with admiration for him when I finally understood what he was getting at, and it swells again with pride, as I recall the incident.

Dad used to tell me that because I belonged to no specific church I must be twice as strong spiritually as a man who did. As I have made obvious, it was advice that faded after his death, which happened when I was 17. But it is back with me now . . . and not to leave.

It is back with my wife, because she, too, had lost her trust in God once and for an extended period. Steffi became an agnostic when it seemed to her that

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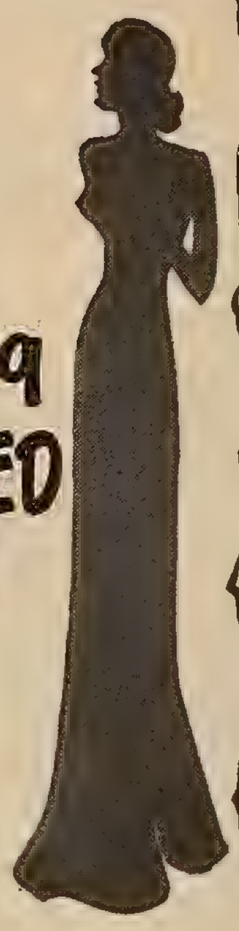
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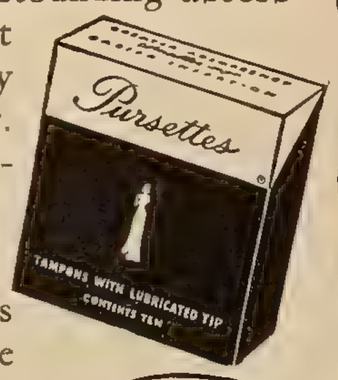
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her whole family had suffered undeservedly at the hands of fate in war-torn Europe. To her, life loomed as a savage existence softened by no spiritual rewards, Steffi herself, after she came to this country, had her dancing career interrupted by a painful hip condition which neither medicine nor surgery helped.

But by this time we were together and I would not give up hope. For several years she suffered. She was in agony 80 per cent of the time, in pain 10 per cent, and for the remaining 10 per cent she plain hurt. When there was no doctor to encourage us I had only one weapon left . . . and that was prayer. Steffi was appreciative, but was herself bitterly reconciled to living the rest of her days almost as an invalid. Yet she was brave. She wanted as much out of life as she could get, and though doctors warned her against motherhood she paid no heed.

Months after little Jimmy's birth, when he had caught up to normal weight and development, I had had no intimation from Steffi that she had changed her mind about religion. Then, one evening at bedtime, I spoke to her and she just said, "Sh-h-h." A moment later she announced simply, "I'm sorry. I was praying."

It developed then that I had not been alone in praying that Jimmy would make it. "And once I prayed I felt I must live up to it," Steffi told me. "I have kept it up ever since."

I told her she might as well include herself in her prayers. She smiled and nodded. For more than a year we had not consulted any doctor about her. More months passed and then, one day, we got a telephone call from the orthopedic surgeon who had last examined her. He asked us to drop in to see him. I was excited but Steffi permitted herself no hope when we went.

Seated before him we heard the astounding news that a new surgical technique had been developed which might be used on Steffi. It was a combination of three new operations and she was only the 24th patient in medical history to be so treated. Today she has an almost normal use of her hip, the pain is negligible compared to its former intensity, and Steffi is happier than she has been in years.

Faith is a very simple necessity to both of us now. We realize that it must be part of our lives because it was with us from the day we first met . . . even though we did not know it. There is only one choice we think; either one lives a life of faith or a life of doubt. Who could fail to turn to faith? THE END

(*Dennis O'Keefe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* Follow The Sun—ED.)

mr. and mrs. tony curtis

(*Continued from page 63*) the studio. I get up at eight and go over to my studio. Then I drive over to Ma's house, pick her up, and drive down to the hospital to see Dad.

"I drive Ma home, go back to the studio, pick Janet up at the apartment. Then, Janet and I go back to the hospital and spend the whole evening with Dad.

"After that we grab a bite, go home and hit the hay.

"That's a pretty rough way to spend a honeymoon. None of this Honolulu or Bermuda routine. But I'm not complaining, because I have the best wife in the whole world.

"You don't know this girl. She's perfect. Honestly! If I were to say tomorrow, 'Janet, I want you to give up your career,' she'd do it. More than anything else in life, she wants to please me. And more than anything, I want to please her. How can we go wrong with that kind of attitude?

"While I'm talking, I must say that people have been pretty wonderful to us. You know, when we got married there was a lot of talk about how my fans would forsake me.

"Nothing like that happened at all. We got wonderful letters of congratulations from perfect strangers.

"I'm trying to send all of them thank-you notes, but that takes time. It would help if you'd say thank-you for Janet and me in MODERN SCREEN, and tell everyone we'll answer their letters just as fast as we can.

WE'D also like to do something real swell for Howard Duff. He turned his house in Malibu over to us. Just like that. Nobody asked him. After Janet finished her picture, the weather was murder in Los Angeles, hitting ninety all the time.

"Duff ran into me in the street. 'Why don't you and Janet spend a few days down at the beach?' he asked. 'You can have my house.'

"Well, Janet had four days off between *Just This Once* and *Scaramouche*, and I had a few days off before starting the *Son of Ali Baba*, and Dad was improving that week, so I accepted Howie's offer. Janet and I drove down to his Malibu cottage.

"Those four days at Malibu were the greatest bit of our delayed honeymoon. We slept late, romped on the beach, went swimming.

"Janet and I had both lost weight so we fattened up a little. For the first time in a long while we felt relaxed."

Honeymooning at Malibu, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis discussed the problem of children. Janet is an only child and is against families with one child on principle. Tony has a brother and likes large families.

"We're going to have some children," Tony says, "as soon as we get settled. I don't think children will interfere with Janet's career, and I don't see any reason why she shouldn't have one—a career, I mean. Lots of people keep saying that two acting careers in one family don't mix.

"I don't know about that. Janet's a much bigger star than I am, and she earns more money—but in this family, I'm the breadwinner. Other actresses have had children, and it hasn't ruined their careers.

"On the other hand, maybe when the children start coming, Janet will retire for a year or two. We don't know yet.

"Right now we're in the process of getting our bearings. I want to work hard. I want to make as many good pictures as possible. Janet keeps working all the time. She goes from one picture to another. I thinks she's made three or four already.

"If I could make three or four or even 10 pictures a year, I'd jump with joy. I love movies. I also love having a home and having Janet there to come home to.

"I never realized marriage could be so swell. A lot of my friends tell me that I'm flying on cloud 29. 'When are you kids coming down to earth?' they ask.

"We've got our feet on the ground. We know the score. I've got a business manager and he's saving money for me, money for the children-to-come and the emergencies like my Dad's getting sick.

"I understand that once the honeymoon is over, the glow wears off the marriage. Well, I have a big scoop for you. As far as Janet and I are concerned, this marriage is one perpetual honeymoon. Goodbye, now—the wife's calling." THE END

mr. and mrs. john agar

(*Continued from page 65*) a part in a stage play. I want to learn all the facets of the business.

"I've got a wife and a child to support, and Loretta and I expect to have several other children just as soon as we get settled."

Loretta Agar comes from a family that had six girls and one boy. She says, "Jack and I love children, and we want some, of course. Certainly more than one. Who can tell about such things? Right now, the thing to do is to get Jack straightened out on these traffic charges."

As we all know now, John Agar took the witness stand in Los Angeles Municipal Court several months ago and denied stoutly that he was intoxicated when he was arrested in Westwood on a drunk driving charge.

John insisted that on the day of his arrest he had taken only four drinks, scotch and water. Three before lunch, and one after 18 holes of golf.

He was apprehended while taking Loretta out to dinner. The arresting officers testified that his eyes were bloodshot and that he had failed to pass his sobriety test.

In court, John admitted that his auto had swerved over the white line, "but that was only because," he testified, "I wanted to make a turn without jostling my passenger. As for my eyes being bloodshot, they're bloodshot lots of times due to strain, sunlight, and dust."

John said that he walked a straight line for officers in a normal stride but that he couldn't walk a straight line in the specific heel-to-toe manner they demanded.

His wife was then called to the stand. Loretta denied a motorcycle officer's testimony that she was surprised at Jack's inability to walk a straight line.

Officer Byron Schwab had previously testified that Mrs. Agar had said, "Gee! I didn't know he was as bad as that until I saw him walking the line."

"I wouldn't have let him drive if he'd been drunk," Loretta told the jury, "because it was I who had borrowed the car."

Larry Springer, Agar's golf partner on the day of his arrest, also testified that Jack had taken only one drink after their golf game.

The trial lasted for three days, and Agar's two attorneys, Everett Leighton and Llewelyn Moses both made eloquent pleas to the jury.

While his attorneys spoke, Jack and his wife played nervously with their fingers, wondering if Jack would be acquitted or found guilty and sentenced to 30 days in the county jail.

The jury of nine women and three men deliberated for more than four hours. "It seemed like an eternity," Agar said later.

While that jury deliberated, another jury was being selected to try John on still another charge of drunk driving.

The jury left the courtroom at 2:30 in the afternoon. At 7:00 it filed back in. The foreman handed the verdict to the clerk, who in turn, passed it up to the Judge. "The Jury," announced the Judge, "finds the defendant guilty as charged."

Agar winced. His wife took his hand and clasped it firmly. Then the Judge announced that he would pass sentence on Agar at a later date somewhere between August 27th and August 30th.

Loretta ran out into the corridor where, for the first time, she lost her composure completely. She burst into tears and began crying, "Oh no," she sobbed, "no, no." John followed her out, and put his arms around his wife's shoulders. "It will be O.K. Darling," he said reassuringly—but he still didn't know whether he would have to spend one month or six months in jail, pay a fine of $500, or possibly win some sort of leniency from the Court and be placed upon probation.

"Jack is a man and will accept any punishment the Court hands out," Loretta said. "But I don't think he deserves any. This cloud's been hanging over our marriage long enough. We want to get it done with and start out with a clean slate."

By the time this story appears in print the final verdict will be known. But so far, for the Agars, marriage has not been an altogether blissful affair. THE END

reunion in london

(*Continued from page 37*) the perfect complexion of alabaster white, the trim figure, blue-grey eyes, and the perfectly curved mouth.

To Pia, seeing her mother again was the most exciting event in her whole young life. For three years, the little girl had been hearing and reading the most amazing collection of half-truths concerning Ingrid. Dr. Lindstrom, of course, had told her the truth simply and delicately with great tact.

Her mother, he'd explained, had fallen in love with another man, had secured a divorce and had then been married to the other man. Presently, she'd given birth to a baby-boy, who was Pia's half-brother.

Just how much Pia picked up by herself through the newspapers and radio, no one really knows. At any rate, whether she is acquainted with the true sequence of events is unimportant. She is much too young to pass moral judgment on her mother whom she loves very much.

To Pia, only one thing counts: she has seen her mother again. Better still, she knows that she will see her mother at least once every year, and probably in Europe, too.

As she grows older, she will meet Rossellini, for such a meeting—no matter what Dr. Lindstrom may think—is inevitable. And she will meet and play with her half-brother, Robertino.

When Dr. Lindstrom and Pia (whom he now calls Jenny) left Los Angeles for Europe, he would issue no statement. However, a statement came from Judge Isaac Pacht, Lindstrom's attorney, who explained that the doctor and his daughter would board the Queen Mary in New York for England and Sweden where Ingrid and Jenny "would enjoy an extended visit."

The Judge pointed out that Lindstrom and Ingrid had agreed on Sweden for the reunion because both of them, as well as Pia, had been born there. Meeting in Sweden would also avoid contact with Rossellini whom Lindstrom justifiably can't abide.

"This," the Judge announced, "will carry out an understanding that the child's visit with her mother should take place under conditions where Pia would not be involved in any contact with Mr. Rossellini . . . I'm issuing this statement because we want to set at rest the unfounded rumors which have emanated from Rome over the past eight or nine months."

These rumors implied that Ingrid and Pia would meet in Paris, Rome, the Riviera, and several other cities.

Whenever these rumors were printed, Dr. Lindstrom refused to dignify them with a denial. He knew that Ingrid had been contacted in Rome and had agreed in sub-



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stance to the following plan: She would leave Rome by train during the last week in July, and would pretend to proceed directly to Sweden, but would come to London instead.

The doctor and Pia would arrive in England on July 20th. They would then check into the Washington Hotel in London, and would spend a week sightseeing and shopping. After that, they would meet Ingrid.

If by chance Ingrid was delayed or unable to make it, she was to notify them at the Washington Hotel. Otherwise, Ingrid and Pia were to spend approximately two weeks together. Then Pia would return to the United States with her father.

This ocean voyage to meet her mother was Pia's first trans-Atlantic trip she'd been capable of enjoying. And how she loved it!

She gaily explored the Queen Mary, and when the boat docked at Southampton and the British newspapermen came aboard to question her and her father, she viewed them serenely.

"Matter of fact," wrote one English reporter, "Dr. Lindstrom was more put out by the inquiries than his daughter. Just as soon as we'd ask the little girl a question, the doctor would refuse to let her answer."

Lindstrom was his usual uncommunicative self.

"What brings you to England?" a reporter asked thumb-in-cheek.

"Well," explained the doctor, "about a year ago I decided to visit England and Sweden."

"With or without your daughter?"

The doctor ignored that question.

"How long do you plan to stay here?"

Lindstrom fingered the red carnation in the lapel of his gray worsted suit. "Just a few days. After that, we're leaving for Sweden."

"By plane or boat?" a reporter asked.

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

Another reporter edged forward. "Have you heard anything from Miss Bergman lately?"

The doctor's face stiffened. "You're wasting my time and your time," he said flatly, "by asking such personal questions."

"Very well, then," agreed the reporter. "What plans have been made for meeting Miss Bergman in Sweden? Will the child have any time to spend with her mother?"

The doctor shook his head resignedly. "We intend to go to Stockholm," he said, "and other places in Sweden. Miss Bergman will have many opportunities to visit with her daughter." Lindstrom failed to drop the slightest hint about Ingrid's arriving in London.

Pia stood next to her father. She wore the same blue and white checkered dress that she was to wear later when she met Ingrid. In her wedgies and bobby socks, a red bag over her shoulder, and a portable radio in her right hand, she looked adorable.

"Tell me, Miss Lindstrom," a reporter asked, "did you enjoy your trip?"

Dr. Lindstrom intervened. "She is only 12," he said. "I will not allow any of you to question her."

He clasped Pia's free hand in his and descended the gangplank. A reporter raced down after them. In Swedish he asked Pia if she knew how to talk in her mother's native tongue.

Pia looked up at him and laughed.

"Nej," she answered. "Nej," which means no.

After being cleared by customs, the Lindstroms boarded a train for London.

Approximately ten days later Pia had her reunion with Ingrid at the Washington Hotel. It lasted five hours.

What Ingrid and her daughter talked about, Pia cannot say, since her father will not permit her to be interviewed. However, Pia did say, "I saw mother and spent several hours with her. It was wonderful." That plans were made for future meetings—the next one will probably be at Christmas with Ingrid coming to this country—there is little doubt. The one factor which has caused Ingrid the greatest heartache in her affair with Rossellini has been her separation from Pia.

In loving Rossellini, Ingrid was willing to risk her reputation, even her career—but not her daughter. The fact that she has been able to see and talk to Pia once again is of tremendous importance to her. Because of this reunion she views her future with hope and happiness.

THE END

bob's wife

(*Continued from page 43*) "Lately," she continued, "it's seemed as though every day has been taken up with contract negotiations, script conferences, and talks with the director. All summer we've wanted to go back down to Balboa but something has always come up at the last minute to prevent it. But now that the picture is definitely set, I'm so excited I can hardly wait for it to start. I've been off the screen a long time, you know."

It has been no secret that during the past three and one-half years, Lana has given her career a back seat. In fact, for a star of her magnitude, her appearances on the screen have been so infrequent that they might almost be called nonexistent. There was *No Life of Her Own.* And last year she made *Mr. Imperium.* So when Lana's old contract with MGM expired this spring, it was only natural that she would start thinking seriously about her career again. Lana and Bob spent many hours discussing her career, and together, made the decision that she should return to MGM.

Earlier in the summer, I'd had a brief glimpse of Lana and Bob one day down at Balboa Bay when their sleek speed boat had flashed past the chugging fishing boat I was riding out to sea. On sudden impulse, I had yelled, "Hi Lana!" I'm sure she couldn't recognize me in my battered fishing clothes, but she stood up in the stern of their speeding craft and shouted an enthusiastic hello right back. She looked like a bronzed, blonde Diana.

When I reminded Lana of this chance meeting, she smiled and said, "That's what we loved about Balboa. Down there, everyone says hello as a matter of course. Our apartment was right on the bay, and we got to know everyone who sailed past."

Lana and Bob moved down there shortly after she lost her second baby last winter. At the time, Bob owned an interest in a boat-building firm near the harbor and they spent nearly four wonderful months in the comfortable Lido Isle apartment which they leased for the spring season.

They rarely went out for dinner, and when they invited friends in, Bob did the cooking himself on their barbecue pit—usually charcoal-broiled steaks, deeply marinated in the special keriaki soy sauce he discovered during his last trip to Honolulu. They joined the Bay Club, and on Sundays, they would run their fast express cruiser out past the jetty to watch the sailboats race around the buoys.

"Lana wouldn't tell you," Bob confided

over his breakfast coffee, "but she nearly won the doubles tournament at the Bay Club with Van Zerbe, a friend of ours. Unfortunately, their opponents in the semi-finals were just one game stronger."

Every day at Balboa was like a holiday. But the best one of all was Lana's birthday, which she considers to be the most exciting birthday of her entire lifetime.

"It was so wonderful because it was a complete surprise. All morning, I had been gloomy because I thought Bob had forgotten my birthday, and by the time we went over to the Bay Club for lunch, I was completely in the dumps. We sat with some friends near the window which overlooks the harbor, and I merely picked at my food. At one time during lunch, everyone at the table began chattering and I thought they'd all gone crazy. Later that afternoon, I found out the reason why. Bob had chartered *The Malibu,* a big pleasure yacht, for my birthday and while we were having lunch, it sailed past the Bay Club on the way to the dock. Everyone tried to keep me distracted so I wouldn't turn around and see her. Then, after lunch, Bob said, 'Come on, let's take a walk.' 'I don't want to take a walk,' I replied, abruptly. But finally, I agreed to walk down to the docks with Bob and there was *The Malibu* waiting for us. That night, we had a wonderful party and in the dawn, we slipped out of the harbor for a six-day voyage around Catalina Island. It was like a dream."

A few weeks later, Lana and Bob drove to Ensenada with some friends to help celebrate the arrival of the boats in the annual Newport-to-Ensenada yacht race. "We wanted to sail down on one of the fastest boats, in order to be in at the finish," Lana said, "but I'm afraid that I'm not sailor enough yet to tackle the open sea on a trip like that."

They had a delightful time at the victory celebration, however, and driving back to Balboa in Bob's open sports car, Lana got her nose sunburned berry-red. It was still looking pretty unglamorous when Lana had to return to Hollywood for the first conferences about her new picture, *The Merry Widow.*

When Cheryl's school was let out for the summer, Lana and Bob gave up their plans for returning to the beach and settled down at their Brentwood home, which is a miniature Shangri-la itself. Most of their entertaining this summer has been centered around the pool house, and the barbeque pit. Bob has always distinguished himself at the spit, with but one exception. That occurred several weeks ago, when in a moment of exuberance, he attempted to barbecue a whole pig.

"Ever cook a pig?" Bob laughingly inquired of me. "Well, don't, unless you have all day. I put ours on at 8:00 P.M., thinking that it would be nicely browned by 10:30 when we planned to eat. But by 11 o'clock, the meat was still blood red and our guests were all sitting around starving to death. In desperation, we finally had to call up a little restaurant in the neighborhood and have them send up 12 steaks. We didn't eat until after midnight, and the pig wasn't even done then. I was so mad that I could hardly eat my steak."

Except for special occasions like their third anniversary, on which Bob presented Lana with a shiny new Jaguar sports roadster, the Toppings have not spent many evenings out on the town. Two or three nights a week, they play gin rummy with their friends, Cubby and Nedra Broccoli, the girls teaming up against the boys. When the girls win, they insist on being paid; when they lose, they change the subject quickly.

"It was even worse than that on our honeymoon," Bob said, morosely. "Lana took half of everything I won, and half of everything I lost. It's the best method I can think of for breaking a man of the gambling habit."

They also have taken up bowling once a week. Lana used to go bowling when she was a starlet, but she lost interest in the game until recently when the Broccolis persuaded her to try it again. Lana amazed everyone, including herself, by bowling a score near 200.

Much to her own amazement, too, Lana has been shopping for clothes only twice this summer, and then to buy pedal pushers, blouses, and shorts to wear around home and at the beach. She still has a number of glamorous dresses from the trousseau which Don Loper made for her that she has never worn, and in recent weeks, she has been getting them restyled and brought up to date.

"We left on our honeymoon in such a hurry," Lana said, "that a lot of my clothes were only basted together. All over Europe, I had to be careful that I wouldn't suddenly pop open at the seams."

Right at the moment, Lana and Bob are perplexed about Cheryl's birthday party. Year before last, they gave her a big western party. Last year, it had a luau theme, replete with grass skirts and Hawaiian music. They've thought up and rejected a dozen ideas, and still haven't made up their minds.

Cheryl is growing fast. This fall, she will be in the third grade at St. Paul's Apostles in Brentwood. The main interest in her life is horseback riding. All during the last school term, Cheryl rode twice a week and this summer, she has coaxed Lana every day to go riding with her to see the tricks she's learned.

"The first time I saw her jump her horse over a barrier, my heart went up into my throat, and I guess my fears were written all over my face, for Cheryl rode up and calmly asked, 'Don't you want me to jump, Mommie?' 'Of course,' I managed to say, somehow. I don't want her ever to be afraid. But now she wants us to buy her the horse she rides regularly. When I asked where we would keep it, she said, 'Oh, you can buy me a ranch.'"

Except for an occasional wild burst of fancy like this, Cheryl's desires are normal and unextravagant, and although Lana and Bob can give her almost anything she wants, they are careful not to spoil her.

"A few weeks ago, Cheryl saw a little girl at school wearing a strand of pearls and wanted some like them," Lana said. "But when Cheryl was a baby I started an Add-A-Pearl necklace for her and that, I told her, was enough finery for a little girl. She took it very well."

Of course, like all little girls, Cheryl likes to put on her mother's clothes and lipstick and play grown-up. Every time she sees Lana in a new evening gown, she wants it. She can hardly wait until she is big enough to wear one without dragging it on the ground.

"The other day, I came home and found her putting on my nail polish," Lana chuckled. "She had it all over her fingers. But I think I've broken her of that."

During her last school term, Cheryl became conscious for the first time that her mother was Lana Turner as well as "Mommie." Lana was hard pressed to explain that she was known by that name as an actress, and that there was really nothing mysterious about Lana Turner at all.

After my very pleasant interview with Lana and Bob at their home, I was inclined to agree with her. And I, for one, will be happy to see her back on the screen again. THE END

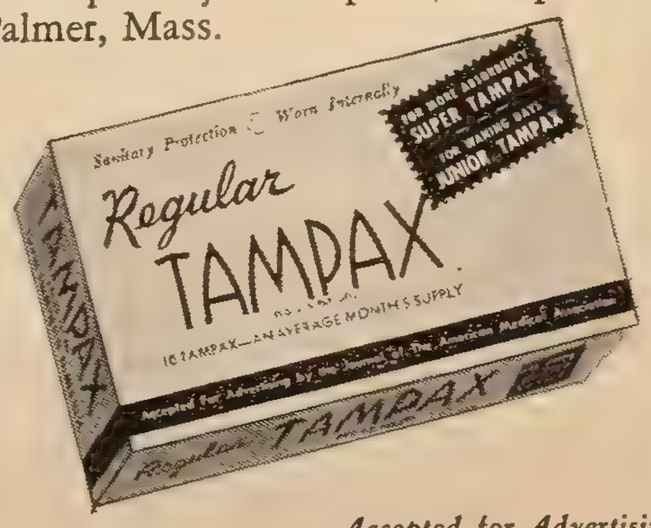


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a place of their own

(*Continued from page 60*) needed the refinement of 18th century designs. We also decided that we wanted only genuine antiques or good custom-built pieces. And that's what we have.

After they'd taken the initial step in furnishing the living room, the rest of the Stevens' choices fell naturally into place. A large, down-cushioned couch beside the fireplace was covered in the same hand-blocked French print as the draperies. Twin easy chairs, upholstered in a material almost the same color as the black-green walls, were placed opposite the couch. A baby grand piano was perfectly nestled into one corner of the room, where Mark likes to play for his own amusement. And a permanent card table and chairs were ordered to replace the original borrowed set.

Mark is an intense card player who enjoys a close game for high stakes. His two favorites are gin rummy, and Klabaisch, an old Hungarian card game. When Mrs. Rantz realized how much he looked forward to his evening game of cards, she and Nelle arranged the floor plan so that a table and chairs could always stand in the corner opposite the piano. Antique game tables being rather hard to find, she introduced a contemporary note into the decorating. The card table is very modern in design and painted the same dark green of the walls so that it doesn't stand out like a sore thumb. Then she had the chairs upholstered so that they are more comfortable than ordinary bridge chairs. The idea behind this was to have the chairs made ready and fitting for any conversational grouping around the fireplace.

Having brought in one modern touch, Mrs. Rantz complemented it by adding a second contemporary piece. The simple coffee table, covered in black leather, is a masterpiece of present-day workmanship. Mark, who now has a great appreciation for such things, loves to point out the table's finer features.

At only two points during the job did the Stevenses and their gentle guide have a difference of opinion. One was over a red velvet chair. Neither Nelle nor Mark could see the reason for departing from the green and white motif of the room. "No," said Mark, "no red velvet, thank you."

"The room needs one dramatic highlight," explained Mrs. Rantz. "Let me try it and if you still can't bear the sight of red velvet, out it goes."

The day the chair was delivered, Mark had to work late. He came home from the studio tired and irritable. He found the bright red chair standing in the curve of the grand piano. He took one long look and reached for the telephone. "Fanny, darling," he apologized, "you were so right. The chair belongs. Until now the room had the air of a conservatively dressed woman—class, but no style. Tonight it has both. You're wonderful and I love you."

Mrs. Rantz laughed with relief. "I knew you'd appreciate its dramatic quality."

MARK was equally determined not to have *his* chair and ottoman covered in a pink and green striped fabric shot with gold. He argued that the whole point of this one furniture unit, consisting of chair, script cabinet and reading lamp was to permit the man of the house to have a corner of his own without having to retire into his office in the garage. And he didn't want it done up in pink and green stripes.

The man had a point but he was defending it against two women. Their reason for using this handwoven material was because it incorporated all the colors of the

geranium wallpaper in the hall. Thus this chair would serve as a color link between the living room and the rest of the house. "When the decorating is completed the color will flow from one room to another. The house will then seem like one complete whole and not a series of different rooms," explained Nelle, who had had it explained to her.

The nice thing about Mark Stevens is that he knows when to retreat gracefully. He gave in and he's glad he did.

The den, or sun room, as the Stevens family tends to call the wide, informal room that opens onto a porte cochere and overlooks the garden, sees a lot of traffic. Young Mark and his gang—the Harpo Marx kids, and Will Hays, Jr.'s two children—cut through this room on their way to the kitchen. Annelle uses the desk by the door for her household accounts; and the whole family gathers here to read or watch television.

Despite the constant use, the den wears well. It's painted the same green and white as the living room and carpeted in the same light green rug, but the furniture is early American. The coffee table, desk, magazine rack, and Mark Richard's two little TV chairs are all roughly hewn antiques that you can really knock around without a thought to the finish.

The dining room in Mark Stevens' house is a perfect example of decorating to the owners' individual tastes. When Mrs. Rantz first saw the room she shook her head regretfully. "It's rather small compared to the size of the house," she commented. "But if you're going to do a lot of entertaining, we can think of some stunt to increase its seating capacity."

"No entertaining," said Mark flatly. "We bought this house for our own enjoyment and not to give a lot of meaningless parties."

Mark's ready answer made furnishing the room a lot easier. His wife ordered a French Provincial table for six, and had a small serving buffet built to fit between two windows. Except for the built-in china cabinets, that's all the furniture the room needed. Mrs. Rantz, however, did use a few devices to make the room seem more spacious than it really is. She had the woodwork painted white, which always makes a room seem larger, and she eliminated draperies. At the windows and doors she used shutters to give the room privacy without making it appear boarded up. (This is true all over the house.)

Although Mark is the kind of man who'd rather leave a party than give one, he does enjoy having a couple of close friends for dinner occasionally. He and Annelle like to invite Cyd and Tony Martin, Cesar Romero and the Goldstone family on a strictly informal basis.

All told, the furnishing of the Stevens home took three years. Of course, Mark and Annelle aren't completely through yet. You never are when you have a home you love. But when the bulk of the buying was over, Mrs. Rantz announced that she was stepping aside to let the two of them shop around for their own accessories. "You must find your own ashtrays, candy dishes, candle holders, and paintings," she told them. "These finishing touches are like a woman's jewelry. They complete the effect, give the house its character and they must be your own."

A lot more sure of themselves than they were in the beginning, Mark and Nelle found such wonderful accessories as the brass shaving rack that stands in the hall, the French muffin stand that they use for candies, a darling antique sewing table, and all the ironstone pieces that they have in the den.

When it came time to select some paintings, they were even more independent. Mark once worked as a commercial artist for the Federal Engraving Company in Montreal and he's an amateur painter of some stature. He knew what he liked in art. Mrs. Rantz, however, did introduce him to a young artist named Victor Amadio. Mark bought several of his watercolors, and then, last fall, Annelle commissioned him to paint the portrait of her and Mark Richard that hangs over the fireplace. She gave it to her husband for Christmas and it's the delight of his life.

Mark Stevens is now a man of property, and he's up for election to the Beverly Hills Board of Councilmen. He may have forsaken his footloose habits but not his love of travel. Having just completed *Target Unknown, Katydid,* and *Little Egypt* for Universal-International, he's starting on a four-month personal appearance tour that will take him to San Francisco, Las Vegas, Houston, Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

"Don't let this house and fireside routine fool you," he says cheerfully. "I'm still a rolling stone. I've just gathered a little moss, that's all."

And pretty nice moss it is, too.

THE END

handle with care

(*Continued from page 41*) the fabric of Ava's "torrid romance" with the Spanish bullfighter, and had left no doubt in anyone's mind that when the actress went to Europe, she left her morals at home.

Adding insult to exaggeration, the columnist did a sudden overnight switch when *Pandora* was shown to a select few at a special preview and Ava emerged as a real, breathless beauty with obvious talent and appeal. That night a star was born. When a birth of this magnitude occurs in Hollywood, everyone—including hostile columnists—try to hop onto the bandwagon. This person was no exception.

Today it may appear that Ava has succumbed to the heady wine of this person's praise and flattery. She has reportedly dined with the columnist a couple of times recently. But Ava has a healthy respect for anyone who says what he thinks, and looks with contempt on anyone guilty of hypocrisy. So don't let the apparent amenities fool you; Ava's armed truce was forced on her by studio policy. *She* has neither forgotten nor forgiven. With Ava that certain tattler is still taboo!

To forestall any such infringement on a personal taboo, Frank Sinatra made it a part of the deal he recently signed with Universal-International. Hereafter no studio press release can refer to his "romance" with Ava, and no interviewer may query him about it. Frank, a man of many scruples, feels that until his divorce becomes final, it is in distinct bad taste to discuss a possible future Mrs. Sinatra.

It is to be expected that the public is eternally interested in every unwed star's marital possibilities; the romantic side of any public figure is always intriguing. But there is one person in Hollywood who refuses to share her heart with her public and, unless you are left absolutely enraptured by cold phraseology, you had best shrug off your interest in Ginger Rogers' beaux.

The subject of possible marriage to Steve Cochran or Greg Bautzer (or whoever



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is currently escorting the star to the glitter spots) is definitely taboo with that lady. There are those who acknowledge Ginger's right to keep her plans to herself, but they also feel that, as a celebrity, she has a certain duty to her fans above and beyond her chillingly-delivered, crisp phrase, "No comment."

Marital advice is a big taboo with Tony Curtis, as his studio found out not too long ago. Concerned about the outcome of his romance with Janet Leigh, studio bigwigs urged Tony to slip the wedding ring into a safe deposit box instead of on Janet's finger. They didn't object to the young actress, herself, but they were worried about Tony's career. Marriage, they felt, might extinguish some of the ardour his fans felt for him. They knew, too, that Tony helped to support his family, and they reasoned that the added obligations of a wife and a home might prove too burdensome. Wait, they urged, don't be hasty; just wait. The folly of this plea was proved not a fortnight later, when Tony and Janet eloped to New England. Studio fathers, of course, were quick to smile benignly and wish the young couple luck.

The new Mrs. Curtis, incidentally, pampers *her* taboo by feigning deafness whenever anyone mentions her first, very early marriage and annulment.

The mention of marriage necessarily brings to mind Bette Davis. Regardless of the failure of her three previous tries at connubial bliss, it is acknowledged that Bette has always respected her husband's position in the family. To her, each has been "lord of the manor." Questions concerning her spouse's reaction to her fame have always taxed the Davis temperament. "My career has nothing to do with it," she has snapped on occasion. "My husband is the head of the house!"

Being a three-time marital loser, Bette's fourth try is naturally very important to her. And it is nice to know that her friends feel this venture has a very good chance of survival. Even before he married the volatile star, Gary Merrill was established in his own right, pulling in a handsome four-figure salary. His is no shadow-character; he is a very forceful, very individual person. Bette wants to keep him individual; a complete entity not in any way sublimated to her.

To prove the taboo of patronizing her husband, let us go back some months to the arrival in England of Bette and Gary Merrill. The British press was received by them, en masse, at a reception which went off very well, with mutual admiration and respect the order of the day. However, when one of the reporters referred to Merrill as "Mr. Davis number four," in his morning column, the actress was livid. She is credited with raging, "I wouldn't do that to any man!" And she promptly severed all relations with the journalistic contingent of the tight little island.

JOHN Agar possesses one of Hollywood's most rigid taboos. He has, at any rate, the most understandable and the most gentlemanly taboo in town. He absolutely refuses to alibi himself concerning the failure of his marriage to Shirley Temple or his unfortunate bouts with the bottle. Being objective about Agar is simple. He is a straight-forward type of guy. He has maintained himself throughout all his trials and tribulations as a perfect gentleman. When Shirley Temple took the witness stand in her own behalf during her divorce trial, reporters clamored for rebuttal from John. But never once—neither at the time of the trial nor since—has he ever tried to hone off the brutal edge of his ex-wife's testimony.

To inject a refreshing note, it must be added that the whole town is pulling for John—and his new wife, Loretta. John is



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seeking medical attention to ferret out the reason for his past weakneses, and any one who tries to help himself, finds Hollywood eager to extend *its* helping hand, too.

Which leads us to Shelley Winters. Unless you're in the market for a good, old-fashioned tantrum, don't mention Shelley's taboo to Shelley. The subject? Her temperamental nip-ups on the set. "How can I ever live those things down," she has been known to wail, "when everybody keeps mentioning them over and over again?" Hollywood is thinking that if Shelley would stop repeating the mistakes of the past, the past would be quickly forgotten.

The town has never and probably will never understand why it is like waving a red flag in front of Joan Crawford when you mention age—her age, that is.

If she were crow-footed and loose-jowled one might be able to understand her extreme sensitivity. But she is a magnificent-looking, intelligent and vital woman—the epitome of the label "movie star." She is beautiful, glamorous, famous, wealthy. Her figure is the envy of girls still in their teens.

Many women are shy of revealing their age, that is true. But this is an enlightened era. Most people realize that age is relative; it's what you've done with your years that count, what you've accomplished. All celebrated women are not as secretive as Joan. Stars like Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis have never attempted to obscure the figures of their date of birth. But Joan has long persisted in shying away from the age subject as though it were a draught of Borgia brew. In the 24 years she has been in Hollywood (and that's official!) she has protested violently every time her age has been printed. "It has seldom been accurate," she says. But it is primarily Joan's own fault that there has been so much speculation about her age. Her very evasiveness has only served to pique local curiosity.

To put a stop to the guessing game once and for all, Joan very recently decided to issue her birthdate officially: March 23, 1908. However, not long before the announcement was made, an eastern writer on assignment from a national magazine came west to do a piece on the actress. Aware of her taboo, he made a real effort to keep the record straight and, incidentally, to avoid annoying the lady unduly. He flew to Joan's home-town, San Antonio, Texas, to check. When he discovered (1) that there was absolutely no record of Joan's birth and (2) that no vital statistics had been kept in that city *prior* to 1908, he surrendered to confusion and fled back to Manhattan.

Ruth Roman is fed up to *here* with those stories concerning her "impending separation and/or divorce." The subject, henceforth, is taboo, as far as she is concerned. "Why, the ink was hardly dry on our marriage certificate," she says, "before people were talking about our splitting up!" Ruth and her husband, Mortimer Hall, have but recently acquired a new home in Brentwood and are currently engaged in knocking out walls, building new rooms, and huddling with an exclusive decorator. These ambitious plans are hardly those of a couple about to go their separate ways!

If you were lucky enough to get to talk to her for an interview, you would be wise to avoid treading on the several taboos in the life of Olivia de Havilland. If you value life and limb do *not* ask her:

(1) Is it true your husband makes all your professional decisions?

(2) Is it true that mail addressed to you as "Miss Olivia de Havilland" is returned to the sender because your name is "Mrs. Marcus Goodrich"?

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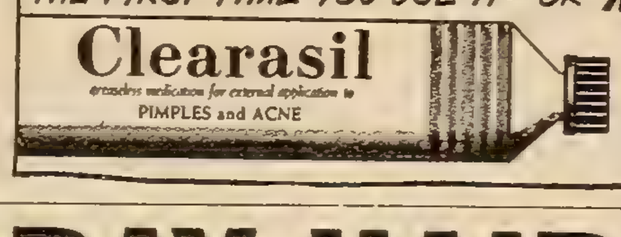


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(4) What was the cause of your estrangement from your father?

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Yes, there are more taboos in Hollywood than a witch doctor could dream up in a lifetime. For instance, you'll be ushered to the deep freeze by Jane Wyman if you ask about her personal life—or about Lew Ayres. "If you don't mind," she'll say, icily, "I think Lew Ayres has had enough free publicity already. Let's talk about something else."

HOLLYWOOD first became aware of the Wyman-Ayres twosome shortly after they'd finished making *Johnny Belinda.* Jane, always elusive about her private affairs, neither confirmed nor denied reports. Lew was going to art school at the time, and managed to arouse Jane's interest in paints and palettes to such an extent that she had her playroom converted into a studio where they could daub the canvas together. By this time Jane was admitting that they were "friends," but before the night club photogs could fully record their friendship for posterity, Jane had switched loyalties.

Lew Ayres presumably hied himself back to his secluded hilltop home. The reason for the split was never discovered. Ayres has never had a reputation for conversation. And to Jane, the subject is *taboo.*

You'll only get a dark scowl from Howard Duff if you ask him the reason he was dropped from his Sam Spade air show . . . even today Barbara Stanwyck can't hear the name of Frank Fay without looking lethal, and don't mention Ava Gardner, either . . . you'll receive a polite but firm, "I never allow it!" if you ask to photograph Burt Lancaster's home and/or family . . . you'll get the enigmatic Mona Lisa smile if you quiz Celeste Holm about her unpublicized teen-age son . . . Linda Darnell acts the clam whenever the conversation turns to her mother and the reason for their estrangement . . . yes, it's true, but it's taboo to call attention to John Derek's good looks in his presence. His chiseled features, which help to lure the bobby soxers to the box-office, make him see red . . . any mention of Hollywood fame having "changed" Kirk Douglas is *verboten* if you want to live a little . . . it's taboo to get Dennis Morgan to pose with his rapidly growing children . . . until very recently Lizabeth Scott froze whenever anyone mentioned her family. She said they belonged only in her private life . . . Fred MacMurray will not discuss his wife (who has been ill for two years) with anyone but intimates . . . the stories of Franchot Tone's "wealth" make him furious; he says they're highly exaggerated.

Then there is the star, who must remain anonymous, who brought her own delicate porcelain cup and saucer to the studio commissary because the thick coffee mugs used in that restaurant were "too crude" for her to handle. It's true that until she was 16 she helped her mother sling hash in a cheap lunch wagon, but believe us, that subject must be handled with care!

THE END

small town girl

(*Continued from page 54*) River with its inland bayous thick with 2,000-year-old oaks, shrouded with Spanish moss, and redolent with cape jasmine bushes, forming hedges of what most of us call gardenias, Covington could be the background for a Frances Parkinson Keyes novel as well as the year-round pleasure and health resort it is.

In that kind of town, built as it is around a courthouse square, a girl doesn't have to go through the torture of introducing the exciting boy she's met at school to her parents and waiting to see if they approve. They already know him by sight and reputation at least. Just as folks knew Peggy as the older daughter of the prosperous owner of a chain of grocery stores, one of which was located right across the street from the courthouse. Her mother belonged to local clubs. When some entertainment seemed in order, like as not someone would say, "Let's get Mrs. Varnadow's little Jo' to recite for us."

"MOTHER was the disciplinarian, making my younger sister Ann and me study piano and recitations and doing the spanking when she felt it was in order. Dad, on the other hand, felt we could do no wrong and should just have fun. He'd say, 'Don't be so harsh with them. They're only children.' But mother went right ahead. She was always looking for new, amusing pieces for me to learn. How I hated reciting! I didn't realize then that one of the advantages of living in a small town is the greater opportunity to use some small talent so it will have a chance to grow.

"Then came the time I had to recite 'The Night Before Christmas' for our school's Christmas program. I felt it was such a baby piece for a seventh grader who'd be going to high school the next year. I stood up there on the stage, done up in my best dress, and started off in a monotone.

"The first-graders were in the front rows, seconds back of them and so on to the parents and relatives who filled the back rows, where I directed my attention. Then I happened to look down at the little ones. Badly as I was reciting, they were sitting there wide-eyed at this tale of Santa Claus. Suddenly I realized what it meant to them. Believe me, I gave it my all then. I'm sure Santa himself couldn't have shouted better than I did, 'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!'"

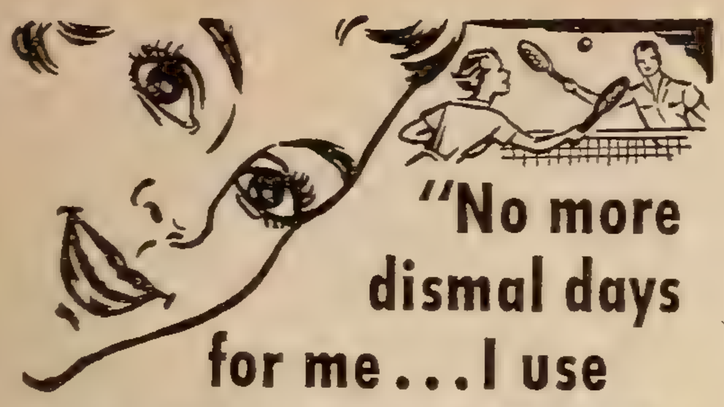
Peggy went through the poem again there in her living room with gestures and all. It was quite a feat for her to turn her beautiful face and slim figure into, "the broad face and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly." But she conveyed the illusion all right.

"It was wonderful," Peggy said concluding the tale, "to see the enthusiasm creep into the second-graders, then the third-graders and so on, row by row through the audience. I've never forgotten the thrill of discovering that I could do that to an audience.

"I wasn't any more thrilled, really, when I did my first big screaming scene as the other woman in *Woman In Hiding,* my first picture. When producers and other executives started dropping down on the set that day to watch me, I thought again of the interest growing row by row."

In between the seventh grade and that first picture for Universal-International, Peggy lived the happy, secure, leisurely life of a daughter of respected citizens in a small town.

There was the boy across the street, Charlie Smith, whose groaning over the little girl tagging him and having to be looked after turned into whistles at the gate. Peggy would hurry into her bathing



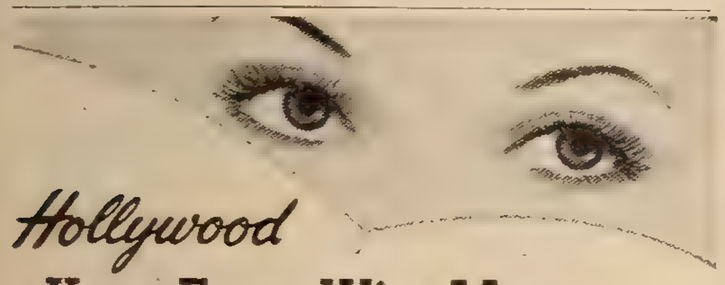
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suit, then, bare-legged and bare-footed, they'd walk the block down to the romantically named river to join the crowd swimming.

Other times, Mr. Varnadow, who'd rather fish than eat, according to Peggy, would take her along with him. Sometimes she'd bait a hook to try her luck, but usually she rowed the boat. While resting the oars, she and her father would talk. A philosophical man, he tried to instill some of his concepts of life into her, knowing that she was not prepared for hard bumps which might come her way.

THEN came the day, at 15, when her parents, with Peggy's hearty approval, decided she should go to a girls' finishing school with a high national scholastic rating. They selected Gulf Park College, which actually is a combined high school and junior college in Gulfport, Mississippi. Close to home, it still provided contact with girls from all over the United States so that Peggy would have to stand on her own feet since "Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's girl" wouldn't mean a thing there.

There was an exciting prelude during which Mrs. Varnadow, gifted in creating those bouffant gowns with fine French details for her daughters, assembled a formal wardrobe for Peggy since the school had a party once a week. Shopping in "the city" (New Orleans, of course) they bought the rest of her wardrobe, including many pairs of stockings where one pair had sufficed before. Gulf Park's young ladies wear stockings to dinner every night. And off Peggy went to college in what she thought was grand style.

The first Sunday, right after church, in tears she telephoned her mother to come right away to go to New Orleans for proper clothes!

"The first few days were fine. Girls of all ages everywhere wore their hair in pig-tails, dressed in sweaters, skirts and scuffed saddle-oxfords. My formal for the party was as perfect as anyone else's. But on Sunday morning, dressed in my new Junior Miss suit with its Peter Pan collar, my feet in one inch-heeled, V-throated black patent leather pumps, my hair in pigtails, I joined the other girls to go to church. The girls had turned into women overnight! Sophisticated suits and hats. High heels. Hair smartly coiffed. I hadn't even dreamed of dressing like that yet! That's one of the effects of small town life. You remain a sub-deb so much longer."

Mrs. Varnadow complied with Peggy's demand. She took her to Kreegers in New Orleans where they avoided the Junior Miss department like poison. Three smart suits, three sophisticated dresses, and four new pairs of high-heeled shoes including chocolate brown suede pumps with toes out and near four-inch heels restored Peggy's aplomb.

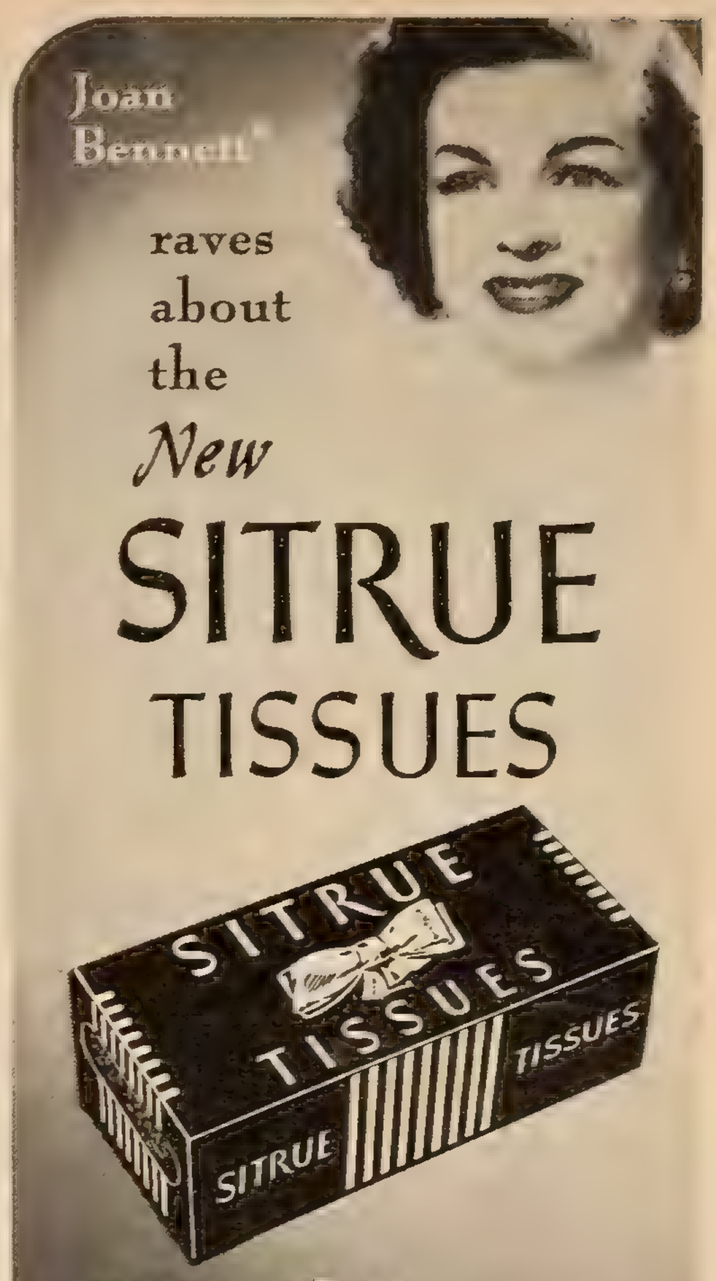
WHEN Peggy returned home from Gulfport for summer vacation, she was so grown up that she couldn't go fishing with her father any of the times he asked.

One day, he teased, "I know, Jo', going to girls' school obligates you to have parties and to go to parties. I'm sure your social life is very important but don't let it change you so much."

"It hasn't changed me!" Peggy flared out vehemently. "Girls' school's no different except for the higher scholastic rating. I'm still the same girl. I still like to fish. I'll go with you tomorrow!"

"I'm going to Slidell for two weeks tomorrow," her father smiled. "One of the men is on vacation so I'm going over to help out."

"Well, we can go fishing there can't we?" Peggy demanded.



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When they arrived at one of the two stores her father owned in the town the next day, Peggy asked, "What are we going to do?"

She knew he always pitched in to do with ease and willingness the job of a janitor, a clerk, or a manager who might be on vacation. She was quite unprepared when he said, "Well, the butcher's on vacation. So I'm going to slice up liver."

Taking a deep breath, the girl-determined-to-prove-she-hadn't-changed said, "If you can, I can, too, and I'll do it!" So day after day she sliced liver before going fishing with her father.

"It was good for me," Peggy says. "Besides getting a good check for the work, I came down to earth enough to find time to go fishing with Dad again. Fortunately, too, because I was at a point where no one had ever really challenged me or my way of life, but I needed to be prepared for the day that came."

From Gulf Park, where she won an Associate of Arts Degree, she went to Louisiana State University for awhile. She was chosen to represent her state at the Lions International Convention in Louisiana. She placed fourth in the "Maid of Cotton" contest in Memphis, Tennessee. And she went, finally, up north to study in Evanston, Illinois, at Northwestern University, where she acquired a Bachelor of Science degree.

"Northwestern really scared me at first. My Louisiana clothes weren't up to the high-styles the girls wore. And my deep Southern accent, combined with my blonde hair, had some people lifting their eyebrows and saying such things as, 'Ah! The Southern Belle! Real?' in that tone of voice which says you're a phoney.

"But through my first fright came Dad's common-sense words, 'The only thing which makes you different from other people is you, yourself. And you're all that went to make up your character. If you ever get anywhere, it'll be because people like you as you are.'

"That braced me. Gradually I began to see that those people who make fun of others are the insecure ones, the ones to pity, because they're trying to fit into a mold nothing in their own experience has shaped them for. Of course, I changed some. Exposed to other accents, I gradually lost my definitely southern drawl."

After graduation, Carlyn Jones, a friend at Northwestern, invited Peggy to visit her in Hollywood. When she was ready to go, Mr. Varnadow gave her a letter of introduction to a man he'd never met, but through a mutual friend they had started and carried on a fishing correspondence.

When the time to return home approached, Peggy used the letter simply to please her father. The man was more aware than Peggy of what might happen through their chance meeting.

"Let's see how you look on film, Miss Varnadow," he said. She learned about Hollywood agents when he took her out to Hal Roach Studios, where she got a role on a television picture. But studios otherwise weren't having new people.

She discussed the turn of events with writer John Klorer, a native of New Orleans, and a personal friend of her father. He shook his head over her prospects saying, "You're really here at a bad time. Never in my 20 years here have I seen such a slump."

Before long the agent was talking the same way. Finally, in the presence of his friend Maury Tanner, he advised Peggy to go home. Tanner spoke up, "If you've really given up, let me try."

Through luck he discovered Universal-International was seriously testing two personalities in a three-character scene from a picture which was only half-written. He arranged for her to be the other person.

"If they don't like you," Tanner warned her, "we won't have gained a thing. Not even a test to take off the lot to show other studios because they won't let that off the lot until the picture's released. And that won't be for a year or two!"

They liked her. They told her to go home for Christmas but to hurry back. She went to Athens, Tennessee, where her family had moved. When she came back, she found herself playing the "other woman" in *Woman In Hiding*, the very role in which she'd tested.

"Talk about fisherman's luck!" she laughs.

So the small town girl settled down in Hollywood, carefully chaperoned, of course, at the Studio Club.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last year, when one of her pictures was being shown at a press preview in Hollywood, Joan Crawford slipped unrecognized into a chair in the darkened theater in order to get first-hand contact with audience reaction.

She was accompanied by her ever-present knitting bag and being nervous, soon began to knit faster and faster, completely oblivious to the fact that she was wearing a bracelet with bells attached. The bells were jingling.

Finally an old man sitting in front of her turned around and said,

"Look, lady . . . why don't you cut it out and give this girl's picture a break!"

Stanley Pilarski
Los Angeles, California

"I thought how much like a small town Hollywood was, at first," Peggy says. "All the little houses with gardens. People finding their entertainment at home or at the homes of friends rather than in night-clubs. Trees along the streets. No skyscrapers. But, of course, it isn't. It's the most talked about place in the world, I guess. And if gossip centers around you, there's no way to counteract it because you don't have the protection of having all the listeners knowing you personally."

PEGGY'S change of opinion grew as she made one picture after another. In two and a half years, she has appeared in eight pictures at Universal-International. Besides the current *Bright Victory* in which she co-stars with Arthur Kennedy, there are *One Never Knows* with Dick Powell, and *Reunion In Reno* with Mark Stevens.

Sam Goldwyn is so impressed he's borrowed her to share star billing with Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, and Farley Granger in *I Want You* which he is currently producing. It is a story of the impact of the Korean war on a small American town of 30,000 people.

"A small town?" Peggy smiles. "To me that's a city!"

Settled with Polly Falk in their new, spacious apartment with its two-story living room, Peggy's still wondering if she's made a wise move.

"I hope we can pay the rent all right," Peggy shakes her head. "But it was all we could find in this neighborhood. We wanted to be here because Polly's mother lives just around the corner and my agent and business manager live close by so they

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all sort of keep an eye on us. Besides, Polly's mother sends over things like hot roast beef for our dinner every so often.

"It's wonderful to get back to having some space again. I remember, though, the first time I visited a college friend whose family lived in a city apartment. It was spacious, more so than this one, but I thought I'd stifle to death if I had to live in one. I still hope to have a little house of my own someday."

A cottage for two? She's gone out with surprisingly few actors. She has to stop a moment to recall any. Then she says, "Oh, yes, Dick Long. He brought me a beautiful gardenia corsage the first time and I expect I deflated him because I exclaimed, 'Oh, these make me so homesick! Mother has huge bushes of cape jasmine along the driveway.'

"Of course, I've thought about marriage," she says. "Seriously, too. I've always felt it's right for a woman to sacrifice a career to her marriage. But I don't believe it would be fair to my husband or to me to get married this year or next. My career is at such an exciting point that if I left right now, I might find myself regretting not having found out what could have happened. That wouldn't be good. Maybe these are the changing times with which I should change. Perhaps I'm climbing the steps to confidence where I can successfully combine a career with a happy marriage. I just can't give an honest answer about it yet."

RUMOR has it that Walt Helmerick, a young Oklahoman in the oil equipment businesss, is causing Peggy to ponder the question pretty deeply right now. Their romance pre-dates her Hollywood days. Their families have been friends for many years. How impressed the Varnadows are by Peggy's screen career is illustrated by an incident which occurred when Ann, Peggy's sister, visited her while on location for *Bright Victory* in Pennsylvania.

"Believing she'd be thrilled, our director said, 'Wouldn't you like to play a bit so you can say to your friends, "Look, there I am."' She nearly bowled him over by saying with a sweet smile, 'No, thank you,'" Peggy reports; then explains, "You see, she was really just being herself. She's about ready to go to college. She's a fine pianist. She's just not interested in acting.

"Like my folks, she's pleased by what's happening to me. Not from the possible fame or financial reward standpoint, but because they know I love acting. It's my personal satisfaction which counts with them. Just as Dad got quite a kick out of my *pleasure* in being able to buy a car."

It's obvious Peggy's background has created in her a strong sense of remaining herself. Up until Hollywood, she was Mr. and Mrs. Varnadow's older daughter, Peggy Josephine whom everyone called Jo', pretty, loved, and looked after.

But now, as Peggy Dow, she's rapidly climbing a ladder to that spot where millions will know her as a glamorous movie star. In person, she has that same rare quality which a fresh, unspoiled Ingrid Bergman supplied Hollywod when she first came. One which makes you see a completely natural, wholesome young woman before you realize she's beautiful, too.

One always hopes when such a person steps deeper and deeper into the limelight, she will continue to remain herself, conscious that she represents certain fine standards to which she lives up because she wants to, as well as because she knows the whole town will talk if she doesn't. That's a challenge which brings not only the best from one, but to one in personal satisfaction and happiness. Peggy sounds and looks like just the girl who will do it, too.

THE END



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AT ALL DRUG STORES

ten girls I didn't marry

(*Continued from page 51*) Blyth and thought to myself, "Someday a fellow will come along who will match her wonderful nature and outlook on life—but he will have to be a man of dignity, sincerity, and fine character to be worthy of her." Many times I have been with Piper Laurie and thought that girls could hardly come any sweeter or more intelligent. If Piper were just a year or two older, and I were a year or so younger—but should that make any difference? And Jane Nigh comes to my mind; so bright, such a great sense of humor. Jane showing me up because she can whistle through her teeth and as if aware that since boyhood this has been a secret sorrow of mine. Of all the things I can do—I can't do that. Jane not liking my haircut and saying, "Next time you get one I'm going to be with you." I liked the idea of her taking such an interest. I liked it very much. . . .

There is a laugh that must come to Ann Blyth, as it does to me, when we happen to think of a silly ending to one of our dates. It was the night we attended a dinner for the Aged Jewish People fund in downtown Los Angeles. I was to take Ann, but my car was acting up so I phoned and asked if we could use hers instead. She consented, of course, and a friend dropped me off at her house.

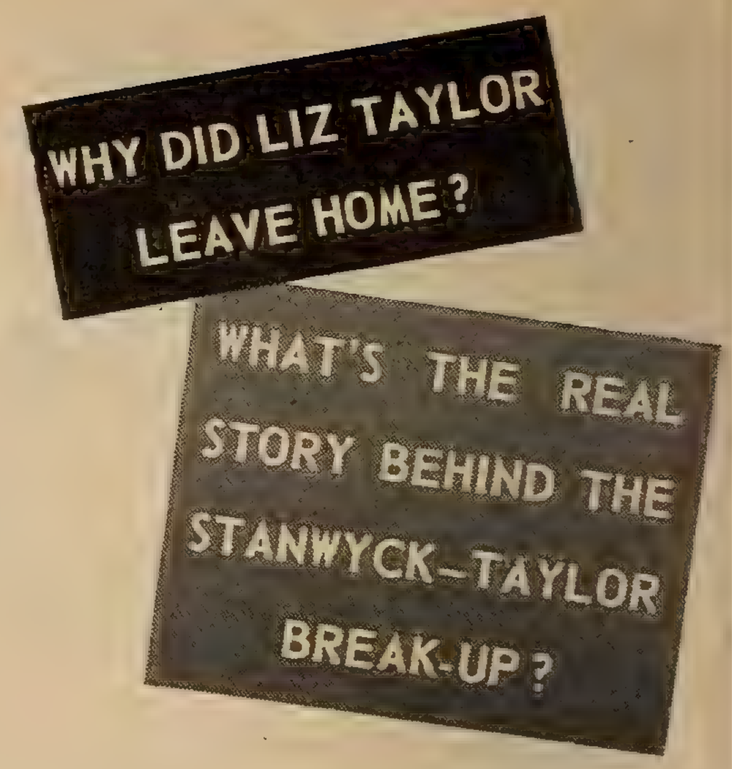
It was an inspiring evening which we enjoyed very much and talked about all the way back to her house. I put the car into the garage, gave Ann the keys and said goodbye to her at the door. Not till she was inside did it strike me that I had no way of getting back to my place! I thought of calling her out but dismissed the idea immediately. She was tired, I knew, and I couldn't ask her to drive me home. Neither could I take the car because she would have to use it herself first thing in the morning. I decided to walk with the idea of finding a cab, and started out looking like a gentleman burglar in my tuxedo. *That,* at least, was the opinion of a policeman who stopped me and wanted to know what I was doing wandering around Toluca Lake after midnight looking like a lost Raffles.

I finally was able to phone for a cab from a filling station. The next morning the telephone rang and it was Ann, terribly upset. "I just woke up thinking about last night and then it struck me that you were isolated in the middle of nowhere," she said. "How can you ever forgive me?"

It was easy forgiving Ann. She is so forgiving herself.

SOME of the girls I have gone with are stars and some are on their way to stardom. I know one who is not only going to be a star, but would be a somebody no matter what her place in life . . . and that's Piper Laurie. Piper, so bright-eyed and eager, stands on her own feet. Nobody pushes her around, and nobody pushes anybody else around in her presence!

A group of us were talking one afternoon over at Universal-International when someone made a slurring reference to a well-known musician who today stands publicly accused of cowardice. Piper didn't defend him—she did better than that. She analyzed the nature of some artistic people and showed how the thought of war and bloodshed can sometimes completely numb them mentally so that they have no sense of judgment at all. She didn't know whether this was the story about the man we were discussing but thought we should give the possibility



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some consideration. Piper herself is not a softie. A day up at Idylwild where we went for some ski pictures for the publicity department proved that. The height bothered her very much and eventually she suffered nosebleed. The studio people were for quitting work immediately so they could get her down the mountain side but Piper wasn't having any. "What's there to a nosebleed that Kleenex can't fix?" she asked indignantly. She got the Kleenex and we finished our pictures.

When she was 17, I took Piper to the studio Christmas party, but I didn't take her home. Her parents came for her and I learned later that it was something she had arranged all by herself. She knew she would have to leave early and didn't think it fair to break up my fun. I argued about it and wanted to drive her anyway but she talked me out of it.

"Next year, when I'm 18, you can take me home if you like, providing you even want to take me out at all on Christmas Eve," she said.

"It's a date," I told her.

It was—one of the best dates I have ever had with one of the sweetest gals I know.

The first girl who ever captured my interest was not of the movies. This was back when the Roosevelt High School football team in New York City had a left end (me) who was untrue to the team. Whom did he fall for but the cheerleader of our deadly rival, Gorton High School, and who should she be but the girl I am talking about—Marian Neville? It started when I heard someone razzing me when we played Gorton and I turned around to make a sharp retort. The retort died and my heart leaped when I saw the critic. At half-time I asked for her name. At the end of the game I asked for a date.

Our lack of school spirit in falling for each other was the town scandal in high school circles but we didn't seem to care. Shortly after that I became a seaman second class in the U. S. Navy and when I was assigned to a seaplane tender in the Pacific, Marian's picture was right there by my bunk. The war ended, I got my discharge papers and went to Hollywood. For a long time nothing happened and then I got to make a couple of pictures. For the second one of these I was taken to New York and what was more natural than that I should telephone my old heckler.

I suppose it's true that men are conceited. I thought she would scream with delight at hearing my voice. She didn't. Very calmly she informed me that it was nice hearing from an old friend, that she happened to be married and when was I going back to Hollywood? Yet it wasn't this so much that made me sore. It was the type of man she married. What do you think he was, maties? You guessed it—a chief petty officer! How they do get around!

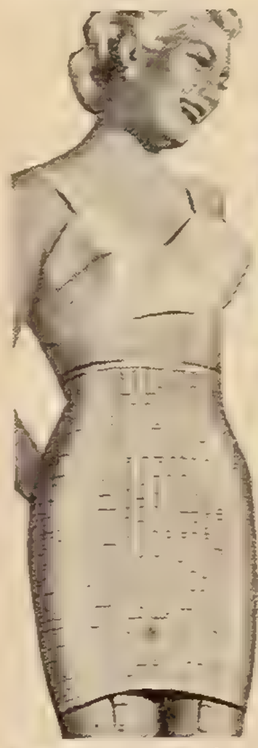
I would like to include Ava Gardner and Janet Leigh in this story but while I know them, there is no common background to talk about on account of two guys by the names of Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis.

And maybe Corinne Calvet doesn't belong in this story either, because we never had a date . . . yet if you had been on a certain street one afternoon a few years ago you would have seen us together, riding along and chatting in her little car! How come? Well, this belongs in the odd coincidence department. I was attending the Bliss Hayden School of Drama at the time and just dreaming of being an actor. Not having a car I often had to hitch-hike my way to school and one night who stopped for my wagging thumb but Corinne!

I didn't know who she was then, of course. Curiously, my first impulse,



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which I obeyed, was to bawl her out for stopping for hitch-hikers! Corinne had arrived in Hollywood not long before and it seemed that picking up pedestrians was considered the friendly thing to do in France. She was amazed at my lecture.

"But this is America!" she protested. "Who would harm me here?"

I went into detail about crime waves, complete with gory statistics, some of which I have handy because there have been police officers in my life. I mean, my father was a chief of police.

It was a very nice talk. Corinne was grateful for the facts and figures, I was thankful for the ride, and the only ones to suffer were the hitch-hikers of the underworld about whom we expressed mutual horror.

HEDDA HOPPER once introduced me to someone I will never forget. While she was doing it I culled my brains trying to think of something worthwhile to say, because the person I was meeting was someone I had admired all my life.

"Ethel, this is Scott Brady who wants to meet you," said Hedda.

Ethel Barrymore looked up. "Hi'ya, kid!" she said.

"Hi'ya," was the best I could do for a reply.

We talked and all my nervousness disappeared because with Ethel Barrymore there is no pretense and no side . . . just the real person. It was a few minutes in my life that will warm me for years.

Piper and Shelley and Corinne and Ann and Yvonne and Jane . . . I must sound like a playboy and I had better stop. But I can't. There's another. She played me a dirty trick the first time we met, but I don't care (besides, I was ripe for it). She can out-think me without much trouble and I am only flattered when she takes the trouble. She is very much in my thoughts. Maybe I had better tell you about her from the start.

I had made about two pictures and was nobody in particular, when I chose, one sunny afternoon, to drive down to Santa Monica Beach. Walking along and trying to look like one of the muscle boys I nearly tripped over a girl sunbathing on the sand. She had little cotton pads over her eyes so she couldn't see me, but I could see her all right! The trick was how to get her to notice me?

Well, I stopped and hummed a while. No response. I walked by very close and kicked just a tiny bit of sand over her feet. No response. Now I did some thinking. From here on, unless I was very clever about it, I would be getting a little too obvious.

I was achieving nothing with my brainwork when a friend of mine came sauntering by. His name is Joe Grey and he's a nice guy, but right at that moment I didn't want to waste any time on him. I wanted to concentrate on the project at hand. But Joe didn't know that—fortu-

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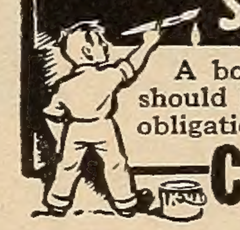
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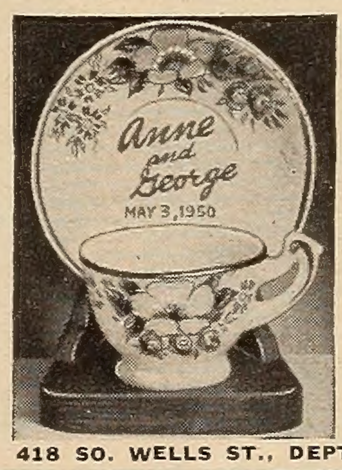
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nately. He stopped and jawed a while and I was just praying that he would leave when he noticed my friend on the sand (or what I mean is the girl I was hoping I could make a friend).

What do you know? He opened his mouth and cried out, "Hello, Dotty!"

And what else do you know . . . she took the pads off her eyes, looked up with big blue eyes and said, "Hello, Joe." And then she looked at me, and smiled at Joe.

"This is my friend, Scott Brady, Dotty," he said. "Nice man. He's in pictures. You ought to know him. He can probably help get you that carhopping job."

We talked. After a while good old Joe went away and left us alone. Here is where I set myself up as a mark for Dotty, although good old Joe had already done the spade work. Without much urging I told her about my movie career . . . elaborating somewhat here and there. She was very attentive and agreed to go to my car with me when I said I had something to show her. You see, I just happened to have had a flock of stills along from some of my pictures (both of them).

She looked at them admiringly and I was pleased no end. Then I told her that Joe shouldn't have said I could get her a job; I didn't know anyone in the drive-in business. But I would certainly try if she wanted me to. At this she began to look a little uncomfortable.

"I think I'd better go now," she said. "I'm a little late. Goodbye."

She turned to go but suddenly a friend of hers appeared and said, "Why, Dorothy Malone! What are you doing here?"

Dorothy Malone! In that instant my memory woke up screaming. Why this was the girl I had admired for eons! This was the girl I had told myself I must surely meet if I ever got to Hollywood! And I didn't even know her in the flesh! It was time for quick action.

"Ha! Ha!" I laughed.

Dotty looked at me suspiciously. "What do you mean, ha, ha?" she asked.

"Why, you don't think I didn't know you, do you?" I asked. "Why I've seen every one of your pictures. I saw *One Sunday Afternoon,* I saw . . . er . . . I saw . . ."

"Yes, go on," she urged.

"Why, you know," I stumbled on. "The picture you made with Bogart and with McCrea and . . . and . . ."

"Go on," she repeated. "Were you watching them or me?"

Well, that's how it went. That's the way it has been every time Dotty and I meet, and as I said before it isn't bad at all. Dotty is the last on my list of 10 girls I never married (or was it 11 or 12). But if there is to be one who drops off the list . . . well, that's another story. It'll just have to wait for another time. THE END

(Scott Brady will soon be seen in Universal-International's Bronco Buster*—Ed.)*

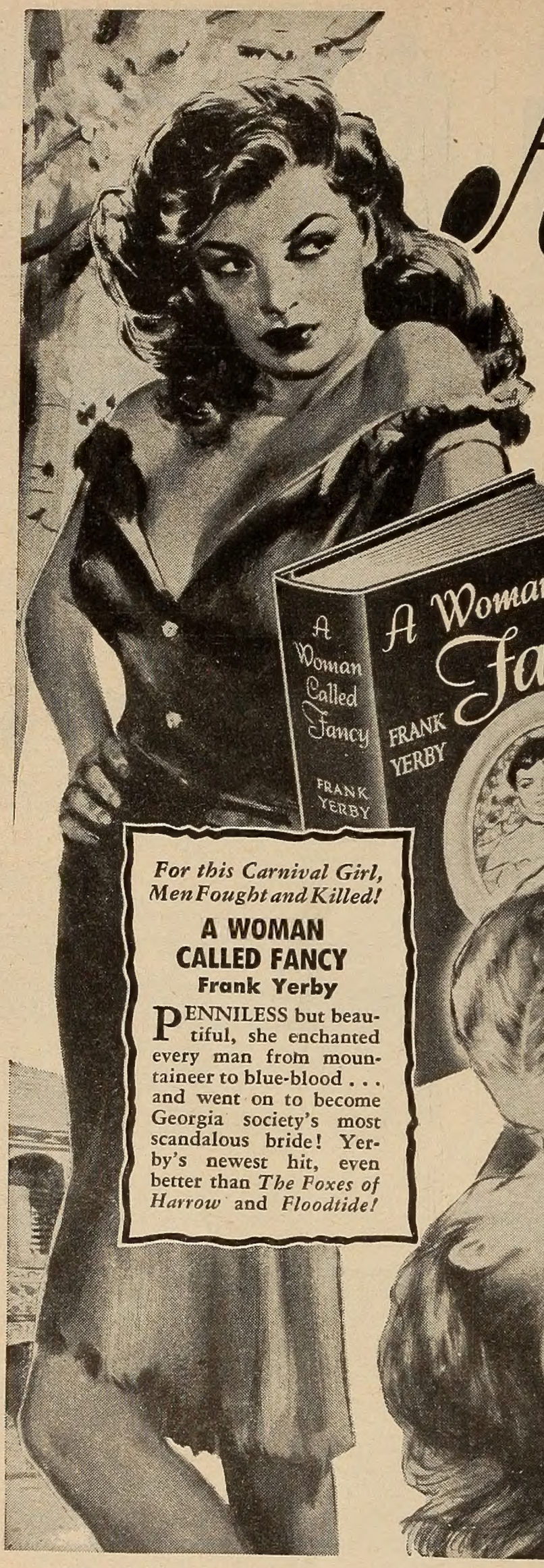
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